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Indeed, one finds the BERRY SPOON almost indispensable also for *Salads*, *Large Vegetables*, and serving from a *Casserole* or *Pudding Dish*.

WDT

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Columbia, There's a Jam on the Ocean!—By Nina Wilcox Putnam

IN THE life of every live wire there comes a terrible moment when he feels that Fate has handed him a lemon—that the job which he has been doing with a fair amount of satisfaction to date is the wrong job, that he is capable of better things and that tempus is fugiting at a terrible rate, the gray hairs are gathering and the really big thing is still to be accomplished.

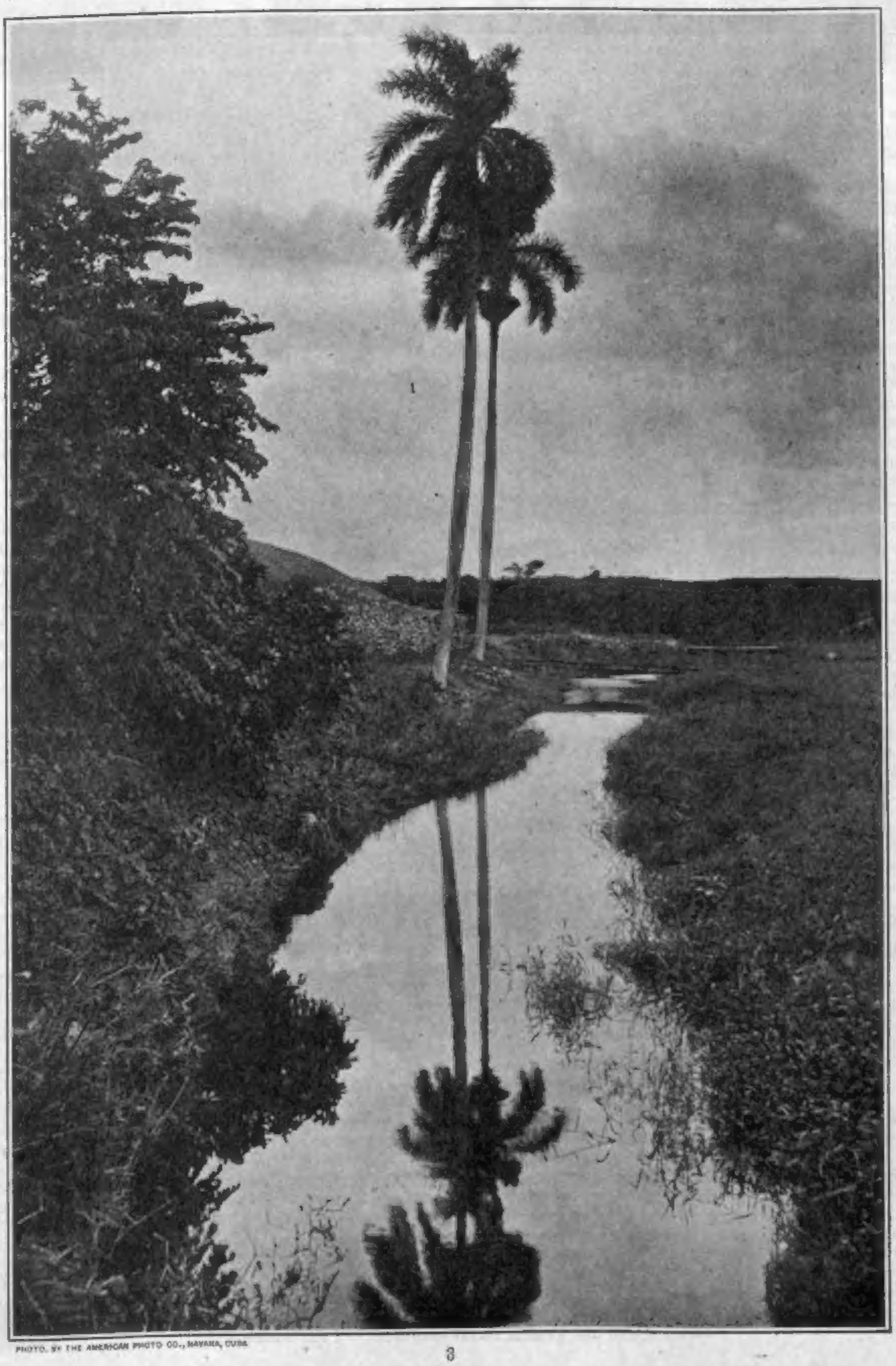
In what are now referred to as the old days, meaning any time prior to July 1, 1919, and including every date from June 30, 1919, clear back to 1 B. C., this conviction of failure generally manifested itself upon Monday morning, particularly in the persons of successful males. But it is not by any means an experience confined, even in those ancient times, to members of the stronger, more alcoholic sex.

Not at all. Mother often experienced a dash of it. In point of fact, across her busy and useful career of bringing me up there often flashed the melancholy conviction that she would have done better as a queen of burlesque. And what business man but secretly nourishes a poet or opera singer within him? And usually a darn lucky thing for the general public good that it stays there.

Strange Yearnings

AT ANY rate almost any one of us is willing to admit, given a little sympathetic encouragement—and sometimes without even the least bit of encouragement—that we have all the specifications of real greatness, and that in the very near future, by George, we are going to show 'em! Meaning the world, I suppose—though I confess to a very dim understanding as to the exact social status of those 'Ems who are so frequently hauled into the conversation whenever a friend essays into the infinite and the realm of big things generally.

Well, anyways, we authors are peculiarly susceptible to the bug of doing something big. As a rule the smaller the bigger, if you get me. And



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even I myself fall for it on occasion and yearn to do something splendidly unsalable for the permanent good of American literature. I usually get these attacks after dining with my mother-in-law, where there is a cook who can make mince pie—illimitable, imaginative, unrestricted mince pie. When I yearn to yearn I get myself asked there to eat, and inevitably I yearn next day; a pleasing melancholy settles upon me and I begin to realize that my work is not all that it ought to be.

'Twas on such a morn that our piano tuner, who was most sympathetically and adequately expressing my emotions upon the person of our installment piano, took me to task for not writing more serious stuff. He is himself a man of genius, being a tenor by primary obedience and a piano tuner by force of circumstances. I have his own word for it. He would gladly have attempted to prove it to me, but after a similar attempt on the part of one of our leading detective-story writers to prove to me that poetry was her real *métier* I preferred to accept his bare statement. Besides, he had an honest face.

Mince Pie, Preferred

"WHY don't you write something really good?" he asked me, leaning heavily upon A Flat. "Take these here Russians now—that's stuff which will last."

"I doubt it," I remarked, "what with all the unpleasant reports we get from there."

"I was referring to Turgenieff," replied the piano tuner, alighting savagely upon B Minor or something.

In common with most characters of this sort he was a remarkable man. His words left a deep impression on my mind. They brought me to an added realization that if I was ever going to do anything big I should do it at once before the price of paper went up again, and also before I was thirty-one. You know how it is—you always allow yourself a year's margin on wherever you happen to be on the calendar. I had been

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Havana Yacht Club Pier
Above—Malecon From La Punta on a Sunday Afternoon

making these mince-pie allowances for the last ten years; the fatal, tide-water age for achievement always, most fortunately, remaining one jump ahead.

This time, however, I determined to procrastinate no longer. I would do a strong novel; a long, long novel in fine print at $2.50 net; simply chock-full of hideous life in the raw—reeking with sin both original and plagiarized, crammed with intensive cultivation of the emotions and a miserably unhappy ending. The sort of thing which great authors get away with and starve in their—or somebody else's—attic for the sake of. Somebody else's attic is probably right. Because if it was their attic why should they starve? Why wouldn't they sell the darn thing with real estate the way it is, and eat forever after? A diet of mince pie, preferred, to keep up the inspirational mood.

To Cuba for Copy

THE only thing I was up against in the carrying out of my high resolution to become America's almost novelist was a dearth of what is technically known in the literary profession as "copy." Russia was dished; the London slums overworked; the native slums a darn sight more prosperous than our main street at home; and I began to fear lest my project fail from starvation, when all at once a magic name flashed across my mind—Cuba! Of course, Cuba Libertine! There, according to all accounts, would I find the grim material of which I was in need. At once I determined to saunter down to Cuba, gather up a little wickedness, and my strong and original novel would be provided with the makin's.

Which is probably the best all-round alibi for taking this particular trip which has been pulled to date.

I am a woman of action. Believe me, once I had thought up the foregoing argument I hesitated no longer. I put on one of those five-dollar hats of mine, and strolled right up to a well-known tourist agency with the kindly intention of bestowing my patronage upon it. I had bought tickets through this concern before—tickets to Fall River in 1912—and I naturally expected some consideration.

And so, entering their nice little place on the Avenue I leaned with languid grace against the counter and waited patiently until one of the young men who were darting from telephone to telephone like busy bees, should recognize me, drop five or six receivers in glad surprise and hasten to my assistance. And I waited. I'll say I did. Until at length I drew the attention of one of these humming birds by main force rather than by force of personality.

"Hey, young feller," I remarked, seizing a flying elbow as it would have passed me—"hey, young feller, I want to go to Cuba."

Strangely enough, this didn't get me anything. Instead of appearing impressed with the fact that I was willing to embark on so long a journey he at once cast upon me a look in which suspicion and envy were mingled.

"Upper berth three weeks from next Saturday the only thing I've got," he sniffed.

"Nothing better?" I inquired with that incredulity with which one always greets the sudden application to oneself of any general social condition. "I am willing to pay anything," I went on fatuously. "And I want to go to the best hotel."

You see, it was not my intention to live too close to the squalor I was going to describe. I think it a mistake for writers not to keep a certain perspective on their work.

"Sorry!" said the tan waistcoat in the voice of one who has repeated the same thing so many times that it has lost all intonation and emphasis. "Absolutely no hotel accommodations for a month. Let me see your passport."

"My passport?" I articulated. "What do I need a passport for?"

"To go to Cuba," replied the intelligent young fellow. "We cannot make any reservations until we see your passport. I advise you to go straight down to the customs office and get your application in. There have been more than thirty-six thousand passports to Cuba asked for since January sixteenth, and they are coming through very slowly. When you get it come back and I'll be glad to see what I can do for you."

With which he turned from me to a tiresome person who seemed to be having no difficulty at all in going to China.

Difficulties Crop Up

TO SAY that I was annoyed is putting it mildly. I even wished I had never bought those tickets to Fall River in their old place. One needed no passport to Bermuda the Moist; and so why to Cuba, which was, in a manner of speaking, so much nearer to us? I even seemed dimly to remember some talk in my childhood about a thing called reciprocity. I don't recall what happened to the darn thing, whatever it was. But it had apparently gone blooey.

However, it was evident that I must have a passport whether or no, and being efficient by intention, especially when the inspiration for a serious novel is at stake, I beat the customs house to its closing time by fifteen minutes and joined the immense throng which crowded its upper corridors. These stately catacombs were a full block in length, and believe me I was surprised at the jam in them, even after the statistics, which were all the clerk at the agency had handed me. From end to end that corridor was packed with humanity, wordless with grim, patient determination, perspiring and shoving without remark, as is our American custom. And after I had joined them I began to understand the habitual inarticulateness of the sardine.

As I looked at the variegated faces about me—faces of every sex and creed—my author's mind delighted to comment upon the wide range of Cuba goers. It was truly

(Continued on Page 42)

THE CUFF SHOOTER

A Story of Movie Life

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

ARTHUR AYLWYN, known to the humbler workers of the Augmented Aylwyn Films sometimes as Sir Arthur and sometimes as the Kid, was once known to his Quaker City playmates by the less resonant appellative of Mickey McCubbin. If not quite a child of the streets, he was at least a child of the people, and at the age of thirteen his education had been cut short to the end that his earnings as a broker's messenger might add to the overmeager family exchequer. But after three years of such activity young McCubbin graduated into the more leisurely atmosphere of a suburban barber shop, where after a winter of superintending the Turkish-bath annex he learned to play a concert guitar, to uphold the tenor end in the quartet and to wield the harmless necessary razor.

Those were very happy and very peaceful days for young McCubbin. He loved that place of melodious warmth in winter and that cavern of aromatic coolness in summer. He loved the smell of bay rum and emollients and shampoo essences, the smack of polished steel on the taut strop and the glide of a keen blade over a lather-laden cheek. He loved the fraternal talk over a tilted headrest and the solemn prophesying about the next big-league game and the privilege of passing on an inside tip as to how the ponies were going to line up at Latonia. He loved to see a well-honed razor blade deforest the close-bristled chin and behold the scissored neck shape up into the classic lines of a pineapple cut. He loved the beveled plate mirrors and the lithographed half-clad ladies and the orderly array of hair tonics and vanishing creams and nickel clippers, the illustrated papers and the Harz Mountain canary that chirruped in the front window, and the occasional excitement of rolling the bones with his older chair mate, Otto Etzel.

But most of all he loved the music, the transposing and the harmonizing when the full quartet found an hour for pure art on their hands; the soaring melodies of the old plantation songs and the tingling syncopated beat of the new rag-time hits; the sweet complainings of the ballads that crept over from Broadway; and the impromptus on the back-wall bench that made the shop a beehive of music, murmurous with the echoes of songland and overhung with the spices of Araby.

Mickey McCubbin loved them all. He asked nothing more of the future than to go on, placid day by day and pleasant year by year, singing and scissoring and double-chording on his concert guitar. He seemed linked for life to the lather brush and the electric vibrator. And in all likelihood he would have remained so linked had not Budansky—the eminent Budansky who had already enraptured a grateful world with Love and Lilac Time and When Passion is the Piper—dropped in at that particular tonsorial parlor for a shave and an eave-trough trim.

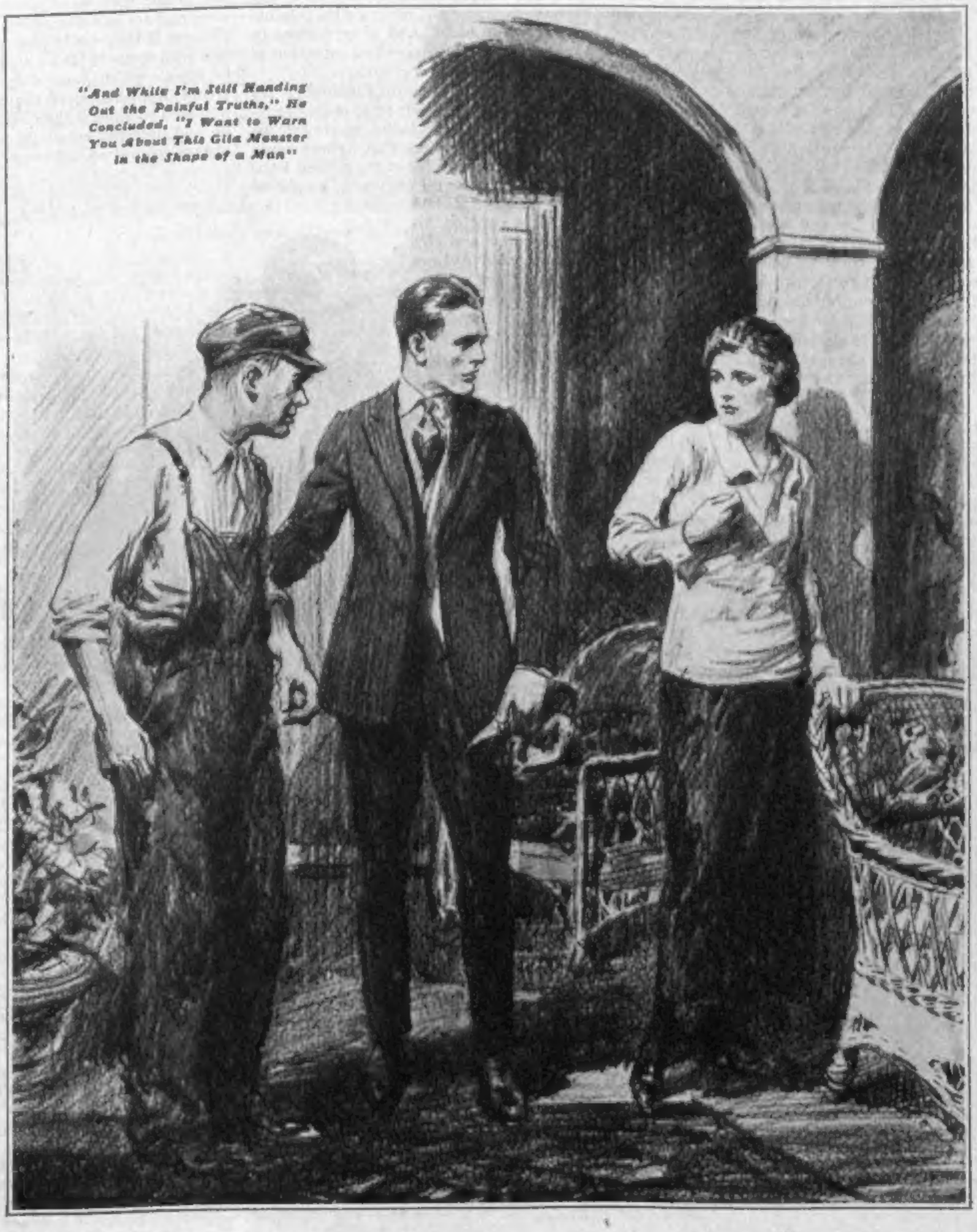
As Budansky sat in his barber's chair with the scissor blades snipping at an extremely scant back fringe his ever-investigatory eye alighted on the idle young stripling in a slightly soiled duck coat who stood not far away. This stripling lingered in front of one of the mirrors, studiously and affectionately caressing what at the time was called a Harvard pompadour. It was a movement which he was repeating for at least the twentieth time in one day, and there was a touch of childlike ingenuousness in the open self-satisfaction with which he regarded his own pomaded headdress and his own classic if somewhat pallid features.

Budansky also studied those features. He studied them with a shrewdly appraising eye. Then he inspected the neat and narrow figure and made inward note of the pale and pliant hands, and knew in his own soul that he had at last stumbled on a type that he needed in his business. For Budansky had already grown into a knowledge of certain deficiencies in the film world. He saw that the public was no longer satisfied with the heavy-jowled actor of middle age, pitchforked from the speaking stage into the film studio and called upon to enact a rôle of light and engaging romance. They were stodgy and heavy and unresilient, those threadbare heroes of the silver sheet, not infrequently given to drink and not open-minded in the medium of their adoption.

They were transients and nothing more, and Budansky was tired of them. He was tired of their extortionate salary demands; of their efforts to girdle down their over-aldermanic paunches; of their pathetic simulations of sprightly youth. And time had taught him the value of a clean slate in this business to which he was giving his fiery little soul. What he wanted was a personality still young and pliant and passive; something that could be as putty in his hands, to mold and manipulate as he saw fit. All he asked for, all he had been prowling so restlessly about and looking for, was some empty shell of a youth behind which he could station his own directing and dominating personality. But that shell, however empty, would have to be one appealing to the eye.

So he continued to study Cupid McCubbin—for by this time the Mickey of old had metamorphosed into an adolescent prettiness for which the later cognomen was by no means inappropriate. Budansky studied the slender-bodied youth in the slightly soiled barber's coat, making careful note of the regular if somewhat neutral features, the straight brow and the limpid if slightly vacant eyes, the thick-planted lashes and the gently curving lips, the skin as smooth as a woman's and the general engaging aspect of a face which anæmia and adolescence still combined to poeticize. And he decided in his own heart that he needed this lily-skinned barber-shop idler in his work.

But Budansky was remarkably cool-headed and discreet about it all. He gave that callow youth no inkling of what he was being projected into; no suspicion of the vast and world-wide movements of which he was to stand the pillar and the pinnacle in one. Budansky, in fact, said nothing of his plans until he could talk with Cupid McCubbin alone. Then he sounded out the slightly abashed Cupid and intimated that he was producing a peculiar type of picture into which Cupid might possibly fit. But it all depended on Nonah Maynelle, the bewitching and duly coached Nonah, with whom Budansky and Cupid duly dined one historic Sunday evening in a sufficiently big and bewildering hotel in Atlantic City. After basking for an hour in the untempered radiance of



"And While I'm Still Handing Out the Painful Truths," He Concluded, "I Want to Warn You About This Gila Monster in the Shape of a Man"

Nonah's smile Cupid felt that association with such loveliness was more to be desired than even concert guitars and barber-shop ease. Not only did further argument prove unnecessary, but Budansky, seeing the occasion was ripe, did not overlook the chance to tie his man up in an iron-clad contract extending over an equally iron-clad period of two years.

It was a calamitously lopsided contract, as Cupid was later to find out, though the modest salary which went along with it was to prove an unappreciated and persistent conserver of his uncorrupted youth. But it was the instrument through which Mickey, alias Cupid, McCubbin passed quietly out of existence and an observant and slightly timorous stripling by the name of Arthur Aylwyn came full-fledged into being.

That untimely demise was wept over volubly and protractedly by Cupid's widowed mother, who invariably demanded of all hearers why "thim fly-be-night movie clowns couldn't have left a clane-moinded lad alone instid av thraipsin' him off to Californy wid an ar-rmy av wild wimmen to be leadin' him asthray and a carful av phottygraphers to be drivin' him into jumpin' off the say cliffs and riskin' ivry bone in his body for not a cint more thin he'd be makin' as a self-respectin' barber—and niver a lad more open-handed wid his ould mother, and him now as good as dead and gone, what wid his own name taken away from him and thim vampire wimmen wan reads about loorin' him into ways that he'd niver walk av his own will!"

But the cautious-eyed Budansky made it a point to see that the newcomer to the motion-picture world did not succumb to the vampire women and their blandishments, except on celluloid and strictly professional premises. And before the end of the year the small check which the frugal-minded Arthur Aylwyn sent regularly from Hollywood enabled the still dubious-minded Mrs. McCubbin to seek out a more comfortable flat in Germantown, though she still insisted, and insisted to the end, on denominating her exiled offspring as Mickey. That youth in the meantime had been coached for his first picture, had verified Budansky's conviction that the boy had a face that was bound to film well, and in a darkened projection room had beheld himself prepared for perpetuation on the silver sheet. That was his first ghostly inkling of art's immortality, and the taste of it was like the first taste of blood to a tiger. He was a movie actor and he intended to be a good one.

Budansky fed his vanity and made vast promises and talked big of the future. But he watched him and worked him—worked him to the bone. He filled that empty measure with the fullness of his wisdom. He stood behind that slight and boyish figure and poured forth into him the fruits of his ripened art, his tricks and artifices, his long-pondered poses and gestures, his knowledge born of a hundred trials and a hundred failures. He electrified the anæmic and slightly bewildered guitar strummer into an artist. He put a soul into the narrow body and a look of pathos into the limpid and thick-lashed eyes, to the end that, the world over, men and women sitting back in their theater chairs, and seeing the glycerin tear on his cheek as he bade farewell to the love that could no longer in this troubled world be his, invariably felt a lump come up in their throats and furtively fished for their handkerchiefs while the fade-away still left the house in welcomed darkness. And girls in their teens, adoring-eyed girls from college classrooms and telephone switchboards and from behind counters, watched Arthur spurn the advances of the cruel-hearted heiress and waken to the true worth of the modest cowslip in ruffled dimity, and envied that cowslip in ruffled dimity and fondly dreamed themselves in her place.

In other words, before Budansky got through with him Arthur Aylwyn became a real movie actor. He became a headliner and a national hero and a name in electric bulbs. Before time released him from the tentacles of that iron-clad contract he became a film star in everything but his salary figure, which remained so meager that the luxuries of stardom were denied him and he knew nothing of ten-hour poker games at The Inn and saw nothing of the night life which made The Barn a magnet for the over-wearied screen worker and the beach dances a carnival of rice-powdered ladies slightly maudlin with something more than music. Budansky, in fact, kept the Kid's nose to the grindstone and showed him not only how to make pictures but how to feel pictures and think pictures. With malice aforethought and much adroit maneuvering he kept that Kid on a treadmill of work, with no time for diversion and no surplus energy to spill over in revolt.

Arthur Aylwyn during that grueling two years learned a great deal. He learned among other things that he was getting ridiculously small pay for the returns he was bringing in. He learned that other producers had been assessing and tabulating his later successes and reducing his possible stellar values to an actuarial basis. And when it came to an estimate of his own worth he betrayed no intention of repeating his initial error of being overmodest.

So when his time was up he broke with Budansky. He broke with him coolly and completely, in spite of that fiery-hearted little man's repeated cry that Arthur was selling his soul for gold and his repeated prophecy that Arthur would collapse like a punctured balloon without the gifts of Budansky to buoy him up. But, for all his youth, he played his cards carefully and quietly. He laid down his terms and he exacted his conditions. He became star and vice president of the Augmented Aylwyn Films, with a voice in his own productions and the privilege of choosing his own support and a fixed percentage of the net, to say nothing of a salary which left him a little dizzy when he contemplated the row of digits on a check front, and which finally persuaded his widowed mother, who soon began to take reducing treatments and to drive a sedan of her own through the less feverish streets of Philadelphia, that there might possibly be better vocations for a lad of genius than the barbering trade.

But contrary to Budansky's prophecies and expectations, Arthur Aylwyn did not collapse. He worked even harder than ever and perused books on medieval costumes and took fencing and swimming lessons and sat in on chapel meetings where coming features were discussed. He learned to sit in a saddle and handle a horse without feeling his heart stop at every flip of its ear, for there were occasions when he had to venture into one of the hated Westerns and array himself in walnut stain and hair pants.

This he felt to be beneath his dignity, since he nursed a hankering to pace the parlors of the patriciate and figure only in high-life stuff. Earnestly and assiduously therefore he studied the doings and the deportment of road-company actors when they chanced to appear in society drama. He remained a hard-working and somewhat reserved young man, anxious to succeed at what he felt to be the only art form suited to the modern world, and determined that in the end this same world should not only admire but should also love him.

In this, however, his triumph was only a halfway triumph. For odd as it may seem, men invariably hated Arthur Aylwyn. It was the ladies, and the ladies alone, who loved Arthur. They cut pictures of him out of the trade magazines and enshrined them in their dresser mirrors. They wrote him long and intimate letters enumerating the reasons for their dissatisfaction with home conditions. They sent him knitted neckties and hand-worked slippers and college flags. They intrusted to the mails photographs of themselves, naïvely giving their weight and their waist measure and explaining that they were blondes and unmarried and not averse to going into pictures if they could play opposite Arthur. They plied him with requests for his signature and cabinets of himself in sepia—which were duly signed and despatched by Heinie Applebaum, of the publicity department. They implored to know if there was any truth in the rumor that he had declared he would never marry, and if his eyes always seemed so sad because some wicked designer had years ago broken his heart and blighted his faith.

Otto Etsel, the Ex-Knight of the Scissors, Made It Plain That He Knew Quite Well What the Rest of the World Must Never be Allowed to Know

And as the Kid's fame gathered and grew he pretended more and more to despise this daily pile of highly emotionalized correspondence. But he loved it and lived on it in his secret heart of hearts, and pored over it more patiently than even Heinie Applebaum imagined. He drew out of it a diffused and diluted tincture of romance, a long-circuited appeasement for that human hunger for companionship which his cramped and crowded life gave him small chance to feed. For Arthur Aylwyn, contrary to tradition, never fell in love with his leading ladies, whose tenure of office was always discreetly brief, since the only way to obviate monotony in a fixed star is to diversify the minor luminaries in its immediate neighborhood.

And even when he was in professional contact with these ladies, these pictorially subjugating ladies whom he kissed so passionately, whom he leaned so intimately with over plaster-of-Paris balustrades, whom he groped so yearningly toward in the stained Krieg moonlight and held so hungrily on his breast during the final fade-out, he found them full of tricks for cheating him out of footage and face views and capable of ceaseless maneuvers to block the camera eye and intrude on his astral prerogatives. He fought with them as a rule, sometimes openly and sometimes silently. He watched them and checked them and declined to be smothered by

"Gad, But You'd Film Great!" He Said. "I'd Starve by Inches," She Said, "Before I'd Risk to a Thing Like That!"

them, for life to Sir Arthur had become a fight, since stardom was a battle and eternal vigilance stood the price of position. And these ladies who had had the privilege of inspecting him at close range usually called him an unspeakable fop, just as the studio workers had dubbed him the Cuff Shooter and the office staff spoke of him as Sir Arthur.

But any such appraisal of him was neither true nor complete, even though the Kid, when he was transferred from Budansky to the Augmented Aylwyn Films, had undergone a seemingly miraculous emergence from the drab cocoon to the dazzling butterfly. It is a matter of record that he became startlingly dandified in his attire and meticulously conscious of his personal appearance. But there were reasons for this. He worked in form, and it was essential that form should prove undeviatingly satisfying. He had been taught to capitalize his appearance, and his almost feminine fastidiousness as a consequence may have been as much a commercial acquisition as a personal attribute.

So even his cuff shooting was merely a reflex of the law of his life that the seen image in the world of pictures was everything; that he won or lost always through appearances. And even outside of business considerations Sir Arthur was a somewhat silent young man, with few avenues through which to exteriorate himself. Since he felt things more than he analyzed them, he found it hard to express himself through the clumsy medium of words. Instead of making his appeal through the ear, he let it be made through the eye.

Then, too, he nursed a deep-seated hunger to be and do the right thing. He could not proclaim himself by word of mouth, so he let his clothes do it. He saw what other stars had done and were doing along that line, and with his fixed passion for excelling he decided to go them one better. And as success had tumbled him into more money than he really knew what to do with, as it had brought him wealth without any knowledge of its possibilities or its penalties, it was not altogether unnatural, when he rubbed his eyes and looked about him, that he should see only cars and clothes on which to throw a little of it away.

He threw a great deal of it away on these things, though even the royalties from his quarter interest in the Penultra-Retard Camera more than amended for his sartorial extravagances, and the dividends from his San Pedro Sardine Packing Company—in which he had frugally invested seven whole months of salary—more than paid for his vehicular activities. For it is essential that Sir Arthur should not be either over or under estimated. Never once, for all his royal-purple limousine with the scintillant gold lettering on the door panels, for all his symphonic triumphs in shirtings and scarfings, for all his rubied cuff links and his cobwebby silk socks and his gold-monogrammed private-stock cigarettes and the diurnal facial massages and shampoos and electric-vibrator treatments—which invariably took his mind back to the old days in the suburban barber shop—never once did he let his meditative eye wander from the main issue. Airier than the butterfly he may have seemed, but always, always he was quietly scheming and campaigning for the future; defending his position against encroachment; maintaining a fight for footage and powers and percentages; guarding the none-too-robust body which had been given to him to use, not as a circus of careless pleasure but as a fine and polished instrument adapted to solemn issues.

II

YET this body which Arthur Aylwyn kept so carefully groomed and manicured and shampooed and massaged and encased in silk was after all a body of mortal clay. And being such, it was the prey of enemies which could neither be combated nor conquered. Time exacted its toll there, and as the years slipped away a little of the spring went out of the Kid's once-bouyant step and the heavily lashed eyes lost a little of their limpidity. And about the time cravats and collars were being named after him his once youthful contours hardened into firmer and sterner lines. There were even certain students of the screen who fell into the habit of averring that it was about time Arthur Aylwyn graduated from his eternal juveniles into rôles where he might do some real acting, some full-sized man's work for the films.

But Sir Arthur aspired for none of these maturer glories. He was satisfied with the kingdom he had already conquered, and there were times indeed when he stood a little terrified at the thought that his youth was slipping away from him. On that dark day when—after studying his own effigy carefully and thoughtfully in the panel mirror of his dressing room—he found what was unmistakably a gray hair in the dusky façade that waved so gracefully back from his pallid brow, his heart went down like a plummet and a fine sweat of horror came out on his face.

It left him shaken and sick for the rest of the week, and even the news that a magazine competition had established him as the second most popular motion-picture actor in all America failed to bring back to him his old careless faith in himself. And as though to authenticate the ancient tradition that misfortunes never come singly, there appeared at his dressing-room door a few days later a sodden and bloodshot figure who loudly addressed him as Mickey and spoke with not insignificant affection of the good old days when they barbered side by side in that Philadelphia tonsorial parlor which Arthur Aylwyn had struggled so desperately to eliminate from both his memory and his life. He quickly dragged that boon companion of his well-censored youth into the privacy of his room and got the door shut and locked behind them.

There the conference, if not a prolonged one, was at least a pointed one. Otto Etzel, the ex-knight of the scissors, made it plain that he knew quite well what the rest of the world must never be allowed to know. He was willing to be fair; he had no intention of gumming up his old friend Mickey's movie-idol game. But one good turn deserved another. And as the redoubtable Otto Etzel regarded himself as a person of grace and undivulged dramatic gifts, once the outer man were fittingly rehabilitated and the inner man were consistently nourished on three square meals a day, he modestly demanded a permanent place on the Augmented Aylwyn Films and an occasional participation in its activities.

He did not, however, achieve an acting part in that company where he proved so unwelcome a visitor. But he got his three square meals a day and a place on the salary list. He was absorbed and at the same time discreetly sequestered in the Augmented Aylwyn Films by being given the somewhat nominal position of *valet de chambre* to Arthur Aylwyn himself, where, when sober, he looked after the person and the apparel of that none-too-happy star; and where, when otherwise, he appropriated that star's imported foulard cravats and scorched his priceless brocaded waistcoats and morosely imbibed *eau de cologne* and out-Horatioed Horatio by mutterings to the effect that if he list to speak he might yet resort to much ambiguous giving out.

It was about this time that a quite new and unlooked-for note of poignancy intruded itself into Arthur Aylwyn's screen work, and some mysterious fourth dimension of feeling crept into even his lighter interpretations of life, as though for the first time he had stood face to face with the latent tragedy and the meaning of mortal existence. The Hamlet-like shadow on his lean young cheek became accentuated and the soul-hungry expression in the mournful oldish-young eyes became more mournful than ever, reviving the stubborn tradition that some variously denominated adventuress in jade earrings and snaky black décolletage had come between poor Arthur and the one pure love of his life.

Then three short months later something even more disturbing injected itself into the troubled career of Arthur Aylwyn. It all rose out of a quarrel with a new director, backed up by the art department, when a Chinese dragon chair had been planted in the foreground of the Spanish-mission interior where Sir Arthur, surrounded by the frenzied peons, seeks sanctuary with the heroine hanging over his arm and his last bullet gone, and promptly encounters the benevolent-eyed priest, who just as promptly joins them in the bonds of holy matrimony.

Now Sir Arthur, with his ineradicable demand for the right thing, objected to that strictly Oriental piece of furniture in a strictly West Coast edifice. The new director, on the other hand, proclaimed that since they were making pictures and not emulating furniture factories the shooting should proceed with a Navajo blanket draped over the chair back to dissimulate its overexotic origin.

But the picture did not proceed. It came to a stop, because the star, who was so averse to sham and shoddy compromise, walked quietly out of the bell-hung chapel, proceeded to his dressing tent and there removed his Westerns and his make-up. Then having arrayed himself in those everyday habiliments in which he took a not unnatural pride, he stepped into his lavender-colored clover-leaf roadster, upholstered in lavender-colored morocco, and started for Hollywood and home.

Twenty minutes later, however, he drew up at the side of the trail, for in the heart of that arid alkali flat he beheld a girl in a soiled old-rose silk sweater—a girl with singularly high color and blue eyes—stooping somewhat helplessly over a car engine which had gone dead.

Sir Arthur, as he dismounted from his shimmering lavender-colored roadster, noticed that the stalled car was a time-battered English vehicle of antediluvian vintage. Under its faded top he saw a faded if somewhat haughty-faced man of about thirty-five quietly though intently watching the girl who fussed over the engine. His refusal to participate in those activities impressed Sir Arthur as ungallant in the extreme, since it was a fixed law in the life of the latter always to come to the assistance of a lady in distress, especially if she were youthful enough and attractive enough to appeal to his romantic imagination.

But in this case, as he stepped closer to the girl in the old-rose sweater, he was confronted by a small series of shocks, which if they did not dampen his ardor at least slightly ruffled his composure. For in the first place his advance remained quite unacknowledged by either the

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AS THE SPIRIT MOVES

By Dorothy Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

ANY day, now, I expect to read in the paper that Sir Oliver Lodge, or somebody else who keeps right in touch with all the old crowd, has received a message from the Great Beyond announcing that the spirits have walked out for a forty-four-hour week, with time and a half for overtime, and government control of ouija boards. And it would be no more than fair, when you come right down to it; something ought to be done to remedy the present working conditions among the spirits. Since this wave of spiritualism has broken over the country it has got so that a spirit doesn't have a minute to himself. The entire working force has to come trooping back to earth every night to put in a hard night's labor knocking on walls, ringing bells, playing banjos, pushing planchettes round, and performing such parlor specialties. The spirits have not had a quiet evening at home for months. The Great Beyond must look as deserted as an English lecture platform.

No spirit could object to coming back now and then in the way of business, so to speak, through a professional medium. That sort of thing is more or less expected; it's all in an eternity, as you might say. But the entrance of all these amateurs into the industry has been really too much. It is the ouija-board trade in particular that is so trying. Now that every family has installed its own private ouija board and expects immediate service on it at any hour of the day or night, the sting has been put into death. It's enough to wear a poor spirit to a shadow, that's what it is.

The Age of the Ouija Board

OF COURSE there may not be any particular connection, but nation-wide spiritualism seems to have come in like a lion at just about the time that nation-wide alcoholism was going out like a lamb. The séance room has practically become the poor man's club. After all, people have to do something with their evenings; and it can always be argued on the side of the substitute pastime that it does not cut into the next morning, anyway. There was a time when ouija-board operating was looked upon only as an occupation for highly unmarried elderly ladies of pronounced religious tendencies; prohibition was regarded in much the same light, if you remember. And now the ouija board has replaced the corkscrew as the national emblem. Times surely do change, as I overheard someone saying only yesterday.

It has certainly been a great little fiscal year for stockholders in ouija-board plants. A census to show the distribution of ouija boards would prove that they average at least one to a family. There is every reason for their popularity as a family institution; their initial cost can soon be scraped together, their upkeep amounts to practically nothing, they take up little space, and anybody can run them. They are the Flivvers among psychical appliances. No home can conscientiously feel that it is supplied with all modern conveniences, lacking one; there is even some talk, I hear, of featuring built-in ouija boards in the more luxurious of the proposed new apartment houses.

Mrs. Curley in Her Favorite Selection, Don't Tell the Daisies I Tolded You

A strong factor in the popularity of the ouija board as a domestic utensil is the prevalence of ouija-board agencies throughout the country. No shopping round is necessary; you can buy one anywhere, from a notion counter to a used-car emporium. Its purchase used to involve much secret diplomacy. You had to worm the manufacturer's address from some obscure acquaintance who was rumored to go in for all that sort of thing, and then you had to send to some vague place in the West, whence your ouija board came to you, f. o. b., in a plain wrapper. Now there is not the slightest hitch—you can pick one up anywhere on the way home. Our own corner drug store has been celebrating Ouija Week for the past month or so, and I understand that the boards are going like hot cakes—after all, you can't better the old similes. They certainly make a tasteful window display, combined, as they are, with garlands of rubber bath hose, with notes of color introduced by a few hot-water bags here and there. I imagine that the exhibit was arranged by the same person who thinks up names for the drinks served at the soda fountain.

What a simple matter this thing of communicating with the spirits has turned out to be, since the ouija board made its entrance into the great American family life. There is practically nothing to it—anybody can do it in the privacy of his own room. Look at the results that the members of our little circle have been getting, for instance, since we took up the ouija board in a really thorough way. And we never had a lesson in our lives, any of us. It has been a rough season, locally, for the professional-medium trade; I doubt if the professionals have even made expenses, since we learned that we could do it ourselves.

Home spirit communication has completely revolutionized our local social life. I often wonder what we should ever do with our evenings if it weren't for the spirits. Since they have taken to dropping in for an informal chat over the ouija board we never lack a lively parlor game for one and all—metaphysical, yet clean.

And then just look at the money we save on amusement taxes! You know how it is yourself; the minute you leave home to make an evening of it, it runs right into expense. What with the cost of theater tickets, cabaret food and taxicab charter—good night, as the saying goes. Even such wholesome community activities as interapartment poker games, wives welcome, come under the head of outgo sooner or later. Of course this is a relatively free country, and no one has a better right than you to your own opinion of the ouija board as a medium of communication with the next world; but considering it solely as a means of after-dinner entertainment you must concede that the price is right, anyway.

What a Simple Matter This Thing of Communicating With the Spirits Has Turned Out to Be

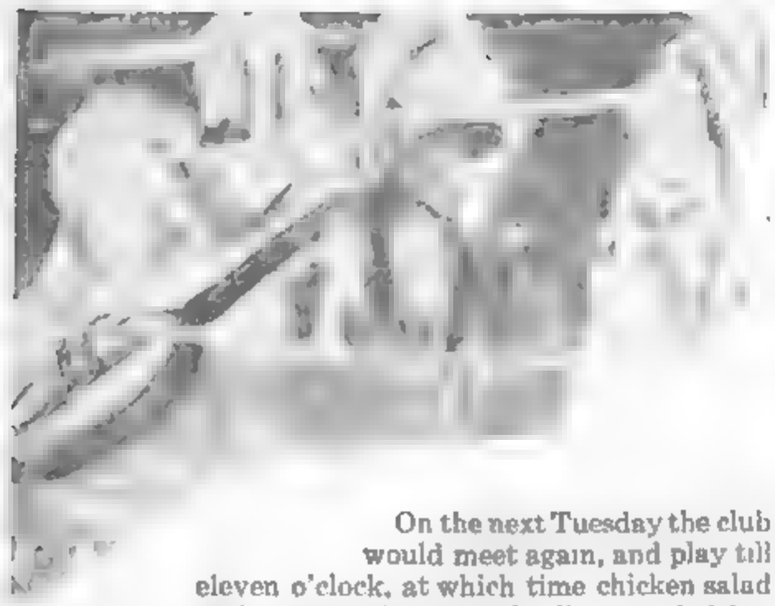
Where would our little circle be of an evening if the spirits had not grown so clubby? Sitting round, that's where we would be, trying to figure out if the William Hart picture round at the Elite Motion-Picture Palace was the same one that they showed the week before over at the Bijou Temple of Film Art. Since we got our ouija board I have so completely lost touch with the movies that Theda Bara may have got religion, for all I know about it.

When the Bridge Hounds Were Unleashed

OF COURSE, we did have our bits of the higher life once in a while in the old days. Whenever the husbands could be argued into it we used to take up the rugs and devote the evening to Terpsichore, as the boys say. But we got little or nothing out of it, considering all the effort involved. The talent for dancing among the male element of our set would, if pooled, be about equal to the histrionic ability of Mr. Jack Dempsey. The only one who really worked up any enthusiasm about it was old Mr. Emery, who as a parlor Maurice had one foot in the grave and the other on his partner's instep. He had taken up dancing along about the time that the waltz was being condemned by press and pulpit, and his idea of a really good jazz number was Do You See My New Shoes?

The community dances never went over really big, that you could mention; by the time the second fox trot had reached the place where the record was scratched the men had all gathered in one corner and were arguing about how long you ought to let it stand before you put it in the still; and the women were settled along the other side of the room, telling each other how you could reduce without exercising or dieting. Those evenings were apt to cause hard feeling between husband and wife, and one word frequently led to another on the way home.

Then there was the time that we went in rather heavily for bridge. The bridge hounds were unleashed on Tuesday evenings, and at eleven o'clock chicken salad and lettuce sandwiches would be served and the one who had the highest score could choose between a blue glass candy jar with a glass crab apple on its top, and a hive-shaped honey pot of yellow china with china bees that you'd swear were just about to sting you swarming all over it; in either case what was left went without any argument to the holder of the next highest score.



On the next Tuesday the club would meet again, and play till eleven o'clock, at which time chicken salad and cream cheese and olive sandwiches would be provided, and the winner had to make up his mind between one of those handy little skating girls made of painted wood with a ball of colored twine instead of a bodice, and a limp-leather copy of Gitanjali, by Rabindranath Tagore, the well-known hyphenated Indian.

The bridge club would doubtless have still been tearing things wide open every Tuesday, but the ouija board came in, and the hostesses' imagination in the selection of prizes gave out, at about the same time.

Mrs. Both, who is awfully good at all that kind of thing, tried to inaugurate a series of Sunday evening intellectual festivals, but they were never what you could really call a riot. The idea was that everyone should meet at her house, and the more gifted among us should entertain and at the same time elevate the majority. But Mrs. Both could never get enough backing from the rest of the home talent. She herself read several papers that she had written on such subjects as The New Russia, and Why; and Modern Poetry—What of Its To-Morrow?

Henry G. Takes to Verse

AND Mrs. Curley, who is always so agreeable about doing anything like that, did some of her original child impersonations, in her favorite selections, Don't Tell the Daisies I Tolded You, 'Cause I Pwomised Them Not to Tell; and Little Girls Must Always Be Dwessed up Clean—Wisht I Was a Little Boy. As an encore she always used to give, by request, that slightly rough one about Where Did Baby Bruvver Tum Fwom, That's What Me Wants to Know, in which so many people think she is at her best. Mrs. Curley never makes the slightest change in costume for her specialty—she doesn't even remove her chain-drive eyeglasses—yet if you closed your eyes you'd really almost think that a little child was talking. She has often been told that she should have gone on the stage. Then Mr. Bliss used to sing Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, and would gladly have done more, except that it was so hard to find songs that suited his voice.

Those were about the only numbers that the program ever comprised. Mr. Smalley volunteered to make shadow pictures and give an imitation of a man sawing wood, including knots, but Mrs. Both somehow did not quite feel that this would have been in the spirit of the thing. So the intellectual Sunday evenings broke up, and the local mental strain went down to normal again.

Mrs. Both is now one of the leaders in the home-research movement. She has been accomplishing perfect wonders on the ouija board; she swung a wicked planchette right from the start. Of course she has been pretty lucky about it. She got right in touch with one spirit, and she works entirely with him. Henry G. Thompson, his name is, and he used to live a long time ago, up round Cape Cod way, when he was undeniably a good fellow when he had it. It seems that he was interested in farming in a small way, while he was on earth, but now that he has a lot of time on his hands he has taken up poetry. Mrs. Both has a whole collection of poems that were dictated to her by this spirit. From those that I have seen I gather that they were dictated but not read.

But then, of course, she has not shown me all of them. Anyway, they are going to be brought out in book form in the fall, under the title Heart Throbs From the Hereafter. The publishers are confident of a big sale, and are urging Mrs. Both to get the book out sooner, while the public is still in the right mood. But she has been having some sort of trouble with Henry, over the ouija board. I don't know if I have it quite straight, but it seems that Henry is behaving in a pretty unreasonable way about the percentage of royalties that he insists must go to the Thompson estate.

But aside from this little hitch—and I dare say that she and Henry will patch it up between them somehow—Mrs. Both has got a great deal out of spiritualism. She went about it in the really practical way. She did not waste her own time and the spirits' asking the ouija board questions about who is going to be the next President, and whether it will rain to-morrow, and what the chances are for a repeal of the Volstead Act. Instead she sat right down and got acquainted with one particular spirit, and let him do the rest. That is really the best way to go about it; get your control, and make him work your ouija board for you, and like it. Some of our most experienced mediums agree that that is the only way to get anywhere in parlor spiritualism.

But when you come right down to it there are few who can get more out of a ouija board than our own Aunt Bertha. Her work is not so highly systematized as that of Mrs. Both, but it is pretty fairly spectacular, in its way.

I knew that Aunt Bertha was going to get in some snappy work on the ouija board; I could have told you that before I ever saw her in action. She has always been good at anything anywhere nearly like that. Now you take solitaire, for instance. I don't think I ever saw a prettier game of solitaire than that which Aunt Bertha puts up. You may be looking over her shoulder while she deals out the cards for a game of Canfield, and from the layout before her you would swear that she had not a chance of getting more than one or two aces up, at most. In fact, it looks so hopeless that you lose interest in the game, and go over to the other end of the room to get a magazine. And when you come back Aunt Bertha will have all the cards in four stacks in front of her, and she will smile triumphantly and exclaim: "What do you think of that? I got it again!"

Aunt Bertha's Snappy Work

I HAVE known that to happen over and over again; I never saw such luck in my life. I would back Aunt Bertha against any living solitaire player for any amount of money you want, only providing that the judges leave the room during the contest.

It was no surprise to me to find that she had just the same knack with a ouija board. She can take a ouija board that would never show the least signs of life for anybody else and make it do practically everything but a tail spin. She can work it alone or she can make a duet of it—it makes no difference to her. She is always sure of results, either way. The spirits seem to recognize her touch on the board immediately. You never saw such a remarkable thing; it would convert anybody to spiritualism just to see her.

Aunt Bertha asks a question of the spirits, and the words are no more than out of her mouth when the planchette is flying about, spelling out the answer almost faster than you can read it. The service that she gets is perfectly wonderful. And, as she says herself, you can see that there is no deception about it, because she does not insist upon asking the question herself; anyone can ask whatever he can think of—there are no limits. Of course, the answers have occasionally turned out to be a trifle erratic, but then, to quote Aunt Bertha again, what does that prove? The spirits never claimed to be right all the time. It is only human of them to make a slip once in a while.

She can go deeper into the affairs of the Other Side than a mere game of questions and answers, if you want her to. Just say the word, and Aunt Bertha will get you in touch with anybody that you may name, regardless of how

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By Means of Her Ouija Board Miss Thill Has Worked Her Way Right Into the Highest Intellectual Circles of Spirit Society

Madame Patsy, the Gusher Queen

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

A NEW dignity clothed Madame Patsy. In place of the somewhat aggressive assertiveness which had distinguished her early manner—if I may be pardoned for so describing it, m'sieu—had come an indefinable air of quiet assurance. In a word, she displayed the serene confidence worn only by those fortunate women whose social status is established beyond question.

And well she might, my friend, for only the week before she had been chosen chairwoman of the luncheon committee which entertained Madame J. Howard Fullerton, the multimillionaire art patron of New York and Newport, who was braving privations and contact with provincial America to carry the torch of culture to the benighted, commercialized masses west of Jersey City. This honor put the hall-mark on Madame Patsy. She had arrived—with both feet, too, as she so aptly expressed it.

Madame entered the room where M'sieu Hicks and I were discussing the oil boom and the price of whisky, and draped herself on a couch with languid ease

"At it again, huh?" she inquired, raising her arched eyebrows. "Gee, you two'll keep on until you get burnt! Mark my words!"

"We don't need no advice from you a-tall," replied her husband emphatically. "Women don't know nothin' about business."

Madame unbent to indulge in a jeering laugh.

"They don't, hey? Maybe not, but you never saw me nor any other she buy the patents for an aëroplane that wouldn't fly. Ha, ha! I reckon that'll hold you for a while, old settler."

My partner's weather-beaten face turned a brick red

"Is that so?" he retorted. "And you ain't never saw me give up eleven hundred dollars for a picture of a Hereford bull grazin' in a cañon when you could of bought the bull himself for a third of the money."

"Well, We've Just Had a Meeting of the Committee, And We've Decided to Sell Our Stock"

"Listen at him! Listen at him!" exclaimed Madame Patsy with well-bred scorn. "That shows how much he knows about art, don't it, Henree? The poor roughneck! I declare it's a wonder how I ever kept refined all these years, married to a lowbrow like you, Joe Hicks!" And she reached for a cigarette to soothe her agitation.

M'sieu Joe addressed himself to me precisely as though his wife were not in the room:

"I swan I never seen the like, Henree! The women in this town've just run hog wild on art. Miz Field buys a Vermecelli no bigger'n your hand for a thousand bucks, which if you throwed away the frame might possibly fetch a dollar-ninety at Christmastime, and then Patsy here up and pays twenty-five hundred for a hand-painted picture called Sarah at the Pump, with a bunch of li'l sheep ——"

"There you go!" interrupted his wife. "There you go, showing your ignorance again! They weren't sheep. They were camels. And her name wasn't Sarah. It was Rebecca at the Well, you poor fish!"

"Sarah or Rebecca, it's all the same," he rejoined stubbornly. "I reckon I know sheep when I see 'em. Didn't I herd a flock of baa-baas for two years over in Lincoln County? Campbells nothin'! Them are sheep. Go and take a look and you can see for yourself, Henree. The picture's in the parlor."

But madame's sensitive, artistic nature rebelled against arguing on his plane, and rising with superb grace she swept out of the room, pausing at the door to remark over her shoulder, "Well, anyhow, don't let anybody out there sell you a hole in the ground."

"Do you take me for a fool?"

"I took you for better or worse, precious," she replied sweetly from the hall.

"I just aim to go along with ol' George to see the excitement—that's all. Buy nothin'! I wouldn't touch any oil proposition with a forty-foot pole."

From the stairs was wafted to us: "But I know your weakness, tweetie. And if some good-lookin' she out there gets hold of you she can sell you an ice plant in Alaska if she has a mind to."

M'sieu Hicks looked at me with a sort of desperate resignation.

"Ain't that a fine way to talk to a husband, Henree?" he demanded. "Dog-gone, I'll say it is! After all these years, and me pilin' up a fortune by hard work and close tradin', my own wife hands me that!"

I maintained a discreet silence. It would have availed nothing to remind my worthy friend that he had risen to wealth by falling down a prospector's abandoned shaft in Arizona; so I hastened to change the subject.

Evidently, however, his wife's parting thrust rankled, for as we were about to leave the house for the station he shouted up the stairs, "Well, so long! And for the love of Mike, go easy on pictures for a few days! I tell you right now I don't aim to pay for no more. The house is all cluttered up with 'em as it is, and I won't have the garage messed up. You hear me?"

"Don't talk about things you don't understand, Joe," responded Madame Patsy in silvery accents. "If I was you I'd lay off art for keeps. And if I feel like buying some more, your saying so won't stop me. Besides, when it comes to art, that Field woman can't smear it on me!"

Alors, my partner departed for the new oil field and I did not see him for a week. He returned in a towering rage.

"Just five hours late!" he cried, flinging his hat on a settee in the lobby. "Just five hours late—that's all! We stopped a few miles out in the sticks and just stayed there for no reason at all. They was waitin' for orders, so the conductor said. I was like to have froze to death."

"Every train is late nowadays," I reminded him.

"You've said it! I know a feller who shipped a carload of lumber and it was three months goin' a hundred miles. But the best of all was what I heard about a fireman who filled up an oil-burning engine with water. Took him six hours to fix her, and about two hundred people had to wait on a siding. Fact!"

"I trust they discharged the fellow!" I exclaimed.

My partner exploded into a guffaw.

"What? Don't you know no more about government control than that, Henree? Why, they dassent fire him! No, sir-ree! Two hundred passengers lost a whole day's business, but that guy got six hours' overtime."

Madame Patsy now descended the stairs to greet him.

"Did you buy any oil stock?" was her first question.

"I knowed it was coming," he replied resentfully. "You always do take the joy out of life for me. What made you go and ask me that?"

"Did you?"

"A few shares," was the reluctant answer.

"How many?"

"I put in fifteen thousand dollars."

"There! What did I tell you, Henree?" cried his wife. "And the last thing he promised me was he wouldn't

touch any with a forty-foot pole. Who sold it to you? Some hussy, I'll vow."

"She was not. She was a right nice lady."

"What was her name?"

"Sally."

"Sally?" repeated madame, her eyes big with excitement. "Sally what?"

M'sieu Hicks perceived he had made a tactical error, but it was too late to withdraw.

"I forgit. They just called her Sally that's all I know. She was sellin' stuff round the hotel with them other lease hounds."

"That's the last time you ever get away alone, Joe Hicks," said his wife between her teeth. "You can't be trusted no more'n a snake."

But my partner spoke up stoutly in his own defense.

"This is a good proposition, though, Patsy. Honest, it is. The comp'ny has got a thousand acres of close-in stuff and they're drillin' a well right now. It ain't one of these here wildcat comp'nies, you might say."

"You might say anything," retorted madame with a meaning look.

M'sieu Joe displayed keen disappointment.

"Shucks, I just took a li'l' flyer—that's all! It won't hurt me none if I lose, and if I win it'll mean a killin'. I thought maybe you and Henree might like to come in on it with me."

I hastened to disclaim any such ambition, and his wife said with a derisive snort:

"Ho, indeed! I see myself! Didn't you promise me you wouldn't gamble? Yes, you did! And what do you call this but gambling? Why, I would no more think of putting money into an oil well than I would think of running off with Henree."

The implied compliment was not lost upon me, but loyalty to my friend forbade more than a glance of understanding.

"All right!" he exclaimed. "All right! Have it your own way! Only when you see me with a flock of limousines and di'monds the size of your fist don't come round roarin' that I didn't give you a chance to git in. Mark my words, you'll regret it if you don't buy some!"

Madame Patsy sniffed derisively and, remarking that it was a waste of time to reason with a bonehead, departed to a meeting of the art association, of which she was now one of the recognized leaders. As soon as she had disappeared M'sieu Hicks groaned and clasped his brow with both hands.

"What time is it, Henree?" he demanded anxiously.

"Exactly five o'clock. Why, my friend?"

"Two hours and forty minutes more to wait," he rejoined despairingly. "If I ever take another I hope to die!"

His distraught manner, added to the agitation betrayed by his words, alarmed me. "What is it? Are you sick?"

"Not eggsactly. I feel something burning in my stummick, but that's all. One of them oil guys done give me a drink of booze to warm me on the train."

"Well, what of it? I should say you were very fortunate."

"Fortunate? Man alive, I had it down before I thought! Ain't you been readin' about all those people who got bumped off by drinkin' wood alcohol and hair tonic and ev'rything? They say it don't hit you until eight hours later. Gee, I feel queer! What time is it now, Henree?"

"Two minutes past five."

My partner moaned.

"Holy mackerel, it's too late now, I reckon! But this'll learn me a lesson. I'll tell the world it will! Yessir; that one drink give me religion sure enough. Dog-gone, I'd ought to of knowed better, Henree—at my age and with all my experience. To die like this after comin' through the war without a scratch! A man's a fool to drink bootleg stuff."

It was in vain that I assured him his appearance indicated enjoyment of perfect health and it was improbable that approaching paroxysms would fail to register symptoms. He reiterated that you couldn't tell nothin' about it until eight hours had elapsed, and he might be blithe and gay one minute and a stiff the next, and would I come up to the study with him and witness a will, for he had some investments without a scratch of a pen to show for them. I flatly refused and did my best to dissipate his fears.

"Well, I hope you're right," he said gloomily. "But the next time a guy gives me a drink I aim to make sure he's tried out the bottle on one of his wife's relations, or somebody, at least a day before. Did I ever tell you about ol' Jeff Abernathy, down in the Big Bend country?"

"You did not"

"It didn't git into the papers on account of Jeff not wantin' his name mixed up in it. Well, it seems like Jeff got a hold of a bottle of bootleg stuff and tuck a good drink like he'd always done, and after he'd come to he clumb up on his horse and rode off through the home pasture to see about a yearlin' steer that'd died. Right close to where the steer was at he thought he seen some red ants, and stopped to make sure.

"It was no optical delusion, Henree. The ants was there O. K., and one of 'em was pullin' and tuggin' at a piece of stick. By this time Jeff was figurin' he didn't have to work for wages for nobody, and maybe he might buy out the ranch or some other outfit. So he gits down from his horse to watch.

"'Here,' he says to the ant, 'that's a sizable job you got, ol' settler, and I'll help.'

"Then he pours out a few drops of booze onto the ground and waits to see what'll happen. The wind is off'n the booze, straight toward the ant—see? The ant gits one whiff and staggers over to Jeff to see how come. Abernathy tells me it lapped up some, give a loud nicker, and then r'ared up on its hind laigs and walked over to the yearlin'.

"'Come on, big feller,' it says, and started off home, draggin' the carcass. Yessir; if you don't believe me you can ask Jeff if it ain't so."

At the expiration of the eight hours M'sieu Hicks was absolutely normal, though filled with regret that he had ever suspected the liquor. And during the next fortnight

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And as for M'sieu Bobolink, He Proved to be Unspeakably Dreary. He Could Not Even Speak English

Women in Politics to the Aid of Their Party — By Eleanor Franklin Egan

IN THE city of New York at least, if nowhere else, there is much to indicate that politically the woman voter will develop a somewhat disquieting likeness to Kipling's Cat in the Just-So Stories that insisted upon "walking by his wild lone."

The old party leaders have "made a magic" to entice the Cat into captivity and submission to their authority, but they seem to have overlooked certain feline peculiarities which should be given the fullest consideration. The magic they have made consists of an apparent desire on their part to admit the women into the party organizations on terms of complete equality with themselves. They express this desire with a quite sufficient degree of fervor, and in some instances with actual performance, and being met with what appears to be a very general acquiescence and contentment they seem now to believe that all is well and that the chief result of the entrance of women into politics will be a mere duplication of votes and just that much more political arithmetic.

And maybe so. But when women get together to talk politics one is irresistibly reminded of the aforesaid Cat that by his own cleverness and perseverance won for himself all the privileges of the hearth "for always and always," but on occasion when it pleased him to do so "went away through the Wet Wild Woods waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone."

I happen to be one of the vast majority of women who had nothing whatever to do with the long struggle which is to result in the Nineteenth Amendment. If I had any feeling at all with regard to suffrage for women it was a feeling of opposition. I did not believe the average woman would accept the responsibilities that go with active and direct participation in government and was afraid the privilege would be exercised chiefly by a few zealots and a class of women whose qualifications for responsible citizenship are too limited to make them desirable as contributing factors in the conduct of the country's affairs. I thought there were enough undesirables already enfranchised, and permitted my imagination to dwell on the danger of adding to their ranks rather than minimizing this danger, and thinking principally of the good which might be accomplished by providing reënforcements for the ranks of the politically intelligent and righteously inclined. I knew that if the vote were thrust upon me—as my kind of woman was in the habit of saying—that I should use it, but I believed I should do so reluctantly and with a feeling that I was discharging a serious and disagreeable obligation rather than taking advantage of a precious privilege.

The trouble with me was that I did not think far enough. My vision was restricted by old-fashioned conservatism and prejudice, and in common with millions of other women in the country I ran eventually into a blind alley of platitudinous argument on the subject and stayed there while the procession went by.

How Will the Women Vote?

I AM not proud of my record of indifference, but on the contrary am inclined to be somewhat regretful when I consider that the women engaged in organized opposition to this most momentous movement in the history of social progress have been able always to use me and my numerous kind as convincing examples to point their contention that women did not want to vote and were being railroaded into politics by a fanatic and clamoring minority. I feel like apologizing to the women of the combat battalions who have done all the fighting and who now bear all the scars.

What I did not observe from my blind alley of conservatism was that the millions who were not being heard from, those of the great mass who never are heard from, were watching the progress of events with a deep concentration of thoughtful attention. If this were not true the great mass would not now be so intelligently prepared to discharge the duties and so willing to accept the burdens of complete and responsible citizenship. While the doughty old suffs were engaged in storming and undermining the stronghold of man's most sacred monopoly they were at the same time lighting up the dark in the minds of their sisters with luminant shafts of political information and inquiry into social conditions which women, given the power, could help to improve—the result being that the average enfranchised woman of to-day not only rejoices in her new privilege but knows definitely why she rejoices.

To be sure, there are still a few who think in terms of opposition and declare that nothing can ever induce them to go to the polls; but they are a negligible quantity, and so far as my own observation goes are usually of the soft and mentally lazy type which modern progress is very rapidly rendering obsolete. They have few troubles of their own and take very little interest in the troubles of others. The only consciousness they have is class consciousness, and they do their thinking as a rule within the narrowest possible limits. They can never do the great causes of forward-looking humanity any real harm.

When the Nineteenth Amendment goes into effect there will be 27,000,000 women voters! And there are 17,000,000 of us even now! This being according to the statistics relied upon by the women's division of the Republican National Committee. Is it any wonder the men want to make a magic that will induce us to line up and declare ourselves? Unless they can gauge the degree of purely partisan allegiance for which we can be counted upon they are likely to make some fatal mistakes in their party management.

All Eyes on Mr. Hoover

I DO not mean to imply that women as a rule have not made their choice of party. They have; and it is an interesting fact that, regardless of what her husband's politics may be, a woman usually begins by declaring adherence to the political faith of her father, the difficulty being that she adheres with reservations which denote in her an incorrigible independence. Very few women failed to register and vote in the 1919 elections, and of course they had to enroll on one side or another. But there is considerable doubt expressed as to whether any woman can be depended upon to stay put and to place party allegiance above personal preference as to candidates and conviction as to policies.

In the city of New York the women voters enrolled are unequally divided among the Socialist, the Democratic and the Republican parties with the Democratic Party considerably in the lead; but the 1919 enrollment offers no assurance to anyone in the present situation.

There can be no doubt that before Mr. Hoover aligned himself with the Republicans he had a great many women, both Republican and Democratic, on the tight rope, and there is no way of knowing yet just how many fell off on the same side he did; though I can testify that a good many for one reason or another determined to fall in the opposite direction, and in doing so came down with a very unpleasant bump and are very sore about it. I talked with a few of them immediately after Mr. Hoover declared that he was a Republican, and found them rather bewildered and exceedingly gloomy. It was as though they had been robbed of their only hope. One woman prominent in Democratic activities told me that his declaration had produced in her a sensation of emptiness which she was unable to overcome.

"Well," said I, "if you feel as strongly as all that about it, why don't you go and enroll as a Republican and attach yourself to his headquarters?"

"No," she replied, "I can't do that. Not yet, anyhow. I shall wait and see what happens."

This is the usual answer to this suggestion—which I have made to several Democratic women—and if it implies anything at all it implies unshaken Democratic belief in Republican stupidity. Everyone is not off his head about Hoover, but those who are away off and think that for the Republican Party to fail to nominate him would be equivalent to handing the victory to the Democrats in November, and those who say "I'll wait and see what happens" doubtless believe that this is what may be expected.

My first step in starting to make a detailed inquiry into the political activities of women in New York was to call on Mr. Will H. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, and as soon as I set foot inside the entrance of committee headquarters I knew I was in politics. That is just where I was; right in politics! Mystery of eternal mysteries! No such set of offices could ever have been designed for anything but politics, and no such cordiality and politeness were ever encountered anywhere except in a gold-brick emporium or a political headquarters.

"Come right in," said one of the nicest young men I ever met. "Mr. Hays is busy just now, but I'll show you into one of the inner offices and he will be with you in a few moments."

We went through one door and then another and then another, passing doors on either side on the way. We came into an area of many angles with narrow corridors shooting off from it in several directions. We chose one of these and went on; through another door; turn to the right; into a long passage with more doors; and a final one at the far end. The young man opened this and ushered me into a narrow room which had in it a desk and telephone, two chairs and a papier-mâché elephant about the size of a Shetland pony. It was evident that here he intended to leave me, but not without apologizing for doing so; no, indeed; not without telling me how sorry he was and renewing his assurance that I should not have to wait more than a minute.

"Do you know your way back?" I asked.

He laughed in a way that made me feel he only did it to be polite and said:

"It is rather labyrinthine, is it not? But we have to have a great many little private offices. As it is, we haven't nearly enough room."

I thought that at any rate the place was admirably adapted to its purpose and was likely to produce just the right impression on certain minds. On my own, for instance. I am just enough of a novice to like to believe that politics could not possibly be played in an ordinary four-square, easy-to-find-your-way-out-of environment. And nothing so thoroughly intrigues my interest as a lot of carefully closed doors in temporary partitions. The doors are usually of the imitation-mahogany and frosted-glass variety, and they manage somehow to look tremendously secretive.

The nice young man left me and I was looking round trying to feel political and saying to myself: "This is the first time I have ever been in a national political headquarters. And this year I'm going to vote for a President! I'm going to vote! I'm going to ——" when two other nice young men came in to shake hands cordially and to tell me that Mr. Hays was so sorry to keep me waiting, but that he would be only a minute. Only a minute!

"But I'm not in any hurry. Please tell Mr. Hays to do quite thoroughly whatever it is he happens to be doing, because it probably is vastly more important than seeing me."

The Flag and the Music

THAT was where I was mistaken. Nothing could be more important than seeing me. This was what they managed to convey. And that is the idea. When you are in politics you must learn to make every person who comes within the radius of your influence feel that you hold him or her, as the case may be—and just as much her as him these days—in the highest esteem and regard yourself as being a good deal of a worm though happily enjoying with him or her the great privilege of fellow partisanship and common interest in the sacred cause of rescuing the beloved country from the pitiful incompetents who are now running it and who have all but made a hopeless and everlasting mess of it.

In about five minutes Mr. Hays came in. I thought it was another nice young man; not quite so eager and cordial as the others, perhaps, but fully as nice. No, it was Mr. Hays himself; how'd you do; a wiry little man; and not so little, either; fairly tall; very thin; narrow-faced; black-haired; keen-eyed; young; nervously energetic. It was the first time I had ever seen him and he was a surprise. I may have seen his picture sometime somewhere, but if I ever had I had forgotten what it was like and I was expecting something fat and smiley. In a little thought cloud above my head an engaging figure with puffy pink cheeks and a conspicuous equator went floating away into the forever and ever. Another tradition gone glimmering.

Mr. Hays curled himself down into the other armchair—all flopped over to one side and loosely relaxed—and began to talk. He talked somewhat sonorously and I realized at once that he was repeating himself for at least the one hundred thousandth time. But that was all right. Who would expect a man to have something new on the same old subject to say to each individual? What I liked was his earnestness—his concentration. To him I was an uninstructed newcomer and at the moment he had no business in life but to instruct me.

He began with: "As I said at the dinner that was given for me in December by the Republican Women's Executive Committee, 'We have always said "we join ourselves to no party that does not follow the flag and keep step to the music of the Union." Well, the Republican Party has not followed the flag and kept step to the music of the Union. No; the Republican party has carried the flag and made the music for the Union!'"

I thought that was a pretty fine little hunk of indisputable fact, and made a mental note that I would purloin it and use it myself when I began to make speeches for my candidate. Then he went on to tell me what the Republican Party stands for, and was right in the middle of something about the preservation of our institutions and the fundamental principles of free government when one of the young men came in and handed him a slip of paper.

"Oh, yes," he said; "that's St. Louis calling. Put him on this phone here and bring me a ——"

I have forgotten what he called it. It looks and probably operates exactly like a doctor's stethoscope. Did you ever see one of those things? I never had before. You attach it to the telephone receiver and put the two little tubes in your ears. Then you have both hands free to gesticulate if you feel like it. I know a man who ought to own one. He does a good part of his talking with his hands and he always gesticulates at the telephone. Sometimes he forgets and gesticulates with the transmitter, which makes it rather difficult for the party at the other end of the line. To see a man sitting in a New York office talking in an ordinary conversational tone with a man in St. Louis interested me, and I said something to myself about the marvels of the age we live in, but all I heard was:

"Yes. . . . No! . . . Sure! . . . Well, go right ahead; you're all right. . . . What's that? . . . Not on your life! . . . Oh—is that so? . . . Well, you nail that fellow! . . . Yes, sure I will. . . . Yes. . . . All right ——" And so on.

The Sacred Equality of Women

SOUNDED interesting but was not particularly illuminating. At the end of about five minutes he detached himself from the listening apparatus, hung up the receiver and began again on me at the exact point where he had left off.

He picked up a little leaflet from the desk and said: "Here we have it: 'The record of the Republican Party is its best claim to support from those citizens who would see the Constitutional rights secured and the fundamental principles of American freedom maintained. Its history shows a record of sound and constructive statesmanship in both national and international affairs. Holding fast to principles that are tried and true it still is quick to meet new conditions with new measures, and seeks justice in facts rather than in precedents.'"

"Well, that ought to make 'em sit up and try to understand what you're talking about," said I, "but don't think you have to convert me. I've been an uncompromising Republican since I was born. If the Democrats should nominate the Angel Gabriel I wouldn't vote for him, because when you vote for a man you also vote for the company he keeps. That's my kind of Republicanism and that's why Mr. Hoover ——"

"Now—if you please—no reference to candidates. It's my business to elect, not to select, a President."

"Or fail to elect?"

"Not this time!"

"All right. What I really want to know is what the Republican Party is offering to women in the way of participation in its activities."

"Ah—that, just now, is the most important question we have to answer in the states that have ratified the Nineteenth Amendment. We offer women exactly what we offer men! We want no discrimination in any way, shape or form!"

Whereupon he produced another leaflet, from which I gathered in scanning its closely printed statements that "there is but one possible rule for a political party, and that is that the rights of the individual membership to participate in the management of the party's affairs must be and remain equally sacred and sacredly equal. The Republican women of this country are a part of the party membership. They come into this party activity not as women, but as voters entitled to participate, and participating in so far as the present legal limitations permit, just as other voters. Their activity is not supplementary, ancillary or secondary at all—they are units in the party membership, and where the suffrage for them is new they come in just as men have come in when they have reached the legal voting age. They are not to be separated nor segregated at all, but assimilated and amalgamated, with just that full consideration due every working member of the party in the rights of their full citizenship. There is to be no separate women's organization created within the party except and only in those cases where such an arrangement may be needed temporarily as an efficient instrument in the aid of complete amalgamation."

"Very good," said I; "but the two most arresting words here are 'except' and 'only.' Just what are the 'except' and 'only' institutions?"

"The 'except' and 'only' institution is the women's division."

"Division and unity are not exactly synonymous."

"No, but I have said that complete amalgamation is our eventual purpose. The whole idea is to bring the women into complete participation in the very fullest measure at the very earliest opportunity."

If this argument fails to ring quite true in your ear it is because you are naturally suspicious and inclined to be mean. I wanted to ask if that was the basis on which the twenty-one to twenty-four year old boys are admitted to the party, but I hardly liked to risk being impertinent, so I kept quiet.

Leaders of the Women's Division

THE women's division of the national committee was formed in May, 1919, and its chairman is Mrs. John Glover South, of Kentucky. There are three vice chairmen: Miss Mary Garrett Hay, of New York; Mrs. Margaret Hill McCarter, of Topeka, Kansas; and Mrs. Josephine Corliss Preston, of Olympia, Washington. Also in each state there is a representative of the division, who in frequent cases is the head of the women's division of the state committee. On the National Executive Committee, of which Miss Mary Garrett Hay is chairman, are Mrs. Thomas H. Carter, of Montana; Mrs. Margaret Hill McCarter, of Kansas; Mrs. Josephine Corliss Preston, of Washington; Mrs. Florence Collins Porter, of California; Mrs. Raymond Robins, of Illinois; Mrs. John Glover South, of Kentucky; Miss Maude Wetmore, of Rhode Island; Miss Bina M. West, of Michigan; and Mrs. C. A. Severance, of Minnesota;

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"There Ain't No Such Animal!"

Wherefore Art Thou Romeo?

"Not Bad News, I Hope," Said Sadie

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

LET'S begin with the idea that you can't improve perfection. Having chosen our hypothesis we pass easily on to the most perfect of examples, which is perfect love. How shall we visualize it? What picture does it form in the objective eye of the modern? We see two young persons, male and female, mutually agreeable, equally attractive, secluded at the ideal moment when no muddy fact bedims the rose; when hearts, eyes and lips open with a wild surmise and the enchanted cat is out of the bag. Here we observe the magic of biology: A youthful he and she, scarce the width of a chair arm between them; conspiring Nature causes them to raise their eyes from the book they have been reading together; their gazes lock in that ineffable twinkle which spells eternity ——

How many of our popular illustrators during the past twenty years have done that picture? Ten thousand perhaps. Some master mind, not already exhausted with income-tax computations, might furnish the exact figures. The he-and-she picture never stales, because it expresses both art and life, which offer infinite variety. And yet Solomon, experienced polygamist though he was, declared that there was nothing new under the sun.

Come then, Solomon and all ye popular illustrators, to behold a quiet corner of a Santa Barbara hotel in the heavenly month of March. She who composed the lovelier half of our picture might have been anywhere between twenty and thirty—you can't always tell about these modern girls. A thumb-marked volume of Romeo and Juliet lay open in her lap; her pretty hands were spread across it to stay the pages from fluttering in the sweet spring winds. Charming she was as the picture demanded, with a figure lithe as a cat's under her loose coat and eyes blue-green like that stretch of sea which heaved so lazily into the mists of Santa Cruz Islands.

He who contributed his share of heart interest had pulled the composition together, as our illustrators say, by the simple means of leaning toward her. His dark hair was inclined to curl, his face was lean and florid. There was a sort of boyish candor about his whole personality. A bright-gray riding costume invested him with the bravery of romance, which was not lost on her at the eye-raising moment. His age might have been anywhere from twenty-four to—but that we are presently to know.

"Sadie," he began, and was unable to continue, for their eyes had performed the magic twinkle at that very instant.

She looked down at her book, plainly confused. Solomon and the illustrator, equally expert, would have declared that it was all over but the shouting. However, nothing serious occurred. Her fingers made crisp, business-like little shufflings among the pages, and she said in a voice to match the action, "Your turn to read, Bob!"

Bob Harrigan accepted the book and glowered upon Shakspere's most impassioned flight. "'He jests at scars that never felt a wound,'" began the man who had learned all his elocution in the New York Stock Exchange.

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!

He paused and glowered some more.

"Why don't you go on?" she asked.

"It strikes me," complained the amateur Shakspere annotator, "that the Johnnies in those days took a long time about it."

"What Johnnies about what?" asked Green Eyes, now sparkless for him.

"Those Romeo chaps getting it off their chests. No wonder most of the Shaksperean heroines either committed suicide or went dotty."

"I think it's nice," she replied dreamily, glancing toward the sleepy sea and the vanishing isles. "If only men to-day could do things like that."

"Like what?"

"Oh, the way Shakspere does," she answered with her usual vagueness. "Now, Bob, you must go on. I'm playing tennis with Lonnie Wayle at half past ten."

The name of Lonnie Wayle affected him unpleasantly, as it always did. However much Harrigan disagreed with Shakspere, to sit here in the lovely morning pouring golden verse into Sadie Tallinger's ear was a privilege not lightly to be relinquished. But it was Sadie herself who interrupted before he had stumbled through the long harangue of the love-struck Montague.

"Of course I've always thought that we were wasting a lot of time with this reading."

"In motion pictures," agreed Bob Harrigan, "you don't have to do a thing but act and make your mouth go."

"But Miss Greyley insisted that we should read the play over so we could catch the atmosphere. And she's boss, since she wrote the old scenario."

"No, she isn't," he replied with a relinquishing sigh as he handed the book over. "It's that chap Higginson, the director. But it's your turn now."

Her reading gave him an opportunity to watch the bewitching play of her lips and to determine just how much more color her fine hair would have needed to turn it into candid red.

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou will not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

"Sadie!"

In spite of himself Bob found himself speaking in competition with Avon's bard, and thickly at that. He touched her hand, then quickly withdrew his fingers at the sound of menacing footsteps. Colonel Thrasher, a particularly fat and disagreeable old gentleman, passed majestically by. Sadie kept her eyes on her book, but she revealed herself in the deepened color on her cheek and neck.

"Sadie," he insisted as soon as the bulky colonel had waddled down the walk, "if you're thinking of getting married, won't you consider me?"

Miss Tallinger gazed wide-eyed at the inventor of this quaint proposal. Doubtless his look of boyish earnestness restrained the smile just gathering on her lips. However, she did not let him off scot-free.

"You are romantic, aren't you?" she asked, and permitted the smile to come; but somehow the spark had rekindled between them.

"I never was much of a talker," he explained.

"Apparently not." She cocked her head a little to one side and studied him archly. "But you haven't left anything to the imagination. So you want me to consider you, if I am thinking of getting married?"

"I want you terribly!" he declared.

"The way your firm would want a hundred pounds of Bethlehem steel—or however they buy the stuff; that's how they'd ask for it. 'If you're thinking of ——'"

"Sadie, please!" he interrupted. "Don't rub it in—don't be cruel!"

"I'm sorry, Bob," she said, and her tone had softened "To tell you the truth I have been considering you."

"Sadie!"

In the ensuing movement the written romance of Romeo and Juliet fell fluttering to the floor. It was not for the book that Bob Harrigan reached out. At that instant the broad soles of Colonel Thrasher were heard crunching the gravel, a threatening sound. The lovers sprang apart and sat stiffly upright. Let us tolerate a little of this foolishness, for they were very young.

"Sadie," said Bob at last, after he had assumed the attitude proper to conventional conversation, "are you willing to take me—just as I am?"

"I should hate to take you just as you aren't," she pointed out. Whereupon Bob Harrigan winced as though ghostly fingers had been laid upon the back of his neck.

"What's the matter?" she asked, not unaware of his discomfiture.

"Nothing. But you haven't answered anything."

"I don't know what to say, Bob. I haven't known you very long—and you've gone at it so like a savage."

"It isn't Lonnie Wayle?"

"In the way, you mean?"

Bob Harrigan bowed his youthful head.

"So many things have to be considered, Bob. You're not asking me to take it at a jump, are you? You wouldn't go into the stock exchange and sell a gallon of Standard Oil without considering it, would you?"

"What do you want to consider?" he inquired.

"You're worth considering, aren't you?"

"You haven't answered my question—not one question to-day," he grumbled.

"Well, I don't know anything about you except that you get letters in long envelopes marked Harrigan & Moon, Wall Street, and that you went to war and played polo until you broke most of your bones and that you're nice and that you can't teach me how to use the mashie. That's something, but it isn't everything."

"I was going to tell you all about myself."

He swallowed hard and tried to control a face which, train it as he might, was never intended for poker.

"Sadie," he blurted at last, "it wouldn't be fair to complete an arrangement ——"

"Call it a deal," she supplied.

"Well, a deal like this—without telling you. I've been plodding along for years with the feeling that I was out of things—on the shelf."

"On the shelf!" she marveled, and forgot her manners sufficiently to regard him from head to toe.

"I seemed to be in the tar bag with the rest of 'em. Then when I came here and met you—it's funny how that fool rehearsal has affected me, too—something new and bright began to grow inside me. It suddenly occurred to me that I wasn't out of the game; that I was still in the running."

"How like an old grandfather you're talking!" she rippled.

"That's what I'm getting at," he persisted, his florid color deepening. "Possibly I look a lot younger than I am."

She surveyed him again, critically at first, then with eyes of candid admiration.

"How old are you?" she asked.

He braced his shoulders as a man might before a firing squad, then made his answer. "I'm thirty-nine. Next Wednesday will be my fortieth birthday." Then hopefully—"I'm not forty yet, understand."

His eyes held a look that was intensely pathetic as he went on.

"I shouldn't have had the nerve to ask you if I'd been forty."

"You ridiculous child!" she laughed, and patted his arm as a mother might have caressed a naughty boy. "And are there any more dreadful confessions?"

"I've been married before," he told her baldly.

"Not—divorced!"

She sat up, her lips drawn together under an impulse of hereditary prejudice.

"No: I'm a widower."

"Oh!"

"Does that make any difference?"

"Oh, no! It's quite natural for a man of your age—" she laughed again. "Oh, Bob, but it seems so hard to get used to you as anything but a boy!"

"You've turned back the calendar about ten years for me, Sadie. Since I've known you I haven't been a widower; I haven't been middle-aged. I've just been—Romeo."

"You ridiculous, ridiculous infant!"

Her lips were smiling, but her eyes had moistened with a pity which makes quick work between Eros, god of love-bestowed, and Anteros, god of love-returned.

"Anything more to confess?" she whispered, her lips still smiling.

"I've been alone many years," he began after an embarrassing pause. "And in that time of course ——"

A fine figure of a man in a pin-checked coat and immaculate flannel trousers came bounding along the veranda and brought Bob Harrigan to a stand, for the object of Mr. Alonzo Wayle's visit and search was all too apparent.

"Oh, here you are!" cried Lonnie with an air of proprietorship which Bob Harrigan strove vainly to construe as comic.

"Lonnie, my dear," objected Sadie, "it can't be time yet."

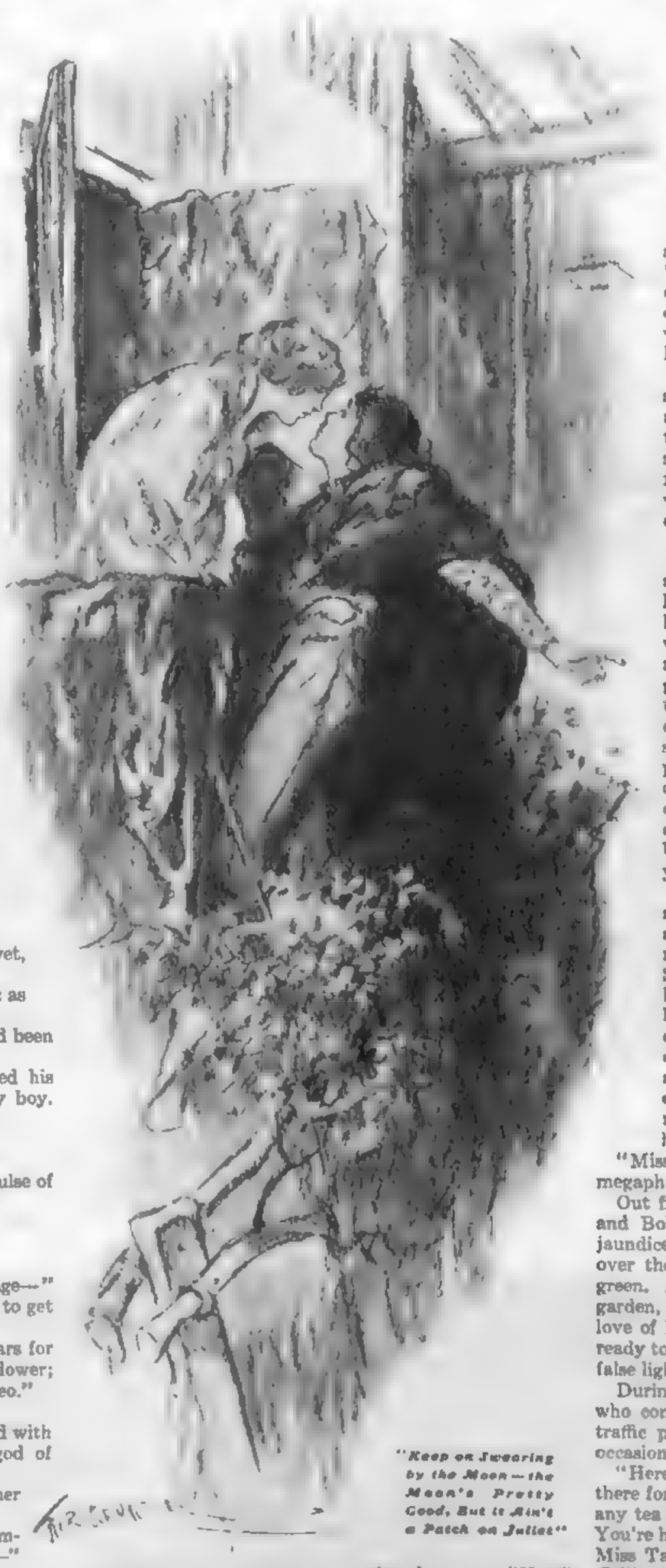
"Ten-ten," declared Bob's rival briskly after consulting the golden dial of his wrist watch.

"And we'll certainly have to whiz or we'll lose the court. We're matched against Harry Lanyard and Miss Corliss for the semifinals."

"I'll get my hat, and tell mother," confessed the girl with the green eyes as she came bounding to her feet and hurried away.

Bob Harrigan was left alone with the very young, very wealthy and very eligible Mr. Wayle, whom he loved even less than Montague loved Capulet.

"Rehearsal called for two," announced Lonnie, staring—so Bob thought—with needless arrogance.



"Keep on Swearing by the Moon—the Moon's Pretty Good, But It Ain't a Patch on Juliet"

"I know it," replied Bob, returning the stare. "You'll be on time to-day, I hope?"

"Rotten hour—two," complained Lonnie. "Don't those movie people ever eat?"

"Carry it in tin buckets, I hear."

"Why in the world did they take that old maid's scenario? Silly mess!"

"She's frightfully famous," explained Bob. "Written a whole library of poetic dramas and had them published at her own expense."

"Awfully rum stuff! Great Lovers of History—ever hear of such a rotten title for a movie? Great Lovers of Whisky would hit a lot better. What Santa Barbara needs is some three-reel comics—bright knockabout stuff showing members of the country club jumping off the wharf to avoid the annual assessment. I've got a great hobo act with one of my police dogs."

"The dog can have my part," Harrigan promised; and that was far from sincere, for he was at that instant yearning for the hour of rehearsal, when he should stand under the fierce eye of the camera and play Romeo to a certain Juliet.

"He's a bright pup," declared Lonnie.

Bob considered the remark before he asked, "I wonder why in the world that director ever picked me out for Romeo?"

"It puzzled me, too," admitted Lonnie in a tone which under the circumstances was far too agreeable.

"I suppose there are any number of chaps round here who could look and act the part," modestly suggested the man who—being thirty-nine—was not yet forty.

"We put on a historical five-reeler at Narragansett last summer," said Lonnie quite impersonally. "I took the part of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Bally drool, you know. But you'd be surprised how much experience helps a chap. You see I've been acting with the comedy club ever since I graduated from—hello, here we are!"

Here we are indeed! Sadie Tallinger's bright smile under a Parisian version of Tam o' Shanter announced that the young lady was prepared for tennis. Bob Harrigan's feeling as he watched her step into his rival's baby-blue roadster—wasting no smile upon himself—was that of a dreamer who has reached for a star and finds himself clutching empty air.

Two o'clock discovered Bob Harrigan poetically attired and awaiting the whim of a director at the local motion-picture studio. In tights of peacock-blue, a cloak of crimson, a golden girdle round his waist, a jeweled dagger at his side and on his head a skull cap with a pointed feather, he presented a graceful figure of young twenty, reckless of adventure, hungering to climb. For him the ivied balcony, defiance to a hostile Capulet and true love sworn beneath an inconstant moon. The coat of pinkish cosmetic with which his face was daubed detracted, I must admit, from his charm—especially when the frightful greenish lights came on converting everything into the colors of disease. Under its glare lips became purple, eyes a jaundiced yellow, tongues black as a chow dog's.

Numerous youths of the winter colony slouched about in the form-revealing costumes of Capulets and Montagues, ready to dash on and do their noble parts in Miss Greyley's poor rehash of Shakspere. Lonnie Wayle gloomed apart in the habit of Friar Laurence. A toy tower and balcony, borrowed for the occasion from a Los Angeles concern, were being repaired amidst the imprecations of a director who registered impatience, as the scenario hath it. A dangerous-looking electrician in khaki breeches climbed among the rafters, a whole arsenal of tools gleaming at his belt.

"Miss Tallinger!" the director howled through his megaphone.

Out from behind a moated tower popped little Juliet, and Bob Harrigan's heart stood still. The prevailing jaundice was in her eyes, the purple upon her lips; moreover the frightful lights had turned her hair a deathly green. And yet to her Romeo, who mooned in Capulet's garden, she was perfection's very self. He was wild with love of her; and it was true love, too, since true love is ready to make every allowance under the sun or under the false light created by man.

During preliminaries the director—a remarkable person who combined all the talents of a college-yell leader, a traffic policeman and a great Shaksperean actor—took occasion to scold the Capulets and the Montagues.

"Here, you Capulets and Montagues, keep together there for Scene Twelve and stop your talking! This isn't any tea party. And don't a one of you leave the place! You're harder to keep track of than a drove of young pigs. Miss Tallinger! Where in—where in the world is Miss Tallinger?"

"Here I am!" declared Miss Tallinger, appearing on the lawn of Capulet's garden.

"Will you kindly get where you belong—up in the balcony? What's that?"

The last question was addressed to a prim ladylike person of uncertain years who came mincingly forward, a book in her hand. It was Miss Greyley, the authoress.

"Might I make a suggestion, Mr. Higginson?"

"A thousand!" permitted the director with terrible patience. "It's only taken a week to shoot this scene."

"Might it not add atmosphere if I read the lines of Romeo and Juliet during the action?"

(Continued on Page 115)

Unscrambling the Departments

By DONALD WILHELM

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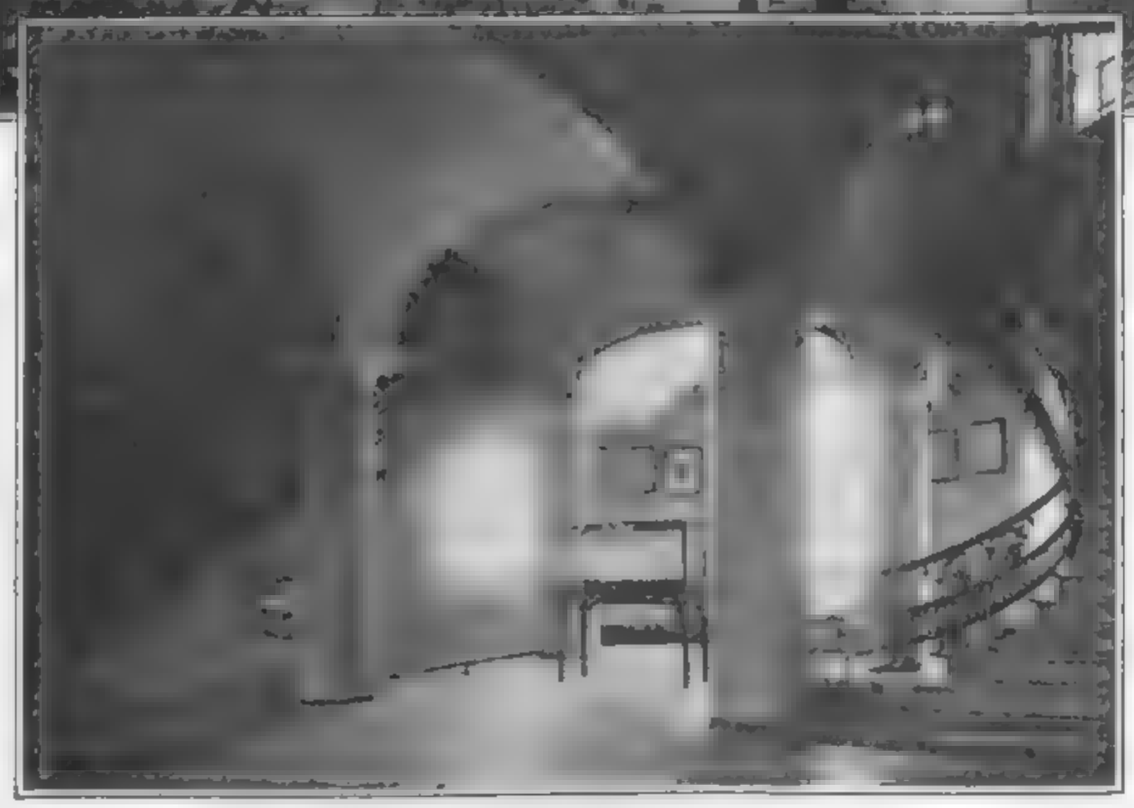


Stairway at the Entrance to the Patent Office
Above—Interior Department Building, Washington, D. C.

THE other day in Washington the Honorable John Barton Payne resigned from the chairmanship of the Shipping Board and became the Secretary of the Interior, to succeed Mr. Lane. In an interview granted then quite casually he suggested a profound indictment of bureaucracy when he was asked how, comparatively, he enjoys his new office and its many great responsibilities. For he smiled and said: "Why, this, comparatively, is an old man's job!"

To be sure, he earnestly desired not to seem in any sense critical of or, at so early a date, thoroughly informed about the enormous organization and the multifarious activities of the Department of the Interior.

Nevertheless, he made clear the sharp contrast that exists between a government department of the traditional kind and a modern business organization, and thereby suggested the vastly greater difference existing between the government machine as a whole and a modern business organization. In other words, he indicated that at last, despite the two-headed organization Congress initially provided the Shipping Board, whose faulty charter made the Denman-Goethals deadlock possible, the huge far-reaching plant of the Shipping Board, with its manufacturing subsidiary, the Emergency Fleet Corporation, had been compactly and effectively headed up to the chairman, with the result that the chairman was kept busy.

"In fact," he said, "I have never had to do with any job that required such a great variety of instant decisions. In contrast to that job, you see, this one seems, so far, reflective—everything comes to me sifted through."

"The Shipping Board," it was suggested, "dealing as it does with functions related to one commodity, ships, represents a form of modern corporate business organization?"

"Exactly."

"And this department is a bureaucracy?"

"Yes."

He subscribed flatly to the conclusion, then, that the quick and responsive and economical functioning of the modern corporation is, and may always be, quite impossible in a government department and in the Government as a whole, because of the infinite variety of functions the Government performs. Now function, in the modern science of organization, is the direct line of achievement that bridges over from source to necessity. Engineers, all organizers, all the 135,000 engineers, architects, contractors, other organizers now for the first time united in the National Public Works Department Association, lay it

Cato Sells, Commissioner of Indian Affairs

Clay Tallman, Commissioner of the General Land Office

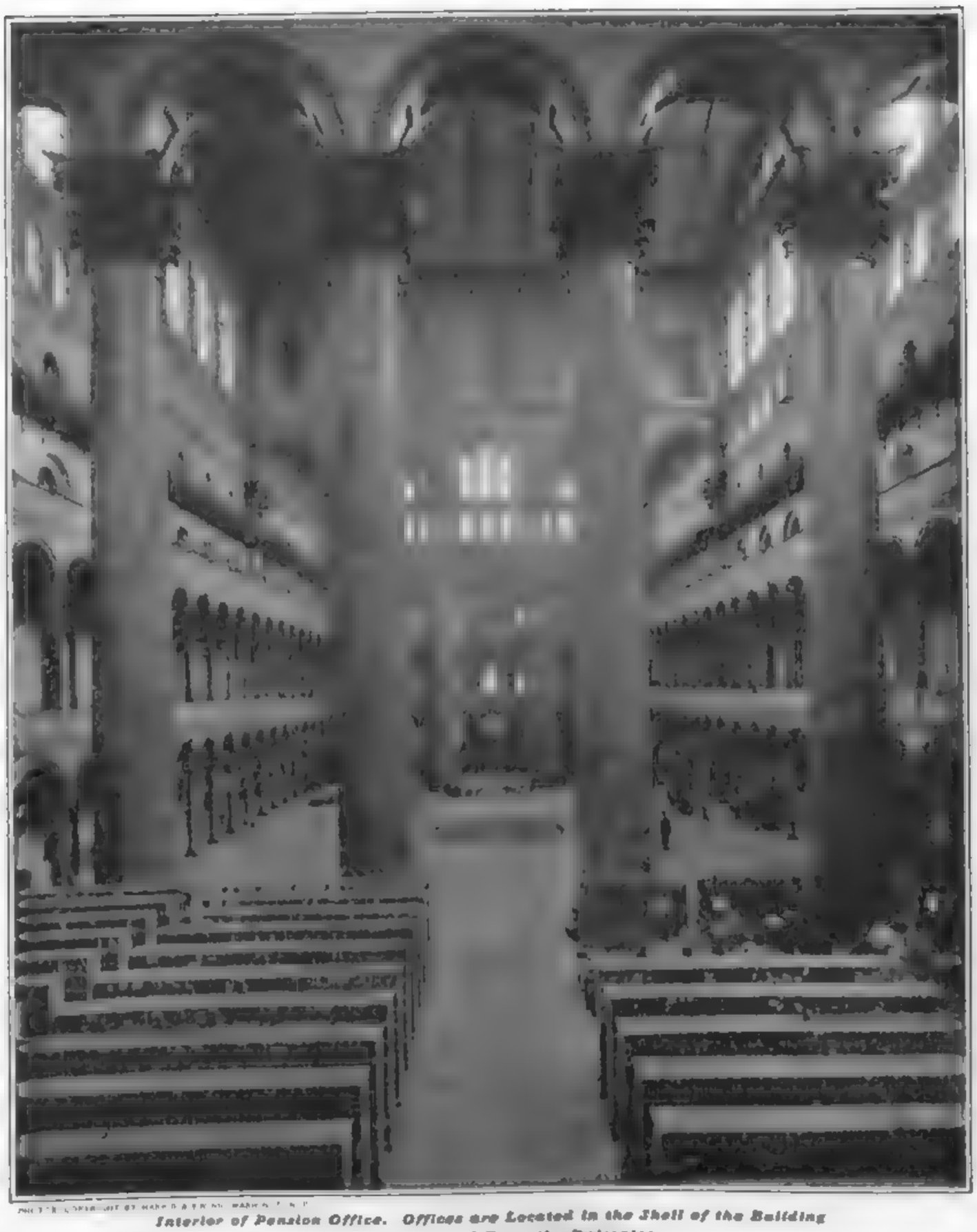
down as axiomatic that just as a bridge is the shortest line between two points, so the economical and efficient method to build the said bridge or to do anything else of a constructive or business nature is to charge one organization with the responsibility for it. Put one organization atop one or alongside one, they say, and—properly mixing metaphors to get the right effect—you have eleven. Add another and you have 111. And so on, ad infinitum. Citing which text by way of gospel truth, they point out that various and sundry engineering, architectural and public-works functions of related kinds are now performed by nine of the ten departments, operating through thirty-five bureaus or services, together with four agencies not attached to these nine departments—in other words, thirty-nine separate and direct agencies altogether.

Now, taking these figures literally, and literally one must take them since there is no governmental agency quite conclusively informed and quite conclusively able to negate them, they suggest a situation that, from the business man's point of view, is bad enough.

But worse still, these thirty-nine agencies, though they are said to do the same kind of work, and in many instances exactly the same kind of work, are in no way whatever correlated and coördinated except through Congress, which, after all, is the only board of directors in Washington that cares a hang where taxpayers' money goes.

Nor, save in the same fortuitous manner, are these agencies correlated or coördinated with the taxpayers who must foot the bill while playing their harps in the treble.

People like to think, of course, that, as the fathers of the country expected long ago, the White House can and does attend to and adjust continuously the infinitude of functions and agencies in the ten departments and in the Government's innumerable bureaus.



Interior of Pension Office. Offices are Located in the Shell of the Building and are Entered From the Balconies

Without Head or Tail

"BUT," resumed Secretary Payne, "what we require is an actual survey of the different government agencies with a view to the possibility of concentrating in the departments all matters germane to the subject of them. Such a concentration of functions as might conceivably be achieved would not only reduce the number of persons necessary to carry on the Government's work but it would prevent a vast amount of duplication and conflict that now inevitably occurs. Without question, at present a major difficulty is the absence of any place that I know of where the facts are brought together. That's a great trouble. If we had the machinery of the whole Government sufficiently organized we could know just what the duplication, which extends a great deal further than the question of overhead, amounts to. But now there is no central administrative bureau such as there is in every great corporation to work with current and to anticipate future problems of plan, function and personnel."

Again, people like to think that the White House is able to serve as such an administrative bureau. But the halcyon days when the White House as organized could do so have passed into history. For not only are there ten great departments with personnel numbering hundreds of thousands, not only are these thousands scattered all over the far reaches of America and the world, and not only did Mr. Taft, when President, before recent years and the war increased the size and activities of these departments almost threefold, point out that the activities these departments perform are more numerous than those performed by all business combined, but now a business man who has given no little study to the organization of the Government's machine, Congressman Frederick N. Zihlman, of Maryland, points out that in addition to the ten major departments in recent years there have come into existence new growths—fungous growths, if you will—which, he insists, have no rightful place in our scheme of government.

What Mr. Lincoln Said

"IN THE Constitution," Congressman Zihlman says, "three separate branches of government are provided"—two of them directly responsible to the people—"each acting as a check upon the other. But now there has grown up a new adjunct to the three coördinate branches of government. This is government by boards, by bureaus and by commissions. Such agencies had no place in the original scheme of government, nor for many years, and were frowned upon until recently. Lincoln called them 'schemes to defeat the Government.'"

The congressman adds that the chiefs and chairmen of these schemes to defeat the Government have assumed much of the dignity of cabinet officers, that continuously they compete with one another in besieging Congress for appropriations, that in the present fiscal year Congress had made available for the use of these independent bodies the enormous sum of $897,101,766, not counting, of course, nearly two billions appropriated for the railroads.

(Continued on Page 99)

P. P. Claxton, Commissioner of Education

Stephen T. Mather, Director National Park Service

THE ICE PALACE

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THE sunlight dripped over the house like golden paint over an art jar and the freckling shadows here and there only intensified the rigor of the bath of light. The Butterworth and Larkin houses flanking were intrenched behind great stodgy trees; only the Happer house took the full sun and all day long faced the dusty road-street with a tolerant kindly patience. This was the city of Tarleton in southernmost Georgia—September afternoon.

Up in her bedroom window Sally Carrol Happer rested her nineteen-year-old chin on a fifty-two-year-old sill and watched Clark Darrow's ancient flivver turn the corner. The car was hot—being partly metallic it retained all the heat it absorbed or evolved—and Clark Darrow sitting bolt upright at the wheel wore a pained, strained expression as though he considered himself a spare part and rather likely to break. He laboriously crossed two dust ruts, the wheels squeaking indignantly at the encounter, and then with a terrifying expression he gave the steering gear a final wrench and deposited self and car approximately in front of the Happer steps. There was a plaintive heaving sound, a death rattle, followed by a short silence; and then the air was rent by a startling whistle.

Sally Carrol gazed down sleepily. She started to yawn, but finding this quite impossible unless she raised her chin from the window sill changed her mind and continued silently to regard the car, whose owner sat brilliantly if perfunctorily at attention as he waited for an answer to his signal. After a moment the whistle once more split the dusty air.

"Good mawnin'."

With difficulty Clark twisted his tall body round and bent a distorted glance on the window.

"'Tain't mawnin', Sally Carrol."

"Isn't it, sure enough?"

"What you doin'?"

"Eatin' 'n apple."

"Come on go swimmin'—want to?"

"Reckon so."

"How 'bout hurryin' up?"

"Sure enough."

Sally Carrol sighed voluminously and raised herself with profound inertia from the floor, where she had been occupied in alternately destroying parts of a green apple and painting paper dolls for her younger sister. She approached a mirror, regarded her expression with a pleased and pleasant languor, dabbed two spots of rouge on her lips and a grain of powder on her nose and covered her bobbed corn-colored hair with a rose-littered sunbonnet. Then she kicked over the painting water, said, "Oh, damn!"—but let it lie—and left the room.

"How you, Clark?" she inquired a minute later as she slipped nimbly over the side of the car.

"Mighty fine, Sally Carrol."

"Where we go swimmin'?"

"Out to Walley's Pool. Told Marylyn we'd call by an' get her an' Joe Ewing."

Clark was dark and lean and when on foot was rather inclined to stoop. His eyes were ominous and his expression rather petulant except when startlingly illuminated by one of his frequent smiles. Clark had what was locally called "a income"—just enough to keep himself in ease and his car in gasoline—and he had spent the two years since he graduated from Georgia Tech in dozing round the lazy streets of his home town discussing how he could best invest his capital for an immediate fortune.

Hanging round he found not at all difficult; a crowd of little girls had grown up beautifully, the amazing Sally Carrol foremost among them; and they enjoyed being swum with and danced with and made love to in the flower-filled summery evenings—and they all liked Clark immensely. When feminine company palled there were half a dozen other youths who were always just about to do something and meanwhile were quite willing to join him in a few holes of golf or a game of billiards or the consumption of a quart of "hard yella licker." Every once in a while one of these contemporaries made a farewell round of calls before going up to New York or Philadelphia or Pittsburgh to go into business, but mostly they just stayed round in this languid paradise of dreamy skies and firefly evenings and noisy street fairs—and especially of gracious soft-voiced girls who were brought up on memories instead of money.

Swathed in Furs Sally Carrol Put in a Morning Tobogganing on the Country-Club Hill

The flivver having been excited into a sort of restless resentful life Clark and Sally Carrol rolled and rattled down Valley Avenue into Jefferson Street, where the dust road became a pavement; along opiate Millicent Place, where there were half a dozen prosperous substantial mansions; and on into the downtown section.

Driving was perilous here, for it was shopping time; the population idled casually across the streets and a drove of low-moaning oxen were being urged along in front of a placid street car; even the shops seemed only yawning their doors and blinking their windows in the sunshine before retiring into a state of utter and finite coma.

"Sally Carrol," said Clark suddenly, "it a fact that you're engaged?"

She looked at him quickly.

"Where'd you hear that?"

"Sure enough, you engaged?"

"'At's a nice question to ask a girl!"

"Girl told me you were engaged to a Yankee you met up in Asheville last summah."

Sally Carrol sighed.

"Never saw such an old town faw rumors."

"Don't marry a Yankee, Sally Carrol. We need you round here."

Sally Carrol was silent a moment.

"Clark," she demanded suddenly, "who on earth shall I marry?"

"I offah my services."

"Honey, you couldn't suppawt a wife," she answered cheerfully. "Anyway, I know you too well to fall in love with you."

"'At doesn't mean you ought to marry a Yankee."

"S'pose I love him?"

He shook his head.

"You couldn't. He'd be a lot different from us, every way."

He broke off as he halted the car in front of a rambling dilapidated house. Marylyn Wade and Joe Ewing appeared in the doorway.

"'Lo, Sally Carrol."

"Hi!"

"How you-all?"

"Sally Carrol," demanded Marylyn as they started off again, "you engaged?"

"Lawdy, where'd all this start? Can't I look at a man 'thout everybody in town engagin' me to him?"

Clark stared straight in front of him at a bolt on the clattering wind shield.

"Sally Carrol," he said with a curious intensity, "don't you like us?"

"What?"

"Us down here?"

"Why, Clark, you know I do. I adore all you boys."

"Then why you gettin' engaged to a Yankee?"

"Clark, I don't know. I'm not sure what I'll do, but—well, I want to go places and see people. I want my mind to grow. I want to live where things happen on a big scale."

"What you mean?"

"Oh, Clark, I love you, and I love Joe here, and Ben Arrot, and you all, but you'll—you'll ——"

"We'll all be failures?"

"Yes. I don't mean only money failures but just sort of—of ineffectual and sad and—oh, how can I tell you?"

"You mean because we stay here in Tarleton?"

"Yes, Clark; and because you like it and never want to change things or think or go ahead."

He nodded and she reached over and pressed his hand.

"Clark," she said softly, "I wouldn't change you for the world. You're sweet the way you are. The things that'll make you fail I'll love always—the living in the past, the lazy days and nights you have, and all your carelessness and generosity."

"But you're goin' away?"

"Yes—because I couldn't ever marry you. You've a place in my heart no one else ever could have, but tied down here I'd get restless. I'd feel I was—wastin' myself. There's two sides to me, you see. There's the sleepy old side you love; an' there's a sawt of energy—the feelin' that makes me do wild things. That's the part of me that may be useful somewhere, that'll last when I'm not beautiful any more."

She broke off with characteristic suddenness and sighed, "Oh, sweet cooky!" as her mood changed.

Half closing her eyes and tipping back her head till it rested on the seat back she let the savory breeze fan her eyes and ripple the fluffy curls of her bobbed hair. They were in the country now, hurrying between tangled growths of bright-green coppice and grass and tall trees that sent sprays of foliage to hang a cool welcome over the road. Here and there they passed a battered negro cabin, its oldest white-haired inhabitant smoking a corncob pipe beside the door and half a dozen scantily clothed

They Passed Through the Gateway and Followed a Path That Led Through a Wavy Valley of Graves

pickaninnies parading tattered dolls on the wild grown grass in front. Farther out were lazy cotton fields, where even the workers seemed intangible shadows lent by the sun to the earth not for toil but to while away some age-old tradition in the golden September fields. And round the drowsy picturesqueness, over the trees and shacks and muddy rivers, flowed the heat, never hostile, only comforting like a great warm nourishing bosom for the infant earth.

"Sally Carrol, we're here!"

"Poor chile's soun' asleep."

"Honey, you dead at last outa sheer laziness?"

"Water, Sally Carrol! Cool water waitin' faw you!"

Her eyes opened sleepily.

"Hi!" she murmured, smiling.

II

IN NOVEMBER Harry Bellamy, tall, broad and brisk, came down from his Northern city to spend four days. His intention was to settle a matter that had been hanging fire since he and Sally Carrol had met in Asheville, North Carolina, in midsummer. The settlement took only a quiet afternoon and an evening in front of a glowing open fire, for Harry Bellamy had everything Sally Carrol wanted; and, besides, she loved him—loved him with that side of her she kept especially for loving. Sally Carrol had several rather clearly defined sides.

On his last afternoon they walked, and she found their steps tending half-unconsciously toward one of her favorite haunts, the cemetery. When it came in sight, gray-white and golden-green under the cheerful late sun, she paused irresolute by the iron gate.

"Are you mournful by nature, Harry?" she asked with a faint smile.

"Mournful? Not I."

"Then let's go in here. It depresses some folks, but I like it."

They passed through the gateway and followed a path that led through a wavy valley of graves—dusty-gray and moldy for the fifties; quaintly carved with flowers and jars for the seventies; ornate and hideous for the nineties, with fat marble cherubs lying in sodden sleep on stone pillows, and great impossible growths of nameless granite flowers. Occasionally they saw a kneeling figure with tributary flowers, but over most of the graves lay silence and withered leaves with only the fragrance that their own shadowy memories could waken in living minds.

They reached the top of a hill where they were fronted by a tall round headstone, freckled with dark spots of damp and half grown over with vines.

"'Margery Lee,'" she read; "'1844–1873.' Wasn't she nice? She died when she was twenty-nine. Dear Margery Lee," she added softly. "Can't you see her, Harry?"

"Yes, Sally Carrol."

He felt a little hand insert itself into his.

"She was dark, I think; and she always wore her hair with a ribbon in it, and gorgeous hoopskirts of bright blue and old rose."

"Yes."

"Oh, she was sweet, Harry! And she was the sort of girl born to stand on a wide pillared porch and welcome folks in. I think perhaps a lot of men went away to war meanin' to come back to her; but maybe none of 'em ever did."

He stooped down close to the stone, hunting for any record of marriage.

"There's nothing here to show."

"Of course not. How could there be anything there better than just 'Margery Lee,' and that eloquent date?"

She drew close to him and an unexpected lump came into his throat as her yellow hair brushed his cheek.

"You see how she was, don't you, Harry?"

"I see," he agreed gently. "I see through your precious eyes. You're beautiful now, so I know she must have been."

Silent and close they stood, and he could feel her shoulders trembling a little. An ambling breeze swept up the hill and stirred the brim of her floppidy hat.

"Let's go down there!"

She was pointing to a flat stretch on the other side of the hill where along the green turf were a thousand grayish-white crosses stretching in endless ordered rows like the stacked arms of a battalion.

"Those are the Confederate dead," said Sally Carrol simply.

They walked along and read the inscriptions, always only a name and a date, sometimes quite indecipherable.

"The last row is the saddest—see, 'way over there. Every cross has just a date on it and the word 'Unknown.'"

She looked at him and her eyes brimmed with tears.

"I can't tell you how real it is to me, darling—if you don't know."

"How you feel about it is beautiful to me."

"No, no, it's not me, it's them—that old time that I've tried to have live in me. These were just men, unimportant, evidently, or they wouldn't have been 'unknown'; but they died for the most beautiful thing in the world—the dead South. You see," she continued, her voice still husky, her eyes glistening with tears, "people have these dreams they fasten on to things, and I've always grown up with that dream. It was so easy because it was all dead and there weren't any disillusions comin' to me. I've tried in a way to live up to those past standards of noblesse oblige—there's just the last remnants of it, you know, like the roses of an old garden dying all round us—streaks of strange courtliness and chivalry in some of these boys an' stories I used to hear from a Confederate soldier who lived next door, and a few old darkies. Oh, Harry, there was something, there was something! I couldn't ever make you understand, but it was there."

"I understand," he assured her again quietly.

Sally Carrol smiled and dried her eyes on the tip of a handkerchief protruding from his breast pocket.

"You don't feel depressed, do you, lover? Even when I cry I'm happy here, and I get a sawt of strength from it."

Hand in hand they turned and walked slowly away. Finding soft grass she drew him down to a seat beside her with their backs against the remnants of a low broken wall.

"Wish those three old women would clear out," he complained. "I want to kiss you, Sally Carrol."

"Me, too."

They waited impatiently for the three bent figures to move off, and then she kissed him until the sky seemed to fade out and all her smiles and tears to vanish in an ecstasy of eternal seconds.

Afterward they walked slowly back together, while on the corners twilight played at somnolent black-and-white checkers with the end of day.

"You'll be up about mid-January," he said, "and you've got to stay a month at least. It'll be slick. There's a winter carnival on, and if you've never really seen snow it'll be like fairyland to you. There'll be skating and skiing and

(Continued on Page 163)

THE REFORMATION

By Thomas Joyce

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

MRS. MAXWELL was not exactly shocked to find her daughter reading that notorious novel The Second Husband, because she knew that Molly could only have stumbled upon it in innocence. Molly was her father's daughter, the last girl in the world to enjoy a bad book. It was therefore without a reproof that she impounded the work. She contented herself with saying that she was sure Molly wouldn't care for it.

"Have you read it, mother?" asked Molly.

"I know what it's like, dear," gravely said Mrs. Maxwell, who had read it, but chose to avoid a direct answer; "and it's not the sort of book that suits you."

"But do you know the sort of book that suits me?"

Mrs. Maxwell smiled at this serious air, and suggested that it was time for tea. Molly dutifully rang the bell, but she repeated her question. However, in case her mother might be pained by such obstinacy, she came and sat on the arm of her chair and prepared to kiss and apologize on the smallest sign of displeasure. But Mrs. Maxwell was not annoyed. She had, in fact, the most excellent of tempers. She merely pinched Molly's cheek and replied that she thought she had a pretty good idea of what suited her, not only in books.

"But, mother ——" began Molly, showing an unexpected persistence.

"You have your dear father's tastes," added Mrs. Maxwell gently; and Molly found as usual that it was extremely difficult to carry her inquiries any further.

The appeal to her father always silenced her. Her father had died when she was so small that she hardly remembered him except as an enormous black obstruction which sometimes came between her and the daylight. But he was still powerful in her life, not only for the reason that his memory controlled her mother but on account of his specific instructions for his daughter's upbringing. These had all the sanctity of a deathbed utterance. Mrs. Maxwell obeyed them still to the letter, and Molly did her best as far as possible to assist her mother in the belief that she was no less loyal.

Yet she did not always find it very easy to conceal the fact that she was not remarkably different from other girls, and if it had not been for a certain faculty in her mother, which must be called faith, she might have been more often suspected of such vices as curiosity and interest in the general proceedings of the world and a desire to be attractive. But fortunately Mrs. Maxwell was never prepared to put the worst or even the first construction upon Molly's behavior. She had been long ago marked out by her father's judgment as an unusually good little girl, and it was well known to all her family that her natural bent was toward virtue. She might seem to do wrong, but it could be only out of pure simplicity.

Molly might not have managed so well even as she did if she had not now and then relieved herself of a little accumulated wickedness by going to see her friend Sylvia at the Students' Hostel in Russell Square. She went to see her on the morning after this very incident of The Second Husband.

Mrs. Maxwell approved of Sylvia, who was a large fat girl of the most unimpeachable goodness, in gold spectacles. To think of impropriety of thought or speech in connection with Sylvia would have been like imputing religious heterodoxy or a taste for strong drink to a yak or other quiet domestic creature. It was plainly absurd. Yet she was the unwilling assistant in Molly's crimes.

In short when Mrs. Maxwell perceived that Sylvia was a good girl she had failed to notice that her virtue was balanced by an equal weakness of will. Molly ruled her, and when Molly looked into Sylvia's eyes and said, "Sylvia, if you should happen to meet mother anywhere don't forget that I had lunch with you to-day," Sylvia, who had not noticed the visible corporeal presence of Molly at lunch, would smile in faint uneasiness, and sigh, and say that she wished Molly would not ask her to do these things. She always felt so uncomfortable.

Sylvia sighed because she was fully aware that her reproaches, appeals or scruples had not the slightest weight with Molly. But she had been accustomed to be trodden upon all her life, and so perhaps she did not feel Molly's ruthless treatment so much as a less good-natured girl, and one with fewer and more kind-hearted brothers and sisters, might have done. She carefully recorded the fact in her memory that Molly had been at lunch with her on Wednesday, the tenth of June, and went on with her studies in housewifery.

Molly meanwhile had been able to lay in a stock of goodness and patience enough to last another few days by having her lunch, and a pretty long talk before and after lunch, with Robert Anderson. This is how her visits to Sylvia were of such relief to that virtuous young woman. She saw Robert. If there was no chance of seeing Robert she did not go to visit Sylvia, who was, after all, not by herself the most entertaining of companions, and if Robert failed her she was obliged to take the only other method of relief possible, by picking a quarrel with that long-suffering maiden, and proving to her by infallible logic that she was no better than a fool.

But Robert very seldom failed, and then only when he did not get Molly's instructions in time to obey them; or was prevented by his duties. Robert was secretary to his uncle, Arthur Wansworth, M. P., and no doubt had a great career before him. But at present his pay was extremely small, his work heavy, and his reputation with Mrs. Maxwell at its lowest ebb. He naturally shared his uncle's political opinions—it is unlikely that he would have long retained his post with that very dogmatic politician if he hadn't—and as they included the disestablishment of the church, divorce by separation, legitimation of children by after-marriage as in France, the removal of the censorship of plays, and a great many more drastic reforms—or deforms; and as Mr. Wansworth never lost an opportunity of talking about them, and writing about them, and making himself known as the principal champion of them, it is not surprising that Mrs. Maxwell, the widow of one clergyman and the daughter of another, should think his loyal secretary a misguided young man, and not at all the sort of friend for Molly.

It Is No Good to Quarrel With a Person Who Never Loses Her Temper, and Who Is Totally Unable to be Persuaded of Any Point of View But Her Own

As she told Molly after her first and last meeting with Robert, she could see at once that Mr. Anderson would never understand her.

"He is very nice in his way, though I don't think he can be very good-tempered—he seems positively to enjoy argument, but you've really nothing in common, have you? It's a great pity, because we know so few young people in town."

"But, mother, surely you aren't cross with him because he has his own ideas about politics."

Molly showed one of her rare flashes of opposition. She was defeated as usual by the irresistible good nature and impenetrability of her mother. It is no good to quarrel with a person who never loses her temper, and who is totally unable to be persuaded of any point of view but her own. Mrs. Maxwell smiled affectionately and replied that she wasn't cross with Mr. Anderson. But it was no good pretending he wasn't dreadfully mistaken in his ideas, and perhaps irreligious. She liked him, but she didn't want to meet him again.

It is fair to say that Robert, unaccustomed to Mrs. Maxwell's methods of reasoning, had grown rather heated in their argument about the Welsh Church; and, of course, it is very rude to have strong opinions on a visit and defend them from the attacks of one's hostess. Molly reproved him afterward for his tactless sincerity and pointed out that he had only himself to blame if she was never able to see him again; which did not, however, very much disturb Robert, as he had been meeting Molly at his cousin Sylvia's for at least six months before he met Molly's mother and saw no reason to suppose that Sylvia would not be as hospitable now as before. He comforted Molly while she shed a few tears in self-pity for her misfortunes and his foolish behavior, and then they made their arrangements for one or two teas, lunches and matinées in the next week or so, and involved Sylvia in a yet deeper complication of perjury.

Sylvia, in fact, was obliged to keep a special calendar in order to remember the lies she had faithfully promised to tell. Imagine the position of a really good girl, a girl with the tenderest kind of conscience, who cannot trust her memory to remind her of all her criminal engagements. But pity is wasted on Sylvia. She was not used to it. Neither Robert nor Molly ever cared a penny for her moral sufferings. The most they did for her was to buy her chocolates, when they thought of it, and to give her birthday presents a week or so late.

Their intuition, like the intuition of Sylvia's brothers and sisters, parents, aunts, uncles, and even of bus conductors and assistants in shops, infallibly told them that Sylvia was the sort of girl who would stand anything. One might be fond of her, most people were fond of her, but no one could possibly consider her feelings.

"What sort of a book is The Second Husband, Bobby?" Molly asked when she had climbed into a taxi opposite a certain restaurant in Soho, and Robert, having told the man to drive to St. George's Mansions, Westminster, followed with his usual impetuosity.

Robert should not have afforded a taxi, and though Molly was richer than Robert, and would be very much richer when she came of age, she was not allowed

to pay. Robert had no prejudices. He admitted that there was no reason why women shouldn't pay their share when they could afford it. He agreed that the old system was a relic of the bad old days of women's dependence. But, nevertheless, Molly was not permitted to open her purse from the time she met Robert to the time she left him. It was very illogical of Robert to insist on this, especially as both he and Molly had such clear views about the equality of women. But there it was. And Molly did not take the trouble to oppose a whim, which was on the whole not unpleasant. She perceived that it gave Robert the right to choose where they should go and what they should do, but neither did she object to this. She even liked it.

Meanwhile the reason of Robert's taking a taxi which he could not afford, when plenty of busses were available, was not ostentatious, but, we are sorry to say, purely sentimental. He wanted to give Molly a kiss. Molly, of course, knew this. She was awaiting the kiss when she asked her innocent question about The Second Husband. She was not at all surprised that Robert merely replied, "Oh, it's not bad," and sidled up toward her with a peculiar look.

An experienced writer would put a row of asterisks at this point. Asterisks are highly exciting and they do not involve any banal explanations. But there is really no good reason why it should not be confessed in plain English that Robert and Molly, being very much in love, kissed each other at least a dozen, perhaps two dozen times before they agreed that their conduct was foolish and it was time to behave in a sensible and respectable manner.

"Why do you ask about The Second Husband? I could lend you a copy if you want to read it," said Robert.

"I have a copy, only mother's taken it. And I don't know how long it will be before I find where she's put it."

"Oh!" Robert said this with a good deal of expression.

"She doesn't think it good for me. Is it very bad?"

"Lord, no! It's only about a woman who gets bored with her husband and tries a change.

"That's not very original." Molly was disappointed.

"No—o. But the play's good."

"What play?"

"The Reformation. It's founded on the book—or the book's founded on the play. I don't know which. Probably the latter, and that's why the book's so dull. But it's a real good play. It's on at the Court. Heavens, here's another block! The last one cost fourpence."

Molly sympathized with these financial anxieties and then returned to her more interesting subject.

"D'you know I haven't been to a decent play for nearly a year?"

"Meaning by decent—indecent."

"Bobby, don't be stupid. I'm quite serious."

Robert was immediately very grave and agreed that it was very serious, very serious indeed.

"Mother still thinks Peter Pan is my limit, and she was really astonished when she found me looking at Waste the other day."

"Did she take it away?"

"No. I think she thought I wouldn't understand it."

"Nonsense."

"Yes, dear. Truly! You don't understand how frightfully short-sighted parents can be. It's just the same with Uncle Jack and Tommy. There is poor old uncle saying everywhere what an unusually good boy Tommy is—no vices—never gives him a moment of anxiety—and you know what Tommy is."

"Tommy is the cousin who tried to borrow money from you, isn't he?"

Molly nodded, and added: "He said he'd had a bad day at Kempton, but I believe it was for that awful girl at the Hilarity."

Robert, after a suitable melancholy pause to show a proper appreciation of Tommy's vileness, recovered his good spirits and suggested that Molly was not quite so bad as that, nor Mrs. Maxwell quite so much deceived as Uncle Jack.

"I suppose Tommy isn't really very abnormal ——"

Robert hastened to say that he, for one, didn't take any interest in chorus girls.

"No, but you take an interest in other girls. Don't interrupt, dear. Very well then, I'm a girl. And you take an interest in me. What I mean is, that Tommy's nothing out of the way, and neither am I."

"In fact, you take an interest in men."

"Don't be rude, Bobby!"

Molly was really annoyed and had to be pacified with the humblest apologies. She refused to allow any parallel between her case and Robert's. She thought that Robert might have the sense to see that she was not joking. She meant what she said. She didn't like people who tried to be funny. In short, Robert had the deuce of a time, and his remorse was heartfelt.

He implored her to overlook his idiocy and go on and tell him about her mother. He was greatly interested in her difficulties at home—truly he was.

"It's quite simple," Molly explained, not yet quite restored to equanimity. "Mother treats me like a child. She thinks I am a child. It's not so much that she's afraid of my learning about things—she thinks I oughtn't to—but that she really and honestly believes I don't want to. That I would be disgusted."

"Disgusted, Molly?"

"Yes." Molly grew more cheerful at this sympathetic tone. Robert dared to pass his hand under her arm.

"That's really it. She's got a most impossible idea of my—my ——"

"Propriety?"

"Fastidiousness. It's partly poor father of course ——"

"But at seven years old you can hardly tell."

"No. Exactly. But he thought he could. After all, you told me your father marked you out for the Navy when you were two."

Robert admitted this point. "He used to say I was cut out for a sailor—at two."

"And suppose he had died—and he being a sailor himself ——"

Robert saw this point also. "Mother would probably have fired me off to Osborne, whether I liked it or not."

"There you are. Mine was a clergyman. And he did die. And so my profession is to be good."

"Dashed hard profession."

Molly looked, to be sure that Robert was serious. But his face was immovably solemn, and she was reassured, grateful, comforted.

"It is," she admitted with a sigh; "and if I wasn't really bad I don't know how I should do it at all, without some awful disaster. It's only you and Sylvia who keep me from making mother miserable."

"Suppose you broke out? Really showed her—put some money on a horse or bought a trouser skirt?"

"She'd never get over it, Bobby! I suppose she must find out some day, but I dread the day."

"Does she think marriage is improper?"

Molly blushed. Robert for a moment feared that he had gone too far. But he was relieved by Molly's friendly smile when she replied that she was afraid Mrs. Maxwell did think marriage improper.

"I'm sure she will think I ought to be quite shocked by the idea of getting married, even if it was a curate."

"Are you?"

"I don't know, Bobby. Don't ask questions," said Molly, closing her lips in a determined manner.

But something in her expression seemed to say that if she were shocked by the idea of marriage she did not find the sensation altogether unpleasant. Robert, no doubt because they were nearly at St. George's, and because he wished to get his full value for half a crown, again embraced her.

Sylvia, In Fact, Was Obliged to Keep a Special Calendar in Order to Remember the Lies She Had Faithfully Promised to Tell

Sylvia suddenly became a desirable person, flattered, cajoled, discussed, even the object of scandal. The reason was very simple. She had turned. When, after three demands for perjury in one week, Molly calmly told her, without even taking the trouble to ask her politely, that she was coming to Sylvia for the week-end, arriving for supper on Saturday, but need not be expected in person till half past twelve on Saturday night, that she would stay all Sunday, but intended to be out from breakfast till bedtime, and that Sylvia must be careful to remember that she had, nevertheless, eaten lunch, tea and supper with her, not to speak of going to church with her in the morning, Sylvia was seized by a most unexpected fit of cowardice, and she refused. She said she didn't think it was right. It was really too much. What would Molly expect next? How long was it going to last? Why should she always be the one to be asked? She didn't want to be unkind, but really Molly was going too far.

Robert suggested an afternoon on the river; Molly was sure that a complete set of Victoria Cross—Sylvia, like most phlegmatic people, liked her novels with plenty of seasoning—bound in quarter Persian lamb, would be an effective cure.

"If we write her name in them she can't refuse them. And once she accepts them she won't be able to be nasty."

There was so much argument between the plotters that both schemes were carried out. Sylvia was taken up the river, filled with an enormous number of strawberries, flirted with in a most outrageous manner by the accomplished Robert and the little less accomplished Molly, and taken home in such a blissful state, having had all the skin burnt off her nose, and lost her spectacles somewhere near Teddington Lock, that it is even possible the set of Victoria Cross was unnecessary. Robert said so. Molly on the other hand believed that it was the Persian lamb that saved them. She said that Sylvia was so cross on the next day, what with sunburn, indigestion, and the loss of her best spectacles, that nothing but the strongest measures would have been of any good.

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Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XXX

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

BEFORE endeavoring to explain the several reasons why I looked upon the participation by Russia in a general European war, which I felt to be impending, as being bound to end in a catastrophe, I must state that these sinister forebodings, from which I could not free myself, were not solely connected with apprehensions of a military defeat. They covered a far wider field, they were shared by *many* ardent patriots trembling for the fate of our country, they should have been ever present in the minds of those into whose hands was committed the destiny of a great empire, and they should have halted them on the brink of the precipice over which they were about to plunge it with purblind and reckless improvidence.

In the first place, in weighing the chances of success or failure in a prospective war it would have been the prime duty of circumaspect statesmanship to consider the entirely novel conditions of warfare as determined by the colossal size of modern armies and by the corresponding development of ever more perfected means of destruction on a hitherto not dreamt of scale. To meet these novel conditions two things were obviously needed by any country preparing to take part in such a gigantic contest as a general European war was certain to be. They were: A highly efficient organization in all activities of the state directed toward carrying on such a war, and the highest grade of technical development and the greatest possible number of industrial establishments capable of being immediately adapted to the production of war material in almost unlimited quantities. Our manifest deficiency in both these respects could not possibly be unknown to the government.

To begin with, speaking in a general way, a talent for organization has never been among the characteristics of an otherwise much gifted nation. Not only that, but some of the fundamental qualities making for efficiency in organization—careful, painstaking attention to detail, precision in planning and accurateness in execution—are with us somehow less appreciated in practice than they deserve. Indeed, the very expression "accurateness," applied to our German neighbors as one of their supposed qualities—"German accurateness"—is mostly used with a touch of good-natured, sneering superiority, as denoting rather a defect foreign to the largeness of the Russian nature. To anyone possessing but the slightest acquaintance with the cumbersomeness, the clumsy slowness and limited efficiency of the working of our huge bureaucratic apparatus the hope of its ever proving capable of measuring up to the formidable demands which would be made upon it by the conduct of a war on the scale of a general European war must have appeared rather illusory.

Nor were the material conditions in which that apparatus would have to function at all commensurate to the task that would have to be accomplished in feeding and supplying with war material the millions of men we would have to send to the Front to invade our potential enemies' dominions. A glance at a map of our net of railroads and another at the railroad maps of Germany and France would have been sufficient to realize our fatal inferiority in this respect to our adversaries as well as to our allies. This deficiency alone, which could only be remedied in the course of time, was certainly sufficient to have constituted a most serious handicap in the event of a war with any Power better equipped in this respect, let alone a Power like Germany, whose most complete network of government railroads was specially designed to serve strategic ends, besides satisfying the needs of commerce and circulation.

Tsarskoe Selo, Once the Home of the Former Czar

As far as I am aware, this momentous defect in our armament was repeatedly pointed out to our government, and the necessity of its being remedied as speedily as possible was pressed upon it by the French Government as a duty we owed to our ally no less than to ourselves. The experience of the Crimean War, when the absence of railroad communications with the interior of the country rendered it impossible for us to concentrate our troops in time in the Crimea so as to prevent the landing on its shores of the French and English armies, should have taught us the lesson of the danger of cultural backwardness in an armed conflict with highly civilized nations.

The failure to have taken in hand betimes the construction of strategic railroads may have been due simply to the usual inertness and slow-moving deliberateness of our bureaucratic machinery, or, perhaps, to a desire to give the preference to the building of such railroads as were sorely needed for the peaceful development of the country, over the satisfaction of the claims of strategy. This would, indeed, have been an economically sound and truly patriotic policy to pursue in the matter of railroad construction but for the fact that we had tied our hands by an alliance which sooner or later was bound to involve us in a war with our western neighbors, and which gave unquestionably to our ally and, moreover, creditor to the tune of many billions of francs, the right to claim that we should at all times be ready to take a really efficient part by his side in the expected contest. Nothing, however, at the time to which I refer, had been done to supply adequately this most important deficiency, which was likely to, and in the sequel actually did, play a very disastrous part in the development of military events.

Another and no less glaring deficiency was the very limited capacity of our government as well as of private establishments for the production of war material of any kind, and the unlikelihood of its being possible to remedy it as quickly as it might become necessary. To rely on being supplied with war material by our allies would be possible only if they experienced no pressing need of such material themselves and if our communications with the outer world by way of the Black Sea were not closed, as they would surely be by way of the Baltic; a circumstance entirely dependent on the attitude which Turkey might adopt in the coming war.

These handicaps were serious enough to raise grave doubts as to the possibility of a successful campaign in case we should be involved in an armed conflict with our western neighbors, so greatly superior to us in all preliminary conditions making for success in war, such as organization, ways of communication and armament. But still graver doubts in this regard could not but be felt by all those who had with anxious interest followed the course of military events in our war with Japan, which had not produced a single leader of more than average capacity and had not given us a single victory over our adversary, who, whatever his conspicuous bravery, his perfect discipline and all-round efficiency, would hardly be accounted superior to the principal enemy we would have to encounter in a general war in Europe.

As to this failure to have won a single victory I may possibly be mistaken, if the story is to be believed that General Sir Ian Hamilton, in his book on the Russo-Japanese War, has related—how the battle of Liao-yang, of which he had been an eyewitness, had been won by the Japanese solely because our commander in chief for some unaccountable reason had ordered a retreat at the very moment when the battle had been practically won by us, and that the part of the book containing this account of the battle had been suppressed at the request of the Japanese Government.

The most important lesson, however, to be derived from our experience in the Japanese War, which should have been most earnestly taken to heart by our ruling spheres—military as well as political—was that nowadays, with armies raised under the system of universal compulsory short-term service, wars may not be waged successfully—as was possible in the old days of small, long-service professional armies—when the soldiery are not conscious of and do not understand the cause for which they are called upon to shed their blood and eventually to lay down their lives.

That this lesson would apply in the fullest measure to our eventual participation in the general European war which I saw coming was my firm conviction, as well as that we should rue the day when we had recklessly cast to the winds the solemn warning it conveyed. My conviction was based on the following reasoning:

The coming war, whatever the immediate cause, or rather pretext, of its outbreak might be, or whether or not begun by only two of the six Powers participating in the two hostile alliances, would, by the play of this system of alliances, automatically at once involve them all.

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It's a Long Worm That Has No Turning

By FERDINAND REYHER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

As Abruptly as the Bursting of a Shrapnel Shell the Parlor Became a Devastating Whirlwind of Junk

OBADIAH MANSIONS was not a place where George Washington had spent a night, but a man's name. The man Obadiah gave you nothing of the spaciousness of his name; in fact the juxtaposition of that man and that name was a crude bit of cosmic irony. First of all, Obadiah was small. He was human nature reduced to the vanishing point. Not that Obadiah was so small as all that. It was that he was so self-effacing that he seemed constantly about to disappear. He was the limit of meekness; the ultimate in humility; the human translation of lowliness. If there is truth in Scripture Obadiah should have possessed the kingdom of heaven in fee simple, and when the last will and testament of the universe is read he could be depended upon to inherit an enormous slice of the earth.

As we have said, Obadiah was small, yet his actual size had little to do with his appearance of smallness. In specific inches he was about sixty-three of them. He had a little apologetic countenance postmarked all over with humbleness; a gray, scraggly tuft of mustache which gave him a sort of scared-Airedale-puppy look, and indeterminate, beseeching brown eyes. A faint pucker set the crow's-feet of kindliness at the corners of his eyes. Altogether a gray, inoffensive being was Obadiah Mansions.

Obadiah Mansions was—and though we do not like the lady candor compels us to quote her—he was, in the contemptuous phrase of Mrs. Obadiah Mansions—who most assuredly wasn't—"a worm."

Also, he was a hose maker. Not of silk, but of "specjally impregnated canvas and processed rubber." What "processed rubber" may be we know not; but that is what Obadiah's folder said. This folder was rose-colored two-leaf of fascinating ambiguity to the stranger in Heliotrope City, who might have seen it tacked to the post-office bulletin board or pasted against the inside of Obadiah's shop window. It advertised Obadiah's product of "impregnated canvas and processed rubber" as "the best hose in the world for firemen." It guaranteed that "it will not tear or split under strain." It confessed all the advantages of Obadiah's "extra-length four-ply AA hose for garden use," and those of the equally famous "four-ply short hose AA for working in a garage."

In Heliotrope City, where Obadiah was known, there was no possible suspicion of any low order of punning here. Furthermore, Obadiah's townspeople did not wear hose; they wore stockings and socks. And there was no confusion either as to what was on whom. All the women wore stockings; all the men wore socks.

Know you Heliotrope City? A half dozen blocks of stores: Edelmann, the transplanted Yonkers tailor, on one end; Mrs. Burgess' (colored) laundry, restaurant, crabbing outfits, fishing tackle and expert furnace care supplied, and employment agency, on the other, where the Willow River crossed. Between the two sides of stores, stretching from Edelmann to Burgess, ran a single trolley track along, of course, Main Street. Most of the shops were single-storied—a chain grocery; another grocery; and two others with butcher adjuncts; two hardware stores; a drug store; two billiard rooms with tobacco shops thrust fore like smoke screens, and newspaper stands still farther forward; a bakery or two; the ubiquitous five-and-ten; the post office; the office of Micca & Slaterby, real estate, deeds, insurance, surveyors, conveyors, freight agents and hauling done; a movie—certainly, it was called The Gem; a watchmaker, who was also jeweler, optician and photographer; a dry-goods emporium; the bank; and somewhere in the middle, leaning a little nearer to Burgess than to Edelmann, the processed-rubber-hose shop of Obadiah Mansions.

It was just east of the corner of Decatur Avenue and Main Street. Fitzwater Halleck's barber shop occupied the corner, on what was Obadiah's land. Obadiah's wife, Caroline, had long been considering the eviction of the smeary tonsorial establishment, and in time would have goaded Obadiah to it. Which would have distressed him immeasurably, he not being a man who raised hand lightly against the rooted eternities. Next to the barber shop, on Decatur Street, Obadiah had his residence. In the obscure hinterland behind the barber shop, residence and the hose salesroom was his workshop, where the first four-ply fireman's hose had been duly processed and impregnated. Some ten years ago it had become too small for manufacturing purposes, and though still retained by him as a sort of immediate workshop and laboratory for further and, it must be confessed, odorous experiments in processing and impregnating, Obadiah had built himself a modest two-story factory on the banks of the Willow. That is to say, Mrs. Obadiah had so decreed a factory should be built.

We do not like Mrs. Obadiah and sincerely hope that others will share our feelings in the matter. Mrs. Obadiah Mansions was a combination of Cassandra and Carrie Nation. The tripod and the hatchet met in her. She was cursed with the gift of prophecy, and like all seers she was led by private revelations of the future, vouchsafed her alone, to hack away at the serenity of the present. She did not believe in suffrage, but maintained that woman's place is in the home; and the result on Obadiah would have made the angels weep. She was the possessor of two terrible soul-devastating phrases, besides that frequently repeated and pertinent one describing the zoölogical classification of her husband. These phrases, the most harrowing in the range of woman, were: "Mark my words, Obadiah!" and "I tol' ye so!"

The awful part of it was that she was almost always right. You can forgive a prophet who is consistently wrong; never one who is infallibly right. Through sixteen years of the martyrdom called marriage she had drum-majored Obadiah into petty venture upon venture, which he shrank from venturing upon, and in every case he had benefited undeniably. The result was approximately $16,000 cash in the Citizens Union Bank of Heliotrope City; an almost equal sum in the Produce Exchange Bank of the county seat, Ashhurst; and a scattering of real property totaling perhaps $20,000 or $25,000, besides his factory. It represented two things in the life of Obadiah: Success, by all the standards of the world beyond as well as by those of Heliotrope City; and—the life of a worm. Though men with far less than he possessed were looked up to and respected he was regarded but pityingly—an undeniable worm.

The single great blot on his record of marital obedience was the famous case of Bill Eller. Bill Eller had been the town's moral monstrosity. In his eighteenth year Mrs. Obadiah with Obadiah behind her came upon him in the shop, performing fantastic but unmistakable rites on the cash register at three o'clock of a spring morning. He was half drunk, which accounted for his foolish experimenting with a till that was always emptied when the Obadiahs closed up shop.

Mrs. Obadiah had roused Fitzwater Halleck and dispatched barber and husband with the culprit to Marshal Si Killiger, which was just the first of a steam-roller series of proceedings that were to rumble over the unregenerate youth.

Her threats followed the two men with the limp figure between them, and rang in Obadiah's ears as though he were the guilty party. And yet despite them he did an extraordinary thing that night.

Out of sight and voice of Caroline he turned toward the station. There was a pump behind it in those days, and with Bill's head in the expert tonsorial grip of Fitzwater Halleck, Obadiah pumped upon him the sparkling shock of soberness. Then he led him to the black station window.

"Willie," said Obadiah then, "the four-six'll be here in a couple minutes. Here's thirty dollars, Willie," he said.

In the early morning dark Obadiah and Fitzwater Halleck had returned to the dreaded corner of Decatur Avenue and Main Street, and in the heart of Obadiah there was more trepidating going on than there was astonishment in the soggy head of one Bill Eller, orphan and amateur burglar, fingering a batch of small notes back there in the gloomy railroad station.

It wasn't a thing that could have been kept secret; there was the fatal flaw of Fitzwater Halleck, barber by tradition as well as profession. To confine the tongue of Halleck was a grotesque thing even to ponder on. That early morning the domestic law was laid down to Obadiah for all time, repeal impossible.

II

THE seven-seven mail was just in from New York and the post office was swarming. Obadiah wriggled through the crowd, acknowledging greetings with jerky grimaces, and bent over his mail box, to manipulate the familiar combination: "One after M, between D and E."

He drew forth three ordinary sized letters, a postal, a chubby religious periodical for which Mrs. Obadiah subscribed, a lean trade sheet and a long letter in a blue envelope. When he brought it to light he saw that it was from Rogers, Abrahamson & O'Leary, Attorneys-at-Law, William Street, New York.

This puzzled him, and disturbed him a little, because Obadiah had no idea why Mr. Rogers or Mr. Abrahamson or Mr. O'Leary or all three should write to him; or why, in fact, any lawyers should write to him, for to tell the truth he was a little afraid of lawyers.

He slipped the letter gingerly into his inside pocket and hastily scanned his other mail, which seemed normal and reassuring. He ducked nervously and in the wrong directions at several more greetings and reached the door. Here he came face to face with Sam Micca, the rotund, glistening, hard-voiced half of Micca & Slaterby, real estate, and so on, and mumbled a scared response to his "G'evenin', Ob'diah!"

Mr. Micca always said "G'evenin', Ob'diah!" as though he were proclaiming: "Lor'! What a worm you are! In fact, Mansions, I'll tell the world—the hull world—you're some worm—some worm!"

In the light of the Willow River Grocery Company, a block from his shop, Obadiah stopped and nervously drew out the long blue envelope from the attorneys on William Street. One of those intuitive impulses that sometimes flit over men's souls on the eve of momentous occurrences came to Obadiah then. He had the impulse to walk to the edge of the curb and drop the long blue envelope down the culvert. Mind you, he didn't know even who Rogers, Abrahamson and O'Leary were. He had no inkling of what was in that envelope; in his wildest dreams—presuming that he could have had a wild dream—he never would have guessed what it contained. Yet there it was, that impulse. And just in the nick of time, as usual, he remembered—Caroline.

Ah, Heliotrope City, if Obadiah had not remembered Caroline at that moment! But he did. He knew that she would say to him as soon as ever he entered the door of his home: "Lemme see the mail!"

And she would take it from him with a motion which by courtesy might be regarded as one degree this side of snatching. He knew that she would shuffle the mail with a motion which despite the religious periodical and her church record looked a lot like plain every-night card shuffling, and that she would demand, a sinister doubt in her voice: "Is that all?" as though he were in the habit of holding back the interesting portions. Then, worm that he was, he knew that if he had thrown the blue envelope down the culvert his gaze would break betrayingly under the attack of hers; that he would blush madly; that he would stammer or cough or perform something else terribly incriminating; and that she would swoop down on him quicker than the early bird.

So with slightly trembling fingers Obadiah opened the envelope.

Thereupon the thing which Mr. Rogers and Mr. Abrahamson and Mr. O'Leary had to tell Obadiah induced in him feelings beside which the emotions experienced by Mr. Balboa upon first looking at the Pacific, by Mr. Cortés in his initial examination of the strong boxes of Mexico, and by Mr. Lodge when he first saw the treaty of peace were dull aches of boredom. For what the three gentlemen of William Street had to inform Obadiah was that he had just inherited a tract of land of an extent of 380 acres in the county called Young, in the state of Texas, United States of America.

In some fashion he stood speechlessly poking the envelope toward his wife. She sat down. She permitted something to happen that had never happened before. She permitted the milk for Milly the cat to boil over as she and Obadiah examined spellbound the golden documents of Mr. Rogers and his partners. Every line of them was a triumph for Obadiah, because the 380 acres that had been left to him in the county of Young in the state of Texas, had been bequeathed to him by William Joynter Eller, whose muddled head he had brought into contact with the sobering influences of the old station pump that night of marital disobedience, and who, with the aid of thirty dollars from the exchequer of Obadiah, had gone west, to Texas and obvious respectability. In Heliotrope City the ability to leave property behind when one died always betokened respectability.

"Bill Eller—I never!" gasped Mrs. Obadiah eventually. It was one of the few occasions when she didn't say "I tol' ye so!" Yet she gave no credit explicitly to Obadiah.

By ten o'clock that night everyone from Burgess to Edelmann, formerly the tailor of Yonkers, had heard of what had befallen the family of Mansions, and at eight o'clock the next morning Ezra Tidewater, the president of the bank, appeared at Obadiah's door and broke the ground for the crisis of Heliotrope City.

Not a Peep Was Heard From the Terrified Caroline Underneath the Dining-Room Table

It was a three-lettered word that did the damage; a three-lettered simple word consisting of two vowels and a liquid consonant.

The word was "oil."

"Hm," said Mr. Tidewater, fondling his chin with a long, predatory hand. "Hm," he repeated. "Young—County." He brought forth a map ripped out of an old atlas. "Young County—hm. That's plump 'twixt them two big fields o' Burkburnett an' Ranger. Hm," said Mr. Tidewater mysteriously, in a way which made Mrs. Obadiah's blood tingle. "Plump 'twixt the two of 'em. Mebbe you got oil!"

Like the boom of a new gusher well, all the odds and ends of which she had ever read or heard appertaining to oil and the spectacular strikes in Texas sprayed over Mrs. Mansions' memory. Her breath missed, and she wasn't the kind of woman ordinarily to miss anything, least of all her breath. She got it back in a second.

"Oil!" exclaimed Mrs. Obadiah Mansions. "Oil!" she said in a tone implying, "Who ever heard of anybody inheriting land in Texas that didn't have an oil well on it?"

Before noon all Heliotrope City and the county as far as Ashhurst knew the stupendous news that the Obadiah Mansions had inherited a gigantic oil can in the state of Texas, more than a thousand acres in extent, and covered on top merely with a thin crust of whatever kind of soil they have down there in Texas.

III

IF EVER there was stage set for man it was set for Mr. J. Merton Blade when he alighted on the platform of Heliotrope City two days later and, bearing a fine pigskin valise and superfine cowhide brief case, trod decisively across the station square and asked Jim Moosey, of Riverview Dairy, where Obadiah Mansions lived. And Jim told him.

Mr. Blade strode vigorously down Main Street. Every step he took was characteristic of Mr. Blade. You could see in a second and with half an eye that here was a chap who meant business; a direct fellow, as sharp as his name. He made a good appearance, too, did this man Blade. Garbed in a gray suit, black shoes, blue batswing tie, plain white shirt and refined-looking gray soft felt hat, there was nothing flashy about J. Merton Blade. The moment Mrs. Mansions saw him she knew that he was a man apart; a straightforward, practical, energetic man whom you could trust.

He addressed her first, though Obadiah was there. But one always addressed Caroline Mansions first.

"Mrs. Mansions?" asked Mr. Blade in a tone which rather stated a fact than expressed an inquiry. It was as though he said, "Of course you're Mrs. Mansions. My good woman, there's no fooling me!" He turned to Obadiah. "And Mr. Mansions?" he said again, as though Obadiah had even less chance of fooling him.

"My name," said Mr. Blade, setting down his bag and brief case, taking off his hat and extending his hand in a neutral direction between Obadiah and his wife—Mrs. Obadiah returned the handclasp as though hypnotized—"my name," said Mr. Blade, "is J. Merton Blade, industrial organizer and practical financier and oil specialist." Mr. Blade paused and smiled encouragingly. "And Mrs. and Mr. Mansions," he went on to say, "I wish most heartily to congratulate you on the extraordinary good fortune you have experienced recently, if I am correctly informed."

It appeared to Mr. Blade at once that he had been correctly informed, and abruptly picking up his valise and brief case and again donning his hat he said in a quick, low voice: "I have a communication of utmost importance to give you, Mr.—er—Mrs. Mansions, which it would be advisable ——"

"Certainly, Mr. Blade," said Mrs. Mansions instantly; "come right back here, Mr. Blade."

In the dining room of the Obadiah residence Mr. Blade lost not a moment.

"Mr. Mansions," said Mr. Blade, addressing Obadiah and looking at Mrs. Obadiah, "I will give you $25,000 spot cash for the land you just inherited in Young County, Texas!"

Obadiah's head swam. Mrs. Obadiah's gaunt frame tightened.

"What!" she demanded.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," repeated Mr. Blade.

"Indeed not!" exclaimed Mrs. Mansions, who instantly sensed that if the land which shé—that is, Obadiah—had inherited was worth $25,000 to Mr. Blade it should be worth at least that much to her—and Obadiah.

Mr. Blade's lips closed in a tight line. He leaned forward.

"Very well," said Mr. Blade, almost in a whisper; "this is what I'll do: I'll give you—right now—$50,000 cash for that tract!"

Even Obadiah then could see how anxious Mr. Blade was to have the land he had inherited.

"Fifty thousand dollars!" said Mr. Blade, and unbuttoned his coat, as though he were going to take the money right out then and there and lay it on the table.

But Mrs. Mansions checked him. She laughed disdainfully, though there was a quaver of intense excitement in her laugh.

"No, sir-ree!" she said. "Sell? 'Fore we even know what we're sellin'!" exclaimed Mrs. Mansions. "Sell for—for that little money!" she said scornfully, as though Obadiah's excellent hose for firemen and garden use sold at $100 a foot. "Not much, Mr. Blade. Why, there's prob'ly oil there!" she said, looking at him with sudden perception. "Oil!" she exclaimed.

Though Mr. Blade tried to control himself the effect of these words upon him would have been evident to a less keen eye than Mrs. Mansions'. He actually seemed to turn pale. He patted his forehead with a handkerchief. Suddenly he was entirely self-possessed, sharp and decisive again. He now opened his coat and drew forth a wallet. He took from it a buff-colored slip with a line of italic perforation running lengthwise and laid it face down on the table.

"There!" said Mr. Blade. "Look at that—that's my limit."

Taking his hand from the paper, he leaned back in his chair. Mrs. Obadiah turned the paper up. It was a certified check, made out to Obadiah Mansions, for $100,000.

For a moment the world and all in it seemed to stand still for both Mrs. and Mr. Obadiah Mansions; and then the cool voice of Mr. Blade, sharp and businesslike, cut in on their stupefaction.

"I was leading to that check right there all along," said Mr. Blade, smooth and quick; "which as you can read for yourself I had all made out down in Wichita Falls, Texas, ready for just this minute, when I would give you a light on the oil business that would open your eyes; yes, sir, because"—here Mr. Blade gave a hopeless flourish of his hand—"because," said Mr. Blade, "I had to. I was forced to do it for you, seeing how you got me tight, no matter what way I wriggle!"

Mrs. Obadiah and Mr. Obadiah opened still wider their eyes. They hadn't in the least been aware of having got Mr. Blade tight no matter how he wriggled; in fact, it would have been difficult for imaginations more nimble than theirs to picture getting Mr. Blade jammed in any situation where he wouldn't be able to wriggle. But Mr. Blade explained, and when he had done, the Obadiah Mansions, wife and man, saw it clearly.

Mr. Blade owned 800 acres of the state of Texas, contiguous to the tract Obadiah had inherited. A group of industrial organizers, practical financiers and oil specialists, of whom he was the leader, had come to Texas right after the big oil strike in Burkburnett. Mr. Blade described boom scenes in Burkburnett. It was as though at the beginning of a lecture on The Law of Increasing Returns the professor of economics threw a Bill Hart on the screen. Mr. Blade told how teamsters receiving stock for wages became millionaires after hauling two loads of pipe lengths, how ditch diggers, haberdashers' young gentlemen, newspaper reporters, second lieutenants, ministers, doctors, butchers, bakers and candlestick makers attained the leisure class between a Friday and the following Monday.

And what was the result of all this? Mr. Blade demanded to know of Mrs. and Mr. Obadiah Mansions. He himself told them. The result was to boom the price of oil lands—that is, oil lands where oil was already actually flowing—higher than eggs. Mr. Blade threw up his hands. Not even the sky was the limit; $25,000 to $50,000 and more for a spot big enough to drill a well, let alone owning the well outright when it was dug. However, Texas was—when it came to size—Texas was, Mr. Blade remarked slyly now, lowering his voice, some state! Whichever way you went in Texas there was always more of it.

And right here Mr. Blade winked at Mrs. Obadiah Mansions. However, it was a perfectly respectable wink, so that Obadiah couldn't have taken the slightest objection to it. It was a wink, you might say, addressed rather to Mrs. Mansions' sagacity than to her pulchritude.

Mr. Blade now sliding to the edge of his chair tipped it slightly after him. He had found other oil land! Had he found it?

Millions of gallons of it! Not of the land, but of the oil on the land which he had found, said Mr. Blade, producing a map that seemed to spread itself on the table with a deftness deft as legerdemain, and pointed to a place on the chart which closer scrutiny revealed to be a map of the state of Texas on the scale of twenty miles to the inch.

"There!" said Mr. Blade triumphantly, as though right there you could actually see the oil gushing. "Right there—there it is—the greatest wealth a little group o' independent producers and refiners ever had the chance to handle!"

As Mrs. and Mr. Obadiah bent over to examine the magic spot closer Mr. Blade quickly told them why. This little group of practical oilmen looking round for good oil land to buy—all of them so practical and conservative even, mind you, that they could smell oil in the dark—had come to this tract—this old Duppeltag farm as it was called—and there they stopped, holding their breath, you might say. In a minute and with half an eye they saw there was oil there. The brooks, the rivulets and the merry springs were running with it.

It was the kind of tract that is out of the way, and the regular crowd of oil sharks who had followed the boom down hadn't got round to it yet. Wow! How they would kick themselves when they did get round to it and found that Mr. Blade had stolen a march on them, chuckled Mr. Blade. Wow! Wouldn't they be sore!

Yes, sir, he was right on the job! In a jiffy, before old man Duppeltag, a half-witted old German, knew where he was at, Mr. Blade had bought his whole tract from him. He laughed quietly but heartily at the recollection of how he had bought old man Duppeltag's land from him before he knew where he was at. His right fist went smack against his left palm! The proof conclusive!

Mrs. and Mr. Mansions had surely heard of L. Leander Jackson? What? No! Why, wherever wells were drilled men knew L. Leander Jackson, exclaimed Mr. Blade, amazed at their ignorance. The great geologic expert and graduate of a big university of mines and oil. And what had he said about the Duppeltag tract as an oil proposition after careful examination? This!

As pat as his exclamation and quick as sleight of hand, out popped another paper from Mr. Blade's brief case and opened itself before the hypnotized attention of Mrs. and Mr. Obadiah Mansions. There it was, black on white, properly attested to and sworn to before a notary public, one Jake Sterret, of Fort Worth, Tex., in the form of an affidavit:

L. Leander Jackson, being duly sworn, deposeth and saith:

That he is a mining engineer and geologist by profession; that he has made a geological survey of a certain tract known as the Duppeltag tract, Young County, Texas; and that he has found therein a supply of crude oil of extra-fine quality, in incalculable quantities.

And further deponent saith not. (Signed) L. LEANDER JACKSON

Sworn to before me this day, JAKE STERRET, Notary Public, Fort Worth, Tarrant Co., Tex.

Mrs. Obadiah Mansions and Mr. drew deep breaths. And this was the land next to which theirs lay! As they sat there, faint and almost afraid to breathe, after that first deep breath, with eagerness, they wondered where they came in on all this; and suddenly Mr. Blade pounced right down on the heart of the business and told them. It was almost too good to be true.

Combine! Amalgamate! Unite! Join! Consolidate! The owners of the Duppeltag farm and the owners of the Eller tract must get together—instantly! They had to get together in order to work cheaper than if each party operated claims separately. Economy. They had to get together because the Eller tract was right in the way of the pipe lines Mr. Blade contemplated laying to Fort Worth and Dallas, where they were going to erect refineries. Bear that in mind—refineries! They had to get together—Mr. Blade shot so many irrefutable reasons for getting together at Mrs. and Mr. Obadiah Mansions, palpitating on the edges of their chairs, that they could hardly refrain from rushing to pack their bags and fly to Texas for a grand and heartfelt union.

Oh, but they were eager!

Originally Mr. Blade had hunted for Mr. Eller in order to get together with him, and finally had located him on a ranch in New Mexico. Metaphorically, you might say, Mr. Blade here took off his hat, like a strong man before a wayside corpse in a Western picture. He had located him, said Mr. Blade—with his hat metaphorically still off—too late, aye, too late! Mr. Eller, it seems, had not waited for Mr. Blade's arrival, but had passed to the Great Beyond, which, Mr. Blade seemed to indicate with a slight wave of his hand, lay somewhere yonder of Burgess' crabbing pier by the Willow River. He had learned, however, that Mr. Eller had bequeathed his Texas tract to Mr. Obadiah Mansions, of Heliotrope City. Consequently here he was—Mr. Blade, that is, not Mr. Eller.

(Continued on Page 147)

Obadiah Looked Exactly What He Felt—Startled and Sheepish and Half Frightened. He Had Not the Slightest Inclination to be President of Anything

THE MAN FROM ASHALUNA

Jud Would Stand Before Some Picture Whose Subtleties He Could Not Analyse, Gazing at It With the Awe of One Who Observes a Thing Holy and Mysterious

VI

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WITH the breaking up of winter and the passing of the freshet season men came into the lower Ashaluna and sought the ear of Judson Dunlap. It seemed that there was a scheme on foot to put up a mill of some sort at the sluice. Years ago there had been a sawmill there, but it had been burned and never replaced. The timber in the basin was pretty hard cut. Now remained not much except pulp wood, and this was being rapidly depleted for the voracious mills down river.

Ashaluna basin was more than sixty miles long and nearly as wide. Hemmed in on all sides by hills, many of mountain proportions, it was watered by numerous streams and small lakes. Within its confines and jutting up from its plains were other hills and ridges, and its waters were diverted to the four points of the compass to find their way by four different passageways through the heights to the sea. One of these passageways was Ashaluna sluice.

The two men who approached Jud Dunlap were smooth, urbane, breathing the breath of prosperity. They spoke glibly of money in hundred-dollar lots. They thought a dam across the sluice between the great towering walls that formed this southern gateway of the valley would back up a head of water to generate quite enough horse power for electric current. This current they proposed to convey to the outside world by means of wires strung upon steel supports.

They explained to Judson Dunlap that the development of the water power would require a large expenditure of money, and the additional equipment of high-tension line to conduct the electric current on its way to turn the wheels of industry and light the streets of cities would run into much more.

Judson Dunlap had inherited the land on both sides of the sluice from his father, who had got it in turn from his. There was fifteen hundred acres or more of land, about equally divided between the two sides of the river, and its value was questionable, since the timber had long since been cut off and it was now hardly more than a rocky waste overgrown with small trees, berry bushes and tangled brush. Of the farm proper there was a dozen acres or so, rocky but fairly fertile, enough to support Jud and his mother and a limited amount of livestock.

"I dunno," said Jud. "I'll think it over. Say, who you fellers workin' for?"

His visitors explained that they were agents for a principal who preferred not to be known for the present, and it would hardly interest Judson anyhow, since the transaction was a matter of cash on the nail without strings of any kind.

"I s'pose so," said Jud. "I cal'late I may let you fellers have the sluice and the wild land, but I'll have to keep the farm."

It was explained with gentle patience and in words of one syllable that the farm would have to go with the sluice.

"Then you don't git it," said Jud stubbornly. "I ain't a-goin' to sell the roof from over my mother's head; so you fellers kin go back to your boss and tell him we ain't tradin'."

The agents thereupon began cautiously raising the bid. Instead of talking hundreds they spoke tenderly of possible thousands—not very many thousands, to be sure, but enough to dazzle a rube like Jud. Jud failed to dazzle worth a darn.

"You sort of interest me," he said. "That is, it's a cinch if you're willin' to pay me all that money, the property must be worth a devil of a sight more. You say you can develop a nice water power here, and, of course, that ain't news to me. But I was thinkin' of a little business enterprise of my own that a small amount of capital would start out on the road to wealth in large chunks, I have no doubt. I cal'late I might take a slight trip to New York and nose round a spell."

The would-be purchasers of the sluice property were electrified by this announcement. They suggested that Judson accept their invitation to visit the big town entirely at their expense, including railroad fares both ways. They would be pleased to see that he was suitably entertained during his sojourn at the metropolis, putting him up at one of the best hotels and advancing him such funds as he might need for incidentals.

"Thanks," said Jud. "I ain't sure I'm goin', and if I do I'll pay my own expenses. Besides, my spring plowin' has to be did first, and the garden planted and a whole lot of other things. You boys hold your hosses a spell. That sluice ain't goin' to move that I can see."

It was exasperating to say the least. The New Yorkers tried to induce Jud to give them an option, or at least to suspend any trade which might be proposed by other parties until he had communicated with them.

"So the's other parties, is the'? You don't tell me! I suppose I'd ought to hear what they've got to say. Still they hain't b'en round yet. Maybe they won't. Don't you fellers sweat none. I'll let ye know before I conclude to sell. I got some right nice cider in the cellar. Ye better have a little mite before ye go."

That was all the satisfaction the would-be purchasers of the sluice property could get, so they clambered into their motor car and drove grumpily away. Not a day had passed when a second pair appeared, and at first Jud thought they represented the same principals. That was the idea they intended to convey, apparently in the hope of learning if any previous visitors had approached Dunlap. Jud was cagy, however, and sent them about their business in much the same frame of mind as their predecessors.

But when he was approached a third time the young man abruptly made up his mind that there was indeed something doing.

"Ma," he said, "I've decided to go down to New York."

"What for, Juddy? I hope you won't do anythin' rash. You got through there safe the fust time. Hadn't you better let well enough be? Besides, it'll cost a heap o' money."

"I know. I s'pose it's resky business. Still an' all ——"

"See here, Judson Dunlap, be you a-thinkin' of that little trick you fetched home from Moosehorn that night it snowed so? I do declare I believe you are. You hain't acted the same sence she was here. You're awful foolish. I don't blame you none for likin' her; I liked her myself—when I learned to overlook some of them airs of hern. Land, how she did miss Fleece, or whatever 'twas she called that French maid she was always talkin' about! I noticed when she had to, though, she could do for herself right capable. Jest think of havin' to have a French lady fussin' round! It'd drive me crazy."

"Maybe you hain't seen many French ladies," remarked Jud slyly.

"I guess some folks has seen plenty," sniffed Mrs. Dunlap. "Now what about you goin' to New York? Is it to see Mary? You needn't try to fool your mother. You can call it business to other folks, but you might's well come right out with it here to home."

"All right, ma, I'll tell you the truth. I ain't goin' on purpose to see Mary, but I s'pose I might's well call on her while I'm in town."

"Might's well! Hm! All humbug! You look out them New York smarties don't beat you out o' house an' home. How long you cal'late to stay, Mr. Judson Romeo?"

"Aw, ma, you quit! I dunno how long I'll stay. You better expect me when you see me. I was thinkin' I might—er—might find out what I could do in the way o' realizin' somethin' on my churn patents."

"Churn patents!" scoffed Mrs. Dunlap, still sniffing. "Churn humbug!"

VII

MR. ELLERY EGGLESTON in response to the summons of his private telephone applied the receiver to his ear and spoke the customary two syllables into the transmitter.

"A man who says his name is Dunlap is calling you," reported the switchboard girl.

"Who?"

"Mr. Dunlap—Mr. Judson ——"

"Oh, is that so? Well, put Mr. Judson Dunlap right on my wire. Hello! Hello! Is that you, Dunlap? Glad to hear your voice. Are you in the city? Where? Great Scott, where's that? Never heard of it. Why didn't you go to a real hotel?

"Well, you better come right down here at once. Take the Subway at—but, my dear fellow, I can't go uptown to see you—really I can't. I transact business in my office, not in fourth-rate hotels."

A pause, during which you could hear the rasping of a distant voice across the diaphragm.

"Oh, but listen, Dunlap! No one's going to blackjack you in Wall Street—what's that? Wait a minute! Hold the line, will you?"

He set down the receiver and went into an adjoining office, where he found Mr. Willis K. Dabney, his partner.

"Bill, young Dunlap's in town. He's on my line now. Wants us to go up to Nineteenth Street to some God-forsaken dump."

"Tell him to come down here. If he can't make it by himself send a motor for him."

"That's just the point. He won't come. He says he's a gol-darn lamb and he don't cal'late to git mixed up with no Wall Street wolves and lose his hide."

Dabney grinned.

"Oh, you can smooth him, Egg. Tell him we're too busy ——"

"It's no use. He's stubborn as a mule. You'll have to go up there."

Dabney swore softly.

"All right. No need of it, though, if you'd use a little tact."

"Tact? Tact with that chap is like trying to haul a freight train with a one-boy-power velocipede. Run along, Bill, and see if you can't get him down here. Send for my limousine. We want to make an impression on this fellow and do it quick. I suspect the Mogridge crowd will be after him."

Eggleston hastened back to his telephone and informed Mr. Dunlap that his partner, Mr. Dabney, would call on him within the hour. Mr. Dunlap said that would do, though he guessed he wouldn't feel like transacting any business until he knew who Eggleston and Dabney represented. He didn't think much of working in the dark.

Mr. Dabney found McDougall's Hotel well to the eastward on Nineteenth Street in a neighborhood far from select. Mr. Dabney had never been in this part of the city before. He had not realized that there could be so many children in one block as he saw playing on the pavements in the vicinity of McDougall's Hotel; and he had not understood either that children could be so exceedingly dirty and live. He had always associated dirt with germs, being himself scrupulous to avoid it. He was a very nice-minded gentleman, whose habits were fastidious in the extreme. The atmosphere of the hotel was as foreign to him as that of the upper Congo.

This obscure hostelry was four stories in height and the ground floor was occupied mostly by a barroom which looked as if it had lost hope and were already anticipating the decline officially scheduled for the first day of July. Flanking the entrance to the bar was a narrow doorway from which a flight of stairs led to the second story. Mr. Dabney climbed these stairs almost timidly, as if he expected a gunman to jump out of the shadows and demand his diamonds. Proceeding along a corridor he knocked on a door numbered Three, following instructions given him in this respect by his partner just as he was leaving the office.

"Come in," said the voice of Judson Dunlap.

Dabney entered and found the woodsman standing in the middle of a cramped little room. On the bed was an extension valise, opened but not unpacked. In a corner stood a large package ineffectually done up in a miscellany of news and wrapping paper, tied with pieced-together odds and ends of string.

Dunlap was dressed in store clothes which did not fit him and of which he had removed the coat. The suit was hardly new, though the trousers were creased sharply. They were woven in an effect of stripes, which by reason of some inescapable optical law led the eye straight down until it encountered a pair of large bulbous-toed tan shoes ostentatiously buttoned.

On the return trip the eye encountered a triangle of shirt made of pink plaid cotton, a direct-from-factory-to-wearer tie as artificial as a hair wreath and a celluloid collar with a surface like the polished tiling in a quick-lunch restaurant.

The fact that Jud was in his shirt sleeves served to enhance the horrors of that plaid atrocity. He grinned happily and shook hands with bone-crushing cordiality.

"Hello, Dabney," he said. "Say, where can I find some place to stop that ain't over a gin mill and that's clean and homelike, for about a dollar a day?"

Jud remembered Dabney as one of the two who had first approached him in the matter of the sale of Ashaluna sluice. He was a dapper little man, hard and shrewd in a friendly way, immaculately dressed, and Jud had very small enthusiasm for him.

"I don't blame you for asking," said the New Yorker. "This is a terrible hole!"

"Ain't it! I got the address from some buddy or other in the Army—feller who said his uncle kep' it. When I decided to come here I looked up the street and number—and gosh, here's where I landed!"

"You'd better go up to the Bellemore or Biltmont."

"What, and be charged six or seven dollars a day? I only cal'late to board a short spell, not buy no hotel."

Dabney bethought him and finally named a moderate-priced house in East Eleventh Street.

"I want you to remember, Dunlap," said Dabney, "that if you choose to go to some strictly first-class hotel and stay as long as you like it won't cost you a cent. I am authorized by the people Mr. Eggleston and I represent to see that you are properly housed and entertained."

"That's all right, Dabney. You folks don't need to spend money on me. I'll go it on my own book and then I'm free to deal where I please. No obligoshdarngations to no one. Well, let's go. I'll fetch the churn"—indicating

(Continued on Page 130)

Finally Mr. Mogridge Admitted That the Churn Was a Wonderful Contrivance and Offered Jud Ten Thousand Dollars for His Patents, Cash on the Nail

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 22, 1920

Fiddling

CONFRONTED with war, Americans met the emergency shoulder to shoulder, working and sacrificing to the limit. To-day, when a still greater emergency confronts us in peace, we meet it fiddling and dancing, every fellow for himself. As selfish individualists we voluntarily wrought wonders of unselfishness. As semi-socialistic idealists, looking to Government instead of to ourselves for cheap food, clothing and fun, we are becoming monsters of selfishness.

Socialism in all its various forms, from communism to government ownership, has now been thoroughly tried out by Russia, the Central Powers, England and the United States. By a curious paradox this system that idealists and let-George-do-it philosophers have touted for a generation as the infallible cure-all for human cussedness, the one sure preventive of inequality, has proved in practical operation the most inefficient, the most wasteful and the most demoralizing form of government that has ever been imposed on mankind. Never has private and governmental dishonesty been so rampant, never have the strong so exploited the weak, and never have masters so ruthlessly imposed their will on the people as in those countries where communism has come into its own—meaning, of course, what belonged to others.

We have really been living in a semi-socialistic state, and it has half ruined us. To finish the job we need only to perfect our socialistic scheme of confiscatory taxation; to further increase our governmental activities in restraint of trade and liberty, so that nobody can do anything without a license and a passport and a permit; to continue our policy of regarding destructive alien reds as wronged innocents, and constructive American business men as suspicious characters.

This postwar mess is our Northern France, our devastated area, none the less real because it cannot be toured in a sight-seeing car. We have our miles of rusty wire in the shape of outworn and useless laws to be cleaned up; our duds, in the shape of footless, even dangerous bureaus and commissions and investigators and pussyfooters, to be exploded; our vast areas of barren, topsy-turvy fields, in the shape of the most wasteful system of taxation ever devised by lawmakers, to be reclaimed, foot by foot.

War from its very nature is a government affair, for that reason involving a large measure of government ownership, but, like the war itself, this is at best a necessary evil. The pinks point with pride to our achievement during the war as a sample of what socialism could do for us in peacetime operation. The fine things that were done then were due to individualism, not socialism. The débris that clutters and fouls the landscape now is socialistic junk. The men who organized the business of the war and made a going concern of it, after the first fiasco, applied individualistic corporation methods to it. And the splendid impelling force behind them was the old pioneer spirit that is always willing to sacrifice the little liberty of the moment to safeguard the larger liberty of the future. Its servitude to the state is always voluntary, self-imposed, temporary—the coöperation of pioneers who gather in the blockhouse to fight off Indians, and then scatter to mind their own business and attend to their own business; the solidarity in fundamental things of American free men—not the Hessian bondage to the state of Russian and German Bolshevists. In this coöperation we had the best possible expression of the spirit of American individualism; in the disruption of the peace we have a true expression of the real spirit of socialism—every fellow for himself and the devil take the foremost's possessions.

If the United States is to remain a going concern it must discard this soft, lie-abed, sugar-teat socialism, this ask-papa-for-anything-you-want theory of life, and begin to practice self-denial and self-help. We have the alternative of pulling up short and going into the hands of a friendly receiver—our own patriotic and public-spirited citizens—or of going through the inevitable bankruptcy of socialism.

Our troubles are simple and personal, but fundamental. The remedies are simple and personal, not governmental, except in so far as a lot of old laws should be repealed and a few new ones passed. We do not need more gas, but just a little of the old gasless spirit.

It is not the extremes of blue-denim pants for the men and calico dresses for the ladies that will bring better conditions; not meatless days, wheatless days and sweetless days for everybody; not grand-standing by millionaires who brag in the papers about the patch on the seat of their trousers and then limousine it home to be waited on by a corps of able-bodied butlers and footmen, but just the exercise of simple common sense, moderation and the setting of a good example to one person—yourself.

Too Much Mustard has become the national anthem, and the Shimmy the national dance. A period of Strauss and the old-fashioned give-her-room waltz is about the prescription that we need. There is something wrong about the styles when a woman who wears all her clothes finds herself conspicuous.

There is little that we can expect from Government—at least until after the ides of March—and very little that we cannot, as individuals, do much better for ourselves. Certainly government by commission, omission, investigation and circumlocution is not going to solve anything for us. If we offered two-bits for all the help we could expect from any government in cleaning up this postwar mess in a nonpolitical, businesslike manner, we should be justified in expecting twenty-four cents in change. But we can expect and we shall get a lot of help from the exercise of moderation and self-restraint. We won the war with those qualities—plus a dash of immoderation in exercising them. There is to-day a much more urgent need for the gasless and the jazzless spirit than there was then.

The first and most important problem that the individual can solve and that he alone can solve is the problem of cheaper food. He can overthrow at will the whole flimsy superstructure of profiteering and the high cost of living, for its very foundations are his carelessness and indifference—not verbal indifference, but his failure to back up his fighting talk with a stiff punch. The Government cannot solve this problem—it can take a peck at it here and there, but it cannot reach fundamentals; prosecutions of profiteers and hoarders will not solve it, for profiteering is a symptom and not the disease; socialism will not solve it, for it is most acute in the great agricultural countries where the socialists are in power. Nothing will solve it but sense in the cities and sweat in the country. The farmers—what there are left of them—are willing to sweat, but the cities are driving them out of business.

This problem of production on the farm must be solved first, because every other problem of major importance is inextricably interwoven with it; but we have been stressing increased industrial production, which is of secondary importance, except in the case of necessities. We should be vastly better off if production were decreased in certain lines of manufacturing.

To-day almost every farm in the country is undermanned, almost every farmer is curtailing production because he cannot plant and harvest a full crop. The city is taking the boys and the young men. The graybeards alone are left on the soil. There is no new generation of farmers coming along to feed the country. As soon as the boys can strike out for themselves they go to the towns and the cities, to the eight-hour, eight-dollar a day jobs, and the fiddling and dancing by night.

Even at the present high prices of food—for others get the long end of the final total—the farmer cannot compete with city wages and union hours. God Almighty imposes the conditions under which crops must be raised, and every attempt to unionize the soil and the seasons will result only in fresh disasters. Daylight saving means crops wasted. The dew will not dry off an hour earlier at the command of a city council Joshua. Also every one of our farm boys who is fed into a factory to speed up the production of luxuries and nonessentials decreases the production and increases the cost of food, shoes and clothes. Every decrease in the production of foodstuffs automatically makes for a higher wage scale, and that in turn draws more help from the farms and still further throws out of adjustment the necessary balance between agriculture and industry.

The world needs and should have a moderate amount of the luxuries and pleasures that make for real comfort and true happiness, but every manufacturer who is draining labor from the country to meet an inordinate and unwholesome demand from the fiddlers and the dancers is chasing profits into the mouth of a pit that will finally engulf him. Every man and woman who is keeping unnecessary help, luxury and show servants, or letting able-bodied men fill the jobs that women could hold is actually more blameworthy than if he had done these things during the war. The need for every able man in useful, productive work is greater now than it was then.

Youth will be served, but if Age will be served by it, the time is coming when there will be blamed little to serve. "A little service, please!" is the cry and the curse of this country. We do not need more service. We can get along comfortably and profitably with a whole lot less. The cafeteria idea could be extended with advantage to many departments of life.

There are only three ways in which anything can be accomplished in this world—by act of God, by act of Congress, and by action of the individual; though there is a large and growing school of socialistic thinkers who believe George will do it. It is quite useless to look for further help from the first source, as the Lord has laid down a perfectly sound and still operative law by which alone man can eat bread; it is equally hopeless, until after election and then some, to expect this Congress to do the perfectly obvious things that it can do to help; so you must do it yourself. We can forget George; he is on strike.

It is not desirable for the country to proceed to extremes of self-denial. But we can very well get along with simpler living, fewer luxuries and cheaper, more wholesome pleasures. Make the old car do; make the old suit last. Buy new clothes when you really need them, but cut out extremes of style. Starvation and superfluity are equally undesirable. Stay at home occasionally and read a book as an alternative to the theater; take a walk between the trees once in a while instead of chasing pleasure between the bright lights. In short, cut down excesses of consumption and speed up your production a little. A great deal is not asked of anyone, but a little from everyone. Somewhere in our work we all have a little slack that we can take up. Hit a better pace during working hours if you are one of those who make a god of short hours; add a little to your working time if you are one of those who have discovered that the secret of happiness is a good deal of work and a little play. Get a job if you are a loafer, rich or poor, male or female. No great giving up and no drastic speeding up by anyone is needed, but just a little from everyone. One man or woman to set an example in a

house, a hundred in a plant—the boss taking the lead—and a few thousand in every city, will start a movement that will quicken the willing to join and finally drag in the unwilling by the scruff of the neck. Life is a game of follow the leader. If you can't be the leader, pick a good one to follow and keep him moving in the right direction.

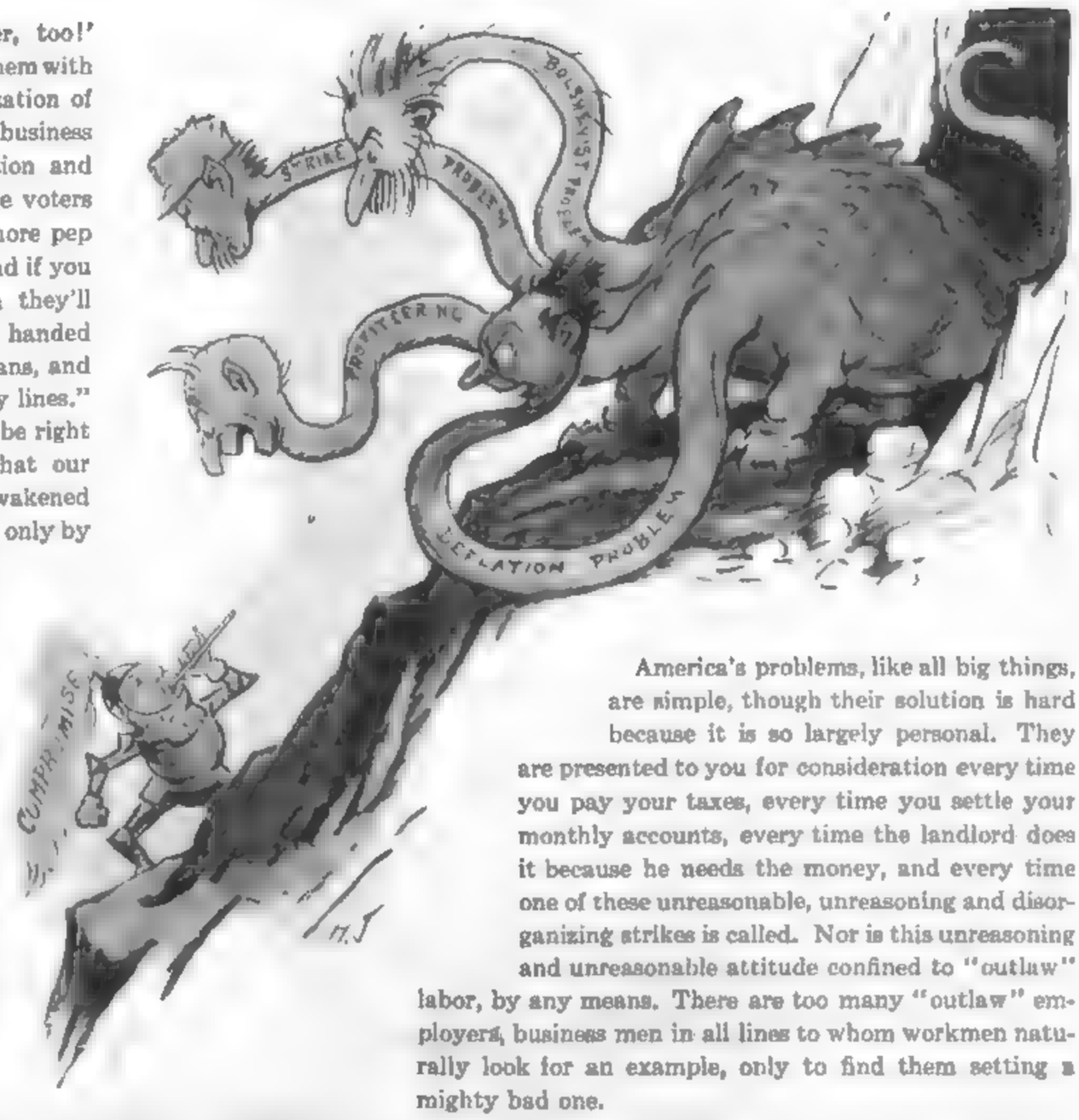
Again, we must have a revival of home owning and home life. Farm tenants and city renters are bad for the country. All other building should give way for the present to necessary business extensions and to houses. We can easily double up in the churches if necessary; there is plenty of room in them. Intensive cultivation and coöperation in the religious field would be a good thing for us. We can get along for a while without memorials and theaters and ouija-board factories, but we cannot do without home owners. It is a fine thing to have an automobile when one can afford it, but no one can afford it until after he has bought a house or a farm. A real-estate mortgage is usually a mark of thrift and progress, but a chattel mortgage never is. We might very well slow down on all drives for a while, especially the professionally promoted ones, set the paid drivers and publicity men to work in other fields, and put the enormous and ofttimes misdirected energy that is behind them into a great campaign of home building, home owning and home making. It is discouraging to see Congress marking time because it cannot forget that it is Republican and Democratic, and remember that it is American; to feel that questions like taxation and immigration are waiting on politics; to know that our partisan leaders are first scrutinizing presidential possibilities to discover how they will perform as Democrats and Republicans, and not solely to discover how fit they are for the office of President in this world emergency. But bigger and more important than the things that they are shirking are the simple personal things that you can do to stop this fiddling and dancing. If you start them, you are the leader, and in the end Congress will have to trail along behind you and take orders instead of giving them, will have to economize for you instead of forcing you to economize for its loose spending.

A young man was recently bewailing the fact that there was no issue before the country on which the parties could divide and hurrah and fight.

"If only," he exclaimed, "we could stir up something like the old free-silver scrap, with a good catch phrase like 'Tippecanoe and Tyler, too!' But you can't interest them with ideas like the reorganization of our Government on business lines, or these production and taxation problems. The voters want something with more pep and jazz than that. And if you don't give it to them they'll simply take whoever is handed to them by the politicians, and vote along the old party lines."

The young man may be right and it may be true that our jaded voters can be awakened to an interest in politics only by jazz talk and shimmy step issues, but we do not believe it. It is our experience that an awakened public opinion is milling round, locating the quarter in which danger lies, and getting ready to start in the direction of safety.

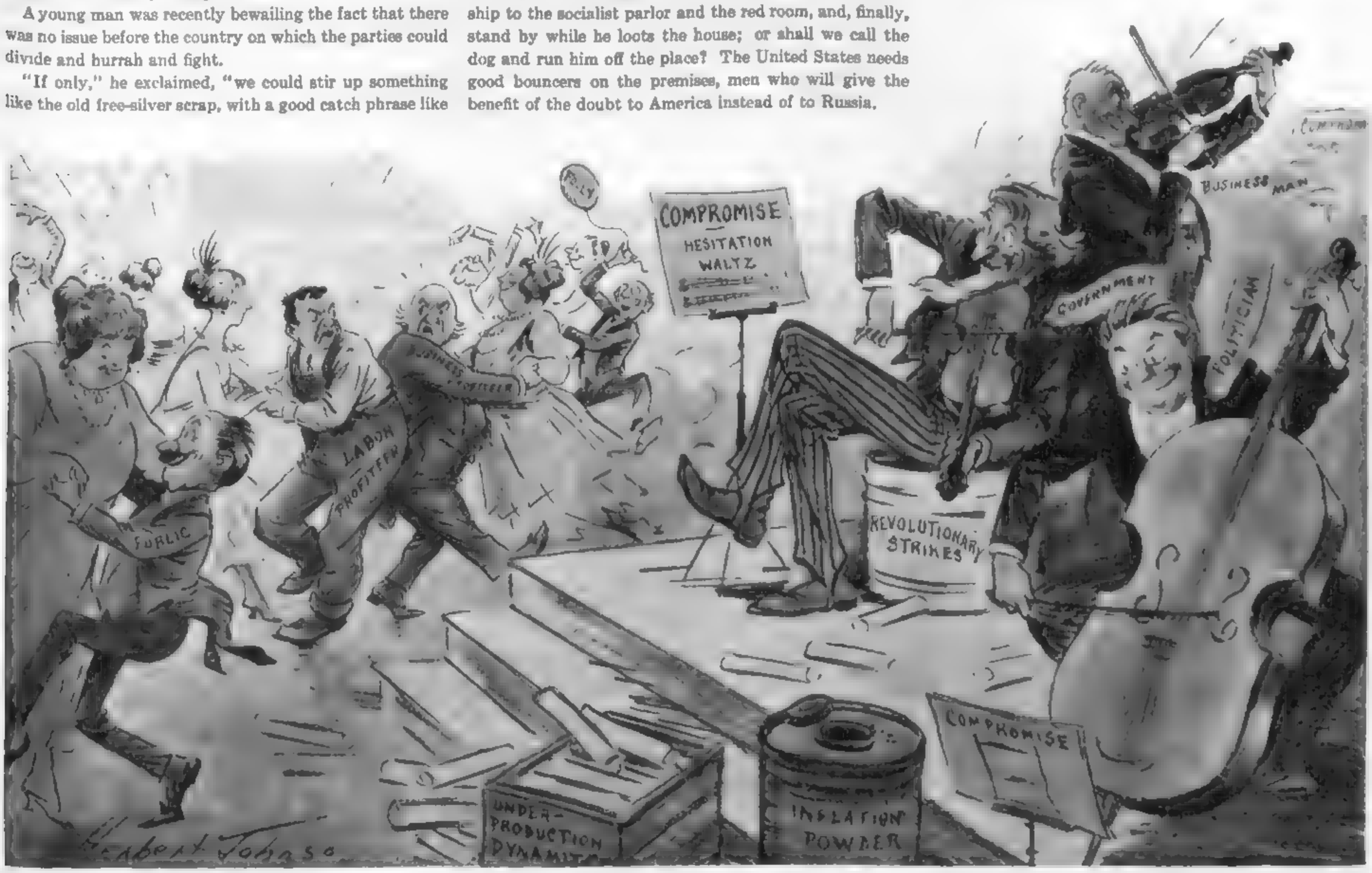
There are no real, fundamental issues on which patriotic Americans can divide for a sham battle at this time, no basis on which they can divide at all. But it is time for a clear-cut division between Americans and aliens, for an unequivocal decision between American and Russian ideals. Are we going to be governed from Moscow or Washington? Today, the alien propagandist in this country is like a tramp who has shoved his foot in the door. Shall we admit him little by little through the hallway of government ownership to the socialist parlor and the red room, and, finally, stand by while he loots the house; or shall we call the dog and run him off the place? The United States needs good bouncers on the premises, men who will give the benefit of the doubt to America instead of to Russia.



America's problems, like all big things, are simple, though their solution is hard because it is so largely personal. They are presented to you for consideration every time you pay your taxes, every time you settle your monthly accounts, every time the landlord does it because he needs the money, and every time one of these unreasonable, unreasoning and disorganizing strikes is called. Nor is this unreasoning and unreasonable attitude confined to "outlaw" labor, by any means. There are too many "outlaw" employers, business men in all lines to whom workmen naturally look for an example, only to find them setting a mighty bad one.

On second thought, the man who cannot discover a certain element of pep and jazz in the problems that confront us is hard to please. Even the matter of a slogan for those who like to vote under a catch phrase is not quite hopeless. By way of suggestion we offer:

Do it Yourself!



Fiddling

HUNCHES

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

IF THAT erudite philosopher who originally unloaded the axiom that every dog has his day had ever visited San Francisco when winter racing was in full swing he might have tacked on an addendum to the effect that every race horse at some time or another finds a track to suit him.

Poor old despised Fakir demonstrated this latter truism when he plodded doggedly through an ocean of mud all the way round the track and won by six open lengths from the cheapest field of selling-platers that ever faced a starter.

"Who Win, Eh? Nobody Win But the Horse Which Didn't Have One Chance in a Million if Everything Was on the Square"

Even in this aggregation of speed derelicts Fakir had been a rank outsider. In the swift slang of the turf, you could have written your own ticket about him. In most of the books he was quoted at odds of fifty to one, but Jacob Repstein, of the Big Store Book, always on the lookout for what he called sucker money, had doubled this and chalked Fakir's price at one hundred. Jacob argued — logically enough perhaps — that if a horse stood no possible chance to win, the liberality of the odds laid did not matter. The average piker loves a long shot and Jakey always figured on paying daily expenses from the contributions of those whose disposition to take desperate chances made their patronage desirable.

This was one time, however, that Repstein had slipped a cog. When he saw old Fakir, who of his own personal knowledge was afflicted with three bad legs and had the fourth under suspicion, nodding home in front he unburdened his overwrought personality of a yelp that reverberated from the betting ring clean out to the quarter stretch, because Jakey had been victimized by his own avarice. He did not need to glance for confirmation at the sheet whereon his bets were recorded.

But the prize joke of the winter season lay in the fact that happy-go-lucky Stormy Sellers, the most notorious tough-luck player that ever shillalahed through a race-track gate, held one of Jakey's tickets calling for ten thousand dollars to one hundred. Yes, indeed, a hundred iron men right on the recalcitrant Fakir's nose, and thereby hangs one of those narratives which have helped to manufacture data concerning the glorious uncertainties of the turf.

"And to think of me," wailed Jakey as the voice of his soul of souls found expression—"to think of me wishin' it onto myself! Ain't I the unlucky stiff?"

These remarks of self-denunciation were addressed to Joe Klump, Jakey's ticket writer, but in stress of this kind the latter gentleman was too wise to venture either sympathy or criticism.

Even at the expense of spoiling a perfectly regular romance it must be admitted that Stormy Sellers had not the slightest idea of betting on Fakir when he dived into the maelstrom of the crowded betting ring. An almost prayerful and all-night session with his dope book of past performances had convinced him that an imported French mare named Faugere was the only horse in the race. On paper she looked to be so much the best of the cheap bunch she was pitted against that Stormy declared himself to wager the old family plate on her chances. He was getting to the tag end of his bank roll and he could not afford to bet a hundred big round dollars at this stage of the game unless he thought that the chances of his choice were gilt-edge. But Faugere was, as Mr. Sellers explained, "all to the candy. She couldn't lose unless she was to break a leg."

So it was that Stormy Sellers with a hundred-dollar note firmly grasped in his trusty right hand had pushed and jostled his way through the gambling-mad mob until he found himself flung up by the human tide immediately in front of Repstein's book.

Now, as may be surmised, Mr. Sellers was not a student of French idiom. He had heard Faugere's name miscalled in forty separate and distinct ways by habitués of the race track. Most of them pronounced it as if spelled Faygare, and that was good enough for Stormy. He reached up on tiptoe over the heads of the crowd, pushed the bill to the bookmaker, shouted the name of his choice above the din and had just time enough to grab the ticket handed to him before he was carried onward by the press behind.

"What you bettin' on, Stormy?" inquired Mike Egan, a brother professional in the baseball world, as Mr. Sellers with an effort tore loose from the throng and shook himself like a water dog in the vain attempt to adjust his ruffled plumage. "You went to the favorite, I suppose."

"That's what I did," confirmed Mr. Sellers—"a hundred bucks on her beezer."

"What price did you get?" persisted Mr. Egan.

"Six for five," responded Stormy triumphantly.

"Yes, you did!" combated the other. "You did like blazes! Why, I was all over the ring and the best I could see was even money. Most of 'em was holdin' her at four to five. Let's lamp that ticket of yours."

Mr. Sellers opened his hand and produced the rumpled pasteboard.

"There 'tis—see for yourself," he exclaimed as he passed it over. "I got it off of Repstein. He always lays the tops."

The man beside him took the card and straightened its creases out on his flattened palm. For an instant he showed surprise, then he resumed his old bantering tone.

"And so you bet on Faygare," he cackled with a touch of sarcasm. "You're gettin' to be like all the rest of the sharpshooters round here. You wouldn't know the truth if it was hollerin' danger and carryin' a red lantern. You bet on Faygare, eh? Well, that's a good one! Whatwasyou stallin' for anyway? Was you afraid somebody would cut the price on you?"

"Where do you get that stuff?" protested Stormy in aggrieved tones. "Wherever did you dig up that language, Mike? Can I domorethan to show you the ticket?"

"That's all right, but what did you show me?" retorted the other one. "Look at it! Here is a ticket on Fakir, ten thousand to a hundred. Is that what you call bettin' on Faygare at six to five? Say, Stormy, have you got rattlers on the roof, or what?"

To say that Mr. Sellers was perturbed would be to express it mildly. He grabbed the ticket and tore into a series of mental handsprings.

"That infernal heathen gimme the wrong ticket," he shrilled. "There was such a crowd I just grabbed and run without lookin' at it. Gosh all hemlock, it was the last century I had in my kick! He's got to change it or I'll take his hide off from the neck down. Wait a minute."

The indignant one fought his way back through the seething mass of humanity until he again found himself facing the bookmaker.

"You gimme the wrong ticket!" he stormed breathlessly. "Say, Repstein, I wanted to bet on that French trick, the favorite, and you handed me a board on Fakir. You got to change it. The horses ain't at the post yet."

"Got to change it, eh?" shot back the bookie. "That's fine strong-arm stuff—got to, eh? If I was to change tickets for every piker round here I'd have to carry a double crew."

"But it was a mistake!" pleaded Stormy desperately. "Can't you see it was a mistake? I wouldn't bet Confederate money that old cripple, Fakir, could beat the fat policeman from one jump to the Rocky Mountains."

"How do I know what you would bet on?" snarled Repstein. "I have seen you land on many a lobster. Is this a department store with goods sent on approval? I ain't a mind reader. If you don't look at your ticket when you get it and protect yourself, what do you expect me to do? You should have a guardian."

"And so you won't change it?"

The bookmaker shook his head with finality.

"All right," gurgled Stormy lamely—"all right, Mr. Jakey, you'll be sorry some day. Listen to me—you'll be sorry!"

He edged back in the crowd, glaring at the bookmaker. Stormy was not a weak member when it came to repartee. But this was too serious a financial crisis for him to toy with words. In any other place he would have resorted to

(Continued on Page 32)

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Next week the nation takes its biggest outing holiday—picnics, motor trips, boating, fishing, etc. Thousands of cans of Campbell's Beans—delicious, nourishing, economical—will help feed the merry-makers. Show Campbell's in your window and on your counter. Suggest them for the outing. Statistics show that more beans are sold this week than in any other three weeks in the year. Be ready.

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Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

physical suasion, but on the race track he felt at a disadvantage.

"I got a hunch I'll get you for this some day," he howled as a parting shot.

"If you got what was comin' to you you'd be throwed off the track for life," returned Mr. Repstein affably.

The incident was closed as far as he was concerned. Repstein had reason to know that Stormy was about at the end of his resources, and the race track is the one place where all losers are classed with the undesirables.

Mr. Sellers again made his way to the lawn and found his friend.

"He wouldn't change it," he almost wailed. "Can anyone give that old highbinder a name?"

Stormy was in no sense a regular occupant of the mourners' bench. Under ordinary circumstances he might have pocketed his ill luck, but the thought of his last hundred being perforce placed on a horse to whom he could not possibly concede a chance was too much for him.

"I might as well throw this ticket in the discard," he concluded, making a motion as though to tear up the pasteboard.

"Hey, don't do that!" cautioned Egan, intent upon comforting the irate one. "Keep it till the numbers is hung up. I got a hunch somethin' might happen."

"What could happen?" This with accentuated scorn from the incredulous Mr. Sellers.

"Well," stammered Mr. Egan—"well—ah—ah—the rest of 'em might fall down, or—ah—or—ah—get disqualified or somethin'."

"Yep," responded Mr. Sellers savagely; "you got it, Mike. Even Fakir might win, I suppose."

"He might. I've seen strange things happen on the race track."

"Well," retorted the disgruntled one, "if this kind of luck keeps houndin' me I'll be seein' strange things myself—things like pink elephants and blue snakes and yeller monkeys. Me for the bar! I don't want even to see the race! You'll find me there when it's over."

He turned on his heel and passed down the steps underneath the grand stand.

"What do you think of the pew I'm occupyin'?" he queried of the bartender, who was an old friend. "Here I get down to my last case century and I make a fumble." He produced the ticket on Fakir. "Look at that, Bill, and ring up a hurry call for the ha-ha wagon. I'd oughter be put away."

"That's funny!" returned the mixologist. "My wife had a dream last night that Fakir won. She gimme a dollar to bet on him."

Stormy eyed the speaker with interest. "And did you bet it, or hold it out and make a special book yourself for the lady?"

"Not me! I betted of course. Supposin' he was to win, where would I be?"

"Well," replied Mr. Sellers judicially, "pass the bottle and stop for refreshments yourself when it comes your way. The drinks is on me. There's only two starters in the crazy stakes and we'd oughta celebrate now, because we're sure of first and second money."

Little heed did Mr. Sellers pay to the muffled roar that percolated down from the grand stand announcing that the racers had started on their journey.

"There they go!" exclaimed the bartender.

"Yep," droned Mr. Sellers, "and here I go." He drained his glass and set it down with a bang. "Here I go back to the jungles."

The noise overhead grew in volume and died away again. It rose once more as the horses turned into the home stretch, swelling until it became a veritable pandemonium. Then all at once and as abruptly as an orchestra obeys the wand of its director it ceased. The bartender cocked his ear and listened.

"Somethin' must of happened to the favorite," he volunteered—"either that or some long shot which nobody is bettin' on is hikin' home."

Mr. Sellers laughed sardonically.

"If you even hint that it might be Fakir you and me'll be on the outs for good, Bill," he gloomed. "Ante and pass the buck. I have twenty left and I need courage."

The acclaim of the multitude above filtered down again, but there was no joyous note discernible. It sounded more like a wail of despair and indignation.

"Well, it's all over now," exclaimed the bartender, who from long practice was adept at sensing the result of finishes he could not see.

"I'll bet it's as I told you—some rank outsider has copped the kale and a lot of sure-thing agents will be huntin' supper money to-night."

"Yep, it's all over in more ways than one," confirmed Mr. Sellers solemnly.

But even as he spoke a man came stumbling down the steps and made for the bar. His countenance was ablaze with angry remonstrance.

"It was a shoo in sure!" he protested as he reached for the glass set before him. "Talk about burglars, but them jocks ought to be thrown in jail. I had a hunch they was goin' to pull some rough stuff before long—now I know it."

"Who win anyway?" queried the bartender.

"Who win?" snarled the other. "Who win, eh? Nobody win but the horse which didn't have one chance in a million if everything was on the square. Nobody win but that poor old fossil, Fakir, and he win away off by his lonely. They never even give him a argument. It was the ——"

Mr. Sellers dropped the bottle he was holding on the concrete floor. There was a crash of shattered glass as its liquid contents baptized the surrounding territory.

"What's that you said, bo?" he stuttered in an awe-struck whisper. "Did you—did you—did you say Fakir had win?"

"If he didn't I got paresis," growled the other. "But what difference should it make to you? You ain't a-goin' to tell ——"

But Stormy Sellers chopped the interrogation off in the middle. With a war whoop of triumph he wheeled about and broke on the run in the direction of the betting ring.

"That guy nutty?" interrogated the acrimonious stranger as he regarded the retreating form.

"You got it," responded the bartender with fine sarcasm. "He's so derned nutty that he had a hundred bucks right on the tip of old Fakir's tongue."

II

WITH an air of rehabilitated importance Mr. Sellers made his way to the rear end of the stand where Mr. Repstein held forth, because it was there that winning tickets were cashed. He was the only lucky one, and the bookmaker saw him coming. Repstein was an agile thinker, but his discomfiture almost made itself manifest. Still he was too wise to overlook the fact that in a few moments Mr. Sellers would have ten thousand dollars of his money and he needed him as a customer, because that was the only medium through which he could hope to recoup himself.

"You ain't the first bush leaguer I saw dealin' in dead ones," bantered Mr. Repstein, "and you made it good and strong, so you did, comin' up and stallin' about wantin' to have your ticket changed."

Stormy grinned at this implied tribute to his perspicacity. He could afford to laugh now. The mantle of Elijah had fallen upon broad shoulders.

"Well, I warned you you'd be sorry, Jakey," he returned. "You can't say I didn't tell you all about it."

Stormy had completely recovered his equilibrium now, even to the extent of welcoming the passage of words he judged would follow.

"Well, Stormy, you can't tell me them jocks wasn't in with the undertaker," resumed Mr. Repstein. "Was you one of the grave diggers?"

"That would be tellin', Jakey," tantalized Mr. Sellers as he gathered in the huge roll of yellowbacks handed to him. "You ain't sore, Jakey, because you didn't get no invite to the obsequies, is you?"

Repstein's face momentarily went purple. He was not quite sure whether Stormy was speaking the truth or not. But still the business side predominated and the eye to future business was uppermost. Stormy wouldn't get away with any part of his ten thousand if he could help it.

"Perhaps you've got another good thing in this race, Stormy," he bantered with admirably simulated jocularity. "This is the time to press your luck, Stormy. I'll lay you a point the best of the prices for all you want to bet. This is the time to find out if you're game or if you have a yellow streak."

Mr. Sellers sauntered round to the front of the booth. He was obsessed with the gambling fever now.

"How much'll you lay me about Eva K?" he interrogated. "I got a hunch I'd oughter give you a chance to win your money back, Jakey. Now shoot!"

"She's three or over, but I'll lay you four," laughed Repstein. "Now dog-gone you, shoot yourself if you think you're lucky!"

"Bet you a thousand," hummed Mr. Sellers carelessly.

It was the last race of the day and Eva K won off by herself. Stormy Sellers left the race track fourteen thousand dollars richer.

As may be surmised and like many of his kind, Mr. Sellers was dominated by certain premonitions which in the vernacular are termed hunches. He was going to ride his luck while it lasted, so each succeeding day found him in the neighborhood of Repstein's booth exchanging airy persiflage and betting on the horses of his choice. Naturally he did not win all of his wagers, but no day passed that his already-plethoric bank roll was not fattened by a few extra thousands.

(Continued on Page 34)

"Stormy Petrel Ran Away Four Miles Going to the Post," Announced the Operator. "The Judges Have Ordered Him Withdrawn"

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

AMERICA'S
KNOWN-PRICED
CLOTHES

Copyright 1920
Henry Sonneborn
& Co., Inc.

Two ways to buy good clothes

Highest price or – Styleplus

The most important thing in clothes is quality, because it means the style you're after and profitable service. By all means get the quality. But be sure that the price you pay is not *more than enough* to get it.

Styleplus have all the essentials of good clothes without costing the outside price. The fabrics are all-wool. The style is correct. The tailoring is splendid. The good wear is covered by our *guarantee*. Each Styleplus garment has a sealed price-ticket on the sleeve. Wear America's known-priced clothes and you reduce your clothes problem to common sense economy.

The big name in clothes

Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Reg.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

$45 - $50 - $55 - $60

"The sleeve ticket tells the price"

Trade Mark Registered

(Continued from Page 32)

Despite this extraordinary run of luck, however, Mr. Repstein continued to make a play for the new plunger's patronage. He had seen all of Stormy's kind come and go, and well he knew that it was only a question of time until the pinions of the plunger would be clipped off short at the wing joint. Runs of luck on the race track are common enough, but the names of those who have achieved a place in the hall of racing immortals by sticking to their winnings are so few that their names could be inscribed on the proverbial postage stamp.

But after a week of joyous and remunerative endeavor came a day when Stormy was not among those present. Repstein did not notice his absence until after the second race.

"I wonder why that feller Stormy ain't showed up?" he exclaimed petulantly to Joe Klump. "This oughter be a good day to make him step to town. You didn't see nothin' of him, did you?"

"No, I ain't seen him," responded Mr. Klump. Then as if an afterthought: "I guess I ain't likely to neither."

"You ain't likely to see him, huh! What talk is that?" retorted Jakey. "Don't tell me he's blowed or got sandbagged. I got to keep my eye on that bird."

"That's some contract, Jakey. You'll need ——"

"I'll need what?"

"You'll need the most powerful telescope in the world, Jakey."

"Telescope? Are you dotty?"

"Nope," returned Mr. Klump evenly. "I ain't got to the romantic stage either, Jakey. But if you want to keep cases on Stormy you'll have to foller him to China."

"To China?" stuttered Mr. Repstein.

"That's what I said," responded the other. "I'm givin' you the inside dope. Stormy has got hisself together a job lot of bush leaguers and set sail for the reverse side of the world."

III

IN A MOMENT of maternal exaltation an adoring parent had christened the hero of this narrative Napoleon Bonaparte Sellers. He had commenced his career loaded down with the hopes and happy auguries of his loving parents, because at an early age he developed a certain nimble wit and an agile way of thinking. But for all that this young Napoleon was not of the studious kind.

The long summer afternoons found him playing truant and holding forth down on the lots where juvenile baseball talent forgathered. His ambition was to star in what baseball writers are pleased to call the national pastime. Stormy was disciplined many a time and oft by the powers both at home and abroad, but the finale found Napoleon Bonaparte Sellers holding down third base for the 'Cisco Tigers, a cheap small-town organization. Our hero had dreams, of course, that some day he would be drafted into the big league. But up to date there had been neither sign nor token that he would receive the call.

Now if a man is naturally entitled to have a new deal on his given name he will have justice meted out to him on the baseball diamond faster than any place on earth. Napoleon Bonaparte Sellers, a good-natured, easy-going mortal off the field, became transformed into a regular hyena when he donned the habiliments of his profession. Considering a positive genius for rapid-fire argument and forceful double-edged repartee, Stormy had all the Windys and Tame Bills and other national exponents of polite baseball deportment locked in a room, because young Sellers' metaphor was mixed with brains. He did not have to resort to the ordinary slang of the streets. His best sallies were extemporaneous, because he made his own songs and set them to his own music.

Then one fine day a sporting writer, recognizing native talent, referred to the elongated third baseman as the stormy petrel of the way-down league. That settled it. The Napoleon Bonaparte prefix went into the discard of innocuous desuetude. It was Stormy Sellers after that right down to the end of the chapter.

But notwithstanding the fact that no big-league scout saw the cube root of future excellence in Stormy's past or present performances, that gentleman never allowed his gaze to wander from the star of hope. His year was divided into two seasons of activities: All summer he played ball, all winter he played the races. And Stormy was an optimist with an O as big as a circus twenty-eight sheet. In his confidential moments he would unbosom himself to his familiars.

"Some day," Stormy would drawl, "I gotta hunch that I'm a-goin' to beat a hundred-to-one shot and then I'm a-goin' to have a baseball nine of my own; none of your crossroads wonders, but a real, honest-to-goodness team."

"And after that what?" inquired Mr. Mike Egan, who always humored Stormy in passages of this kind.

"What am I goin' to do then?" Mr. Sellers would exclaim with careless conviction. "That's easy, Mike. If they let me get that far I'll have a wagonload of money."

And this after all only goes to demonstrate that when youth and supreme optimism are hooked double even a weighty contract of this kind takes on the avoirdupois of a sack of feathers.

So it was that, as related in the preceding chapter, Mr. Sellers had achieved his second great ambition, because he had gathered together a shake-bag aggregation of bush leaguers and then, acting on a tip from the ubiquitous Mike Egan, had set out for a tour of the antipodes. The idea of being a crusader appealed to Stormy, and no one had essayed such a venture before. Egan was fairly adept at juggling words. He drew an alluring picture, one that viewed from any angle presented a strong appeal.

Shanghai was the first stop and here the baseball impresario made his initial bid for public approval. The novelty of the American invasion caught on like fire in a straw stack and Mr. Sellers watched the crowd of expatriated Americans and Britishers surging through the gates with a smile of approval. Even the natives, attracted by curiosity, were filling the cheaper reservations.

"I guess I'm crazy like a fox," chuckled Mr. Sellers to himself "I won't have nothin' to do but count money from now on."

"Stormy," whispered Mike Egan, who divided the duties of treasurer with that of holding down the initial bag, "I just looked into the box office where they are passin' out the bleacher tickets and they's money all over. The ticket seller is standin' up to his suspender buckles in it. I just sent for a wagon to cart it away before he's drowned entirely. I'm just goin' to see them load up."

"Hold on a minute! Wait for me!" enjoined the owner of Sellers' Southern Stars. "I'll see that stunt pulled off if I have to delay the game."

With hasty steps Mr. Sellers followed the keeper of the treasure chest across the field. He watched with an air of intense interest while two husky coolies shoveled a great pile of copper coins into a primitive-looking wagon—watched until the task was accomplished, then with a smile of triumph he turned to his fidus Achates.

"Well," vouchsafed Mr. Sellers with extreme unction—"well, Mike, I got it at last."

"Got what, Stormy?"

"I got a wagonload of money."

"Yep," returned Mr. Egan, "you sure have, Stormy. But you'd oughter sit up all night to count it. A feller told me there would not be more than thirty-seven bucks, American."

"It don't matter what it would be in United States," retorted Mr. Sellers with asperity. "It's a wagonload of money, ain't it? I ast you, Mike, in any man's country ain't it a wagonload of money? You can't call a strike on that, can you?"

"Why, no," Mike exclaimed.

"Well," concluded the baseball magnate, "that's all that's necessary. I often told you, Mike, that I had a hunch that some day I'd beat a hundred-to-one shot, own my own baseball team and get hold of a wagonload of real coin. Well, I done it, didn't I? And if you take it from me, Mike, it's some battin' average."

Stormy Sellers' Southern Stars went up and down the coast towns doing manful work as missionaries for the great American game. Moreover, the trip was reasonably successful from the standpoint of gate receipts. But after a time it palled upon the leader; the novelty had worn off, and Stormy Sellers again commenced to consider the fleshpots of Egypt.

"I gotta hunch that we had better be beatin' it back to Happy Land," volunteered Mr. Sellers one day as he received the afternoon's financial statement from Treasurer Egan. "I think it's time to hit the rattler, Mike."

"But we are doin' all right, Stormy."

"Yep, I know," returned the club owner. "I know, but I just got a hunch we'd do better if we was back home."

"The world ain't run by hunches," objected Mr. Egan.

"Sure, sure!" agreed Stormy. "But if it hadn't of been for hunches we wouldn't be here at all. Now you want me to go and throw my dope book out the window."

"Well, it's up to you, Stormy. You're the boss, only ——"

"Now, listen, Mike! I'm not squawkin'. We're doin' all right—gettin' along and workin' on velvet—but the game ain't big enough. Besides which I got enough of it. What good is money if a feller can't put a bet down or set on the fence and watch 'em go by? What time does the next boat sail?"

"There is one leavin' on Saturday."

"Well," enjoined Mr. Sellers with an air of finality, "you just go down and get transportation for the bunch. I wouldn't stay here another week if they was to give me China and half of Japan."

IV

THE voyage home was uneventful as far as Mr. Sellers was concerned. His baseball venture was behind him and, content in the knowledge that he had made a fair profit from his enterprise, he dismissed the subject, because Stormy had no yesterdays in his calendar—they were all to-morrows.

Other passengers, of course, played the time-honored game of quoits with circles of tarred rope or gathered round the tables in the smoking room, wooing the goddess of chance. But none of these things appealed to Mr. Sellers. He spent most of his time in the seclusion of his stateroom poring over his book of past performances and dreaming dreams of horses picked by him winning at long odds.

Then came a day when the big ship neared the Golden Gate and the pilot climbed aboard, bringing with him the usual bundle of San Francisco papers. Stormy beat all records to the companionway to procure one. Other fellow passengers as fortunate as he was eagerly scanned the news columns, but not so Stormy. He made one quick dive for the pages where the records of recent sporting events were recorded, and buried himself up to his ears.

"What do you know, Mike?" he queried in aggrieved tones as Mr. Egan came up and peered over his shoulder. "Can you beat it? Old Fakir win ay-nother main yesterday an' here I am away out on the drink. Gosh all hemlock! I'd 'a' had to have a swell bet on that baby if it was only for the sake of old times."

"Well, there's plenty more races," suggested Mr. Egan. "The ponies will be runnin' for a month yet."

"They will if I don't put all them bookmakers out of business," returned Mr. Sellers magnanimously. "You watch me, Mike. I'll show 'em somethin' that looks like speed."

"You must have another one of them hunches, Stormy."

"That's what I have, Mike," confirmed the leader of Sellers' Southern Stars.

Why should it be necessary to state in this place that as soon as the regular formalities of landing had been completed Mr. Sellers made a bee line for the race track? Already the afternoon editions of the papers had announced his return. Stormy had been interviewed and the picturesque account of his adventures as given by him lost nothing in the translation. Besides, he who essays the rôle of an Argonaut in any line of endeavor is always good for a feature story in San Francisco.

Mr. Sellers found himself basking in the limelight of publicity. Other men might have felt flattered, but Stormy never gave his added importance a thought.

"You're gettin' to be famous, Stormy," laughed a friend after the usual greetings. "The first thing you know, you'll be handed the freedom of the city."

"I'd rather they'd hand me a complimentary badge for the rest of the meetin' and a couple of winners," responded the returned pilgrim disconsolately. "I put down four bets already and I ain't cashed once. I'll gamble, too, that I got more inside information than any guy round here. By the way, I ain't seen Jakey Repstein yet."

"Oh, Jakey has blew the track and is runnin' a pool room across the bay. They say he's just coinin' money."

"Makin' big book, eh?"

"That's what he is. But they say you put an awful crimp in him before you went away, Stormy."

"Oh, I win a dollar or two of Jakey's money," admitted Mr. Sellers modestly.

"Yep," returned his informant, "an' they say he ain't cooled out yet. He has declared himself to get even with you."

But no one was more interested in the home-coming of Stormy Sellers than Mr. Repstein himself. He read the newspaper accounts of his advent and appreciatively noted that part which referred to his monetary successes.

"I come pretty near kissin' my coin good-by," said the bookmaker to Joe Klump, his confidential man. "I figured that he'd have to swim if he ever wanted to get back, but here he comes home with bells on. Talk about luck! That feller could run a bar of soap into a chain of laundries. I suppose he's out at the race track every day playin' 'em."

"That's the talk," confirmed Mr. Klump. "They say he has a wad that a greyhound couldn't jump over. Mike Egan told me that they were makin' all kinds of money over in China, but Stormy had a yen on to get back and play the races. He said they come home twenty thousand to the good after payin' all expenses."

"Easy pickin' for somebody," commented Mr. Repstein, "but he belongs to me."

"He certainly ought to," assented Mr. Klump.

For a few moments Mr. Repstein was lost in deep study, then his face lit up—he had an idea.

"Say, Joe," he exclaimed, "I want you to go over to the races to-day and trail round with him some. I want to get him over here bettin' his money, but don't you hint nothin' that would make him suspicious. Let the play come up natural-like. Just feel him out and tell him kind of casual that I am layin' better prices than they are at the track, but don't make the mistake of asking him to come over. D'ye get what I mean?"

"I'm halfway round now, Jakey," responded Mr. Klump.

Next afternoon Mr. Repstein's emissary reported.

"It's all right," hummed Joe Klump. "It worked as if it was made to order. He'll be over to-morrow."

Jakey's face lit up.

"You certainly broke a record, Joe," he commented. "How did you do it?"

"Oh, that was easy," responded the ambassador. "Stormy has run into a season of tough luck and he's round tellin'

(Concluded on Page 75)

CADILLAC

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

One of the many reasons why women show such overwhelming preference for the Cadillac, is because they drive it without fatigue.

They weave in and out among the city's congested traffic with utmost ease.

They return from shopping, the theatre or the social function without exhaustion.

When they take their friends, or the children, for an hour's trip or a day's drive in the country, they enjoy a sense of immunity from things that vex and annoy.

The Cadillac lends velvet smoothness to the road.

The clutch, the brakes, the guiding, are handled with rare facility.

There is confidence in Cadillac performance that makes them feel secure.

They return, not weary—but refreshed and invigorated.

Then, too, there is grace and dignity of bearing; there is exquisite beauty of mould and finish.

And the consummate satisfaction that comes with Cadillac possession.

The Cadillac is Made in a Complete Line of Open and Enclosed Body Styles

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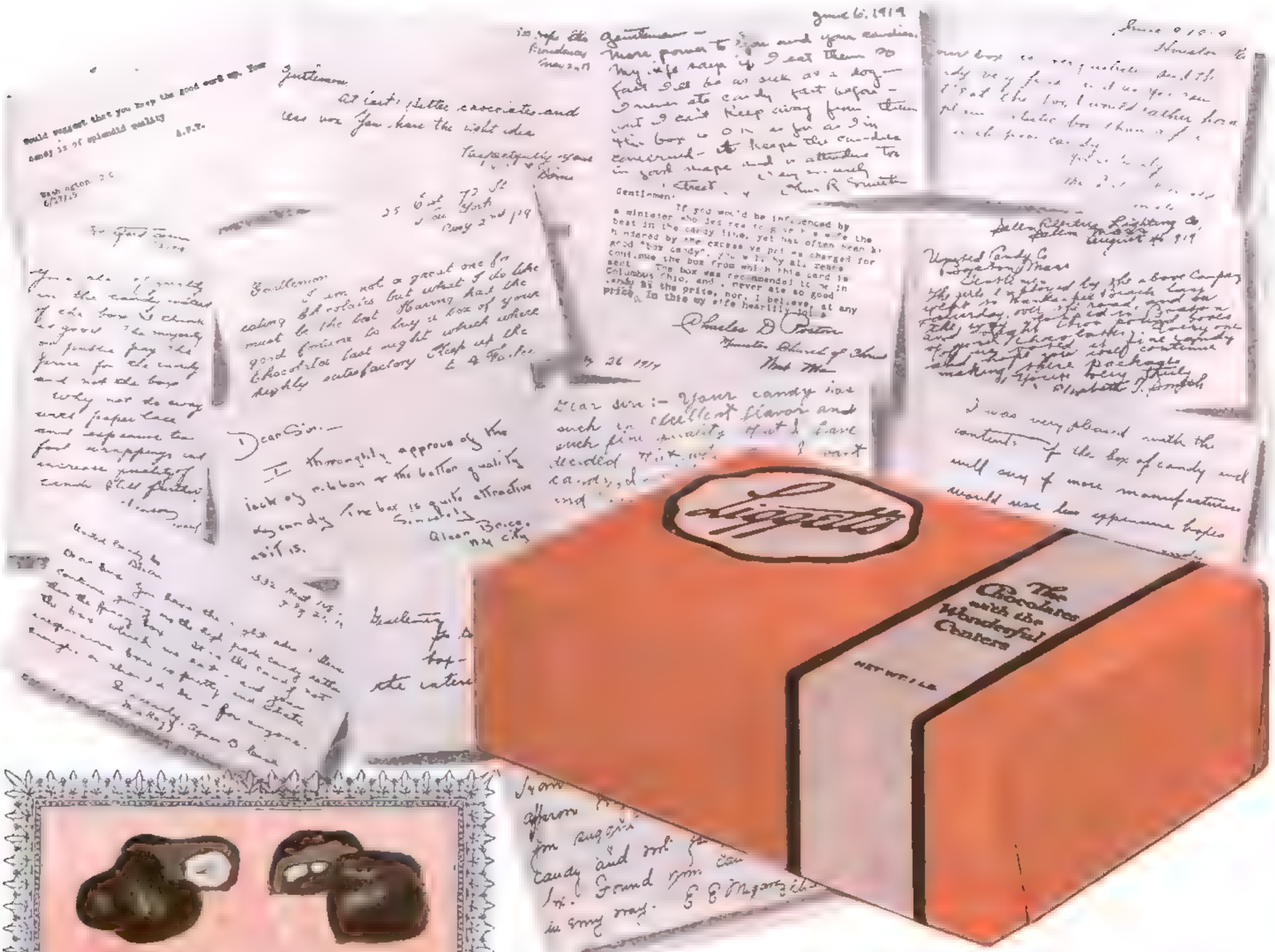

Candid Opinions of Candy Lovers

WHEN we decided to put less money into the package and more into the candy, we asked people what they thought of the idea. Read above a few of the many answers we received.

The reason they all like this Wonder Box of Liggett's Chocolates so much is this: It contains *only* the best-tasting varieties—the ones everybody is fondest of.

The centers made from pure sugar, rich cream, fresh butter, nuts, fruits, etc. Get a box today. $1.25 per pound. Price slightly higher in Canada. Sold exclusively by

The Rexall Stores

throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. 8000 progressive retail drug stores united into one world-wide, service-giving organization.

Liggett's

"The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers"

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

The Makings for Clothes

ONE of the important questions of the present day is the future trend of clothing prices. Like most of life's necessities, the prices of our clothes have risen to record heights. "When will the peak be reached?" is the query most often heard.

Without doubt the most dangerous and the least satisfactory occupation in the world is that of a prophet. However, I have been bold enough in recent months to voice the unpleasant prediction of higher costs, and now I want to spread the more pleasing gospel of a better day coming for the patient struggling consumer.

Back of high prices in nearly all industries have been definite economic causes that could not be cured by either protests or laws. Profiteering has been practiced in most lines of business, but as a general rule merchants and manufacturers have done no more squeezing than other individuals who have had a like opportunity. An investigation will show that practically everyone, from the domestic servant to the corporation president, has been engaged more or less in recent times in the exciting pastime of getting the ultimate dollar that could possibly be obtained.

Sheep on a Western Range

But this human selfishness has been only a minor factor in bringing about the unhappy price conditions under which we are now living. Take, for instance, the case of clothing. During the war the production of civil cloth got down to a point where only thirty-three per cent of the nation's textile machinery was working on civil fabrics. By March of 1919, though four months had passed since the signing of the armistice, the output of civil cloths had risen only to thirty-nine per cent of normal. It was not until the end of 1919 that the production of clothing fabrics had again returned to a prewar basis. During all this time the entire world was suffering from a shortage of materials for the manufacture of clothing, and still a whole year was consumed by the textile industry in getting back to a peace basis. It would be difficult to show that any particular person or group of people was to blame for the tardy progress made during the months of readjustment. Business men can never be expected to take more than a reasonable gamble on future developments.

If the present rate of production of civil cloths continues, and there is no reason why it should not, the outlook for sufficient clothing at a reasonable price next year is quite hopeful. It is also a fact that the raw-material situation, so far as wool is concerned, presents no alarming prospect. This does not mean that the general wage advance of more than 100 per cent all along the line will not have its effect in holding clothing prices at a level considerably higher than prevailed before the war. However, it is not unreasonable to expect material relief when the usual flow of fabrics from the country's mills commences again to reach the public. In examining a situation of this kind we must not overlook the fact that the condition of the textile industry at the mills does not exert its effect upon the consumer for six months or a year later.

If we glance briefly at the history of wool-cloth production it will be found that prior to the beginning of the factory era the average consumption of wool in the United States did not amount to more than three pounds per capita of population annually, while at the present time we are consuming more than six pounds of fine wool per person each year. According to F. Nathaniel Perkins, the world's production of wool last year amounted to 2,893,843,048 pounds, being the product of 579,922,933 sheep. The wool production of the United States in 1919 totaled 314,239,000 pounds. It is evident therefore that we are dependent on other countries for more than fifty per cent of the wool that is consumed in the United States.

According to the latest available reports the United States has 49,863,000 sheep; Europe, 182,207,771; Asia, 96,736,000; Africa, 59,947,000; Oceanica, 112,388,500; and South America, 71,542,752. Australia leads all countries, with 86,650,000 sheep. The United States ranks second, while Argentina is a close third. Australasia produces about 825,000,000 pounds of wool annually, while Argentina and Uruguay show an output of better than 483,000,000 pounds each year. Australia carries forty-eight sheep per 1000 acres and produces 344 pounds of wool from this number of sheep; South America carries twenty-nine sheep per 1000 acres and produces 108 pounds of wool; and North America is now carrying approximately eleven sheep per 1000 acres, producing fifty-nine pounds of wool.

Sheep raising is perhaps the oldest of all industries, for it was practiced even before agriculture. Wool is a product of cultivation or domestication, for there are no wild animals which closely resemble the wool-bearing sheep. With the discovery that cloth could be made from wool came an effort to improve the fleece by selection and breeding. The early Romans were most successful in this pursuit, and their endeavors along this line resulted in developing a fleece of great fineness. After the conquest of the Iberian Peninsula, Roman sheep were introduced into Spain, where they so greatly improved the native flocks that even during Roman supremacy Spanish wool led the world's markets, a prestige held for many centuries. Through crossing the fine-wooled merino with the long-wooled breeds of sheep the highest type of wool fiber has been developed, combining suppleness, fineness and other desirable qualities, with luster and length.

That wool has been greatly modified and improved by centuries of careful attention is strikingly shown by a comparison of the coarse heavy covering of the argali, or mouflon, the supposed progenitor of the sheep, with the fine wool of the merino or the long lustrous fleece of the Leicester. These animals in the natural state are covered with coarse hair, or fur, in which, close to the skin, is a softer hair, or wool. Under the influence of good care and feed and protection from the inclemencies of the weather, the long coarse hair largely disappears and only the softer, shorter hair, or wool, remains.

The development of the arts of spinning and weaving took place so early in the history of civilization that no records of their beginnings are preserved. At the time of Alexander's expedition to India the natives of that region wore shawls of great beauty. The Greeks learned many processes of woolen manufacture from the Egyptians, and the Romans after picking up the art from the Greeks passed it on to the Occidental world. For many centuries the manufacture of wool was carried on as a household industry, though in occasional instances a large number of looms were gathered under one roof and their products controlled by a single individual, as in the modern factory.

Among the ancients the method of manufacture was first to cleanse the wool, and then sort, card and spin the material by hand. The loom for the weaving was remarkably simple and crude, but skilled operators produced fabrics that have never been excelled in fineness of texture or delicacy of construction, even in modern times. Woolen garments were worn by the Romans at a very early period. It is probable that the first lessons the ancient Britons received in the art were derived immediately after the Roman conquest.

If we assume that in all the world there are approximately 580,000,000 sheep, and that each of these animals will give us 5.7 pounds of wool, the consequent yield of raw wool would be sufficient to make about 3,000,000,000 suits of clothes, figuring a little more than a pound of wool to each suit. It is not likely that a billion people wear woolen garments, so it is fair to assume that, counting outside and undergarments, the yearly supply is something like three suits to a person.

The story of the wool industry in Australia is a tale of fascinating romance. This country, as already stated, is the leading sheep and wool growing country in the world. The commencement of wool growing in Australia dates back more than 130 years, when thirty-two Spanish merino sheep were brought into the country from the Cape of Good Hope.

This experiment soon proved that the climatic and other conditions in Australia were favorable to sheep growing, for the animals that had been imported from Africa improved materially in their new environment. At about this time wool was the main source of England's national wealth, and woolen goods formed approximately two-thirds of her exports. Yet when the pioneer of

Australia's new wool industry visited England for the purpose of floating a company and securing capital the British financiers and the government would not listen to his scheme, as they said that sheep could not live on Australian grasses, and that it would not pay to plant English grasses for them.

Many parts of the United States provide an excellent climate and splendid pasturage for sheep raising, and yet the industry in this country has never shone with any particular brilliancy.

The case of Germany during the recent war should impress America with the great importance of having at hand an adequate supply of wool, and thereby being independent of foreign countries. If the lanes of the ocean had been closed to the United States during the war this country would soon have found itself in a sad plight for want of material to use in clothing manufacture.

Our Federal Government is endeavoring to encourage an increase in our domestic flocks of sheep, and has pointed out that the best prospects seem to lie in increasing the smaller flocks on farms rather than the large herds on the ranges.

One investigator says: "Little increase in production of sheep on Western ranges can be expected, as most of the grazing areas are now fully stocked. Any material increase must come through the development of farm flocks. The best opportunity for this is on the irrigated farms of the Northwest." If sheep raising can be done profitably on lands in the Northwest, valued at $250 an acre, it would seem that the same thing can be done on farms in many other parts of the country.

Losses of sheep through the depredations of dogs and wild animals in recent years have been far heavier than most people imagine. Legislation in many states restricting the keeping of dogs and vigorous efforts to destroy other sheep-killing animals have failed to remove the menace. Recent reports indicate that the losses of sheep last year from this cause were more numerous than ever before. One flock master states that 700 lambs out of a total of 3000 were killed by wild animals in 1919. The report of the Secretary of Agriculture for 1918 reads: "During the year there were captured and killed 849 wolves, 26,241 coyotes, 85 mountain lions, and 3462 bobcats and lynxes. It is estimated that the destruction of these pests during the year resulted in a saving of livestock valued at $2,376,650." In Kansas, during a recent year, 1264 sheep were killed by dogs and 604 by wolves, out of flocks totaling only 123,344.

It should not be overlooked by American farmers that sheep pay in mutton and fertilizer as well as in wool. Not only can these animals be bred to advantage on any land where other livestock will thrive, but there are thousands of acres in practically all of our states that are better adapted to sheep raising than to any other purpose. One authority claims that it would be easily possible for the United States to increase its clip of wool 100 per cent without in any way crowding other pastoral interests.

There is little prospect at the present moment that any other material is likely to supplant wool in the manufacture of clothing. Good fabrics are produced from cotton, but these goods will not hold the colors so well and are not so warm as wool.

Tunnel Ventilation

IN THIS automobile age it will not be long before our highways, bridges and ferries will be so crowded with motor vehicles that some of the travel will have to follow the lanes of the air and some will have to go through the tunnels and subways that will soon be built. Chicago is double-decking its principal boulevard and New York has completed the details of a scheme that will permit autos and trucks to travel to New Jersey on a road built under the Hudson River. Other vehicular tunnels are being considered in Philadelphia and Boston and in the states of California and Louisiana.

The tunnel that will connect New York with New Jersey is to be built of twin cast-iron tubes and will have an external diameter of twenty-nine feet to accommodate two lines of traffic in each direction on a twenty-foot roadway. This proposed tube will be the largest in the world, with the single exception of the tunnel under the Thames in England, which has a thirty-foot diameter but is shorter than the projected bore to New Jersey.

This latter tube is to cost $28,669,000 and will be completed in a little more than three years.

The engineers estimate that the tolls collected from the drivers of vehicles passing through the tube will have paid for the cost of construction in eleven years. It is further stated that if the same rate of tariff is continued for twenty years longer each state will be reimbursed for the bonds issued and will have a surplus of $33,635,000.

During its first year of operation the tunnel is expected to carry 5,610,000 vehicles, or about 15,000 a day. It is estimated that 2000 automobiles and trucks will pass through it an hour during the rush periods. The tunnel will be built under the protection of a circular shield which is pushed ahead of the portion of the tunnel already built and serves as a covering or shelter for the men carrying on the work of excavation. Inside of the cast-iron rings will be a concrete inner lining.

One of the big problems that is brought forward by these new and extensive construction plans is how to eliminate the danger of poisoning from the automobile gases that will be exhausted into these confined areas. Great harm will surely result to the public from breathing poisoned atmosphere in vehicular tubes unless some remedy is provided.

The ventilation of underground subways in our large cities is a simple matter compared with the problem that will be encountered in ridding our proposed tunnels of great quantities of deleterious gases.

The danger to health from the exhaust gases of autos is much more serious than is generally realized. The United States Bureau of Mines has made a preliminary investigation of the problem and has procured results that will be beneficial to engineers engaged in constructing subways and tunnels for motor vehicles. It is not uncommon to-day to read about some man who has been found dead in his garage. In practically all such cases the cause of death has been due to the carbon monoxide that has resulted from having the auto engine running with the doors and windows of the garage closed. It should be understood by everyone that carbon monoxide is the deadly gas that is found in coal mines after an explosion or a fire has occurred. The miners call it black damp.

This gas has no color, taste or smell. It is usually present in the smoke that pours out of the exhaust of a motor car, but it is not the monoxide that you see. The only way that an automobile engine can be run without producing carbon monoxide is to use a mixture so lean that the average motor would not start on it if the engine was cold. It is a further fact that very few carburetors are adjusted to use such a lean mixture. Experiments of the Bureau of Mines on a number of automobile engines showed that with good mixtures the amount of carbon monoxide varies from ten to thirty-six cubic feet of the gas each minute, while with rich mixtures the production of this monoxide varies from 135 to more than 600 cubic feet a minute.

The presence of one part of carbon monoxide in 500 parts of air will cause a person to collapse within an hour, while larger amounts will bring prostration in a much shorter time. In order to see how soon the air in a garage might be affected by the running of an engine, a thirty-horse-power engine was started and samples of air were collected while the motor was running. It was found that in less than fifteen minutes a dangerous amount of gas had accumulated round the car. It follows that such an engine should never be run in an unventilated garage, for a dangerous atmosphere will likely be created before much time has been allowed for repair work. Since it is not pleasant to toil on a car on a winter's day in an unheated garage with the doors open, the suggestion is made that one end of a short length of hose be slipped over the exhaust pipe while the other end of the hose reaches out of doors. This will safeguard the worker unless it is necessary for him to open the cut-out.

The first effect of carbon monoxide is to cause a feeling of dullness with a slightly depressing headache. The victim of these symptoms should immediately hasten to fresh air. However, if he feels quite faint a doctor should be called in at once, for after one has collapsed it is difficult to restore consciousness.

As it is a fact that many people are unable to withstand even a small percentage of carbon monoxide, it is absolutely essential that exact information shall be obtained and used by those who are planning the construction of tunnels for gasoline vehicles. It is also well to remember that there are other injurious gases than carbon monoxide in gasoline vapors. One authority says that the bulk of gasoline vapor at ordinary temperatures consists of pentane, which vapor when mixed with oxygen produces a stupor. One odd phase of this subject is that persons have been known to work in an atmosphere heavy with gasoline vapor and have experienced no ill effect until after they returned to an atmosphere wholly free of the vapor.

Federal investigators point out that experiments must be undertaken to determine definitely what is the maximum allowable per cent of carbon monoxide that will do no harm. Physiological authorities differ in their opinions, some saying that .1 per cent of monoxide is harmless, while others maintain that the maximum allowable should not be more than .01 per cent of the gas. Doctor Haldane, the noted English authority, fixed upon .01 per cent of carbon monoxide as the outside limit for safety in vehicular tunnels.

In this connection it should be borne in mind that a husky coal miner can withstand a far larger percentage of poisonous gas than people in delicate health and women and children. Many of the results that have been obtained in mine investigations, therefore, are really worthless in a consideration of the present problem. We must assume a far less robust average than a miner of coal when we attempt to provide safe limits for the general public. Death from poisoning by auto gases in private and public garages has claimed its quota of victims during recent times. Let us not permit any wholesale decimation of our population from the same cause in the big tunnels we

(Continued on Page 40)

Warping Machines in a New England Woolen Mill

Background

WHEN an artist sings or plays for you the accompaniment is part and parcel of the music. Without it half the beauty is lost. It is like a beautiful woman posing against a background of sunlit apple blossom. The background is half the picture.

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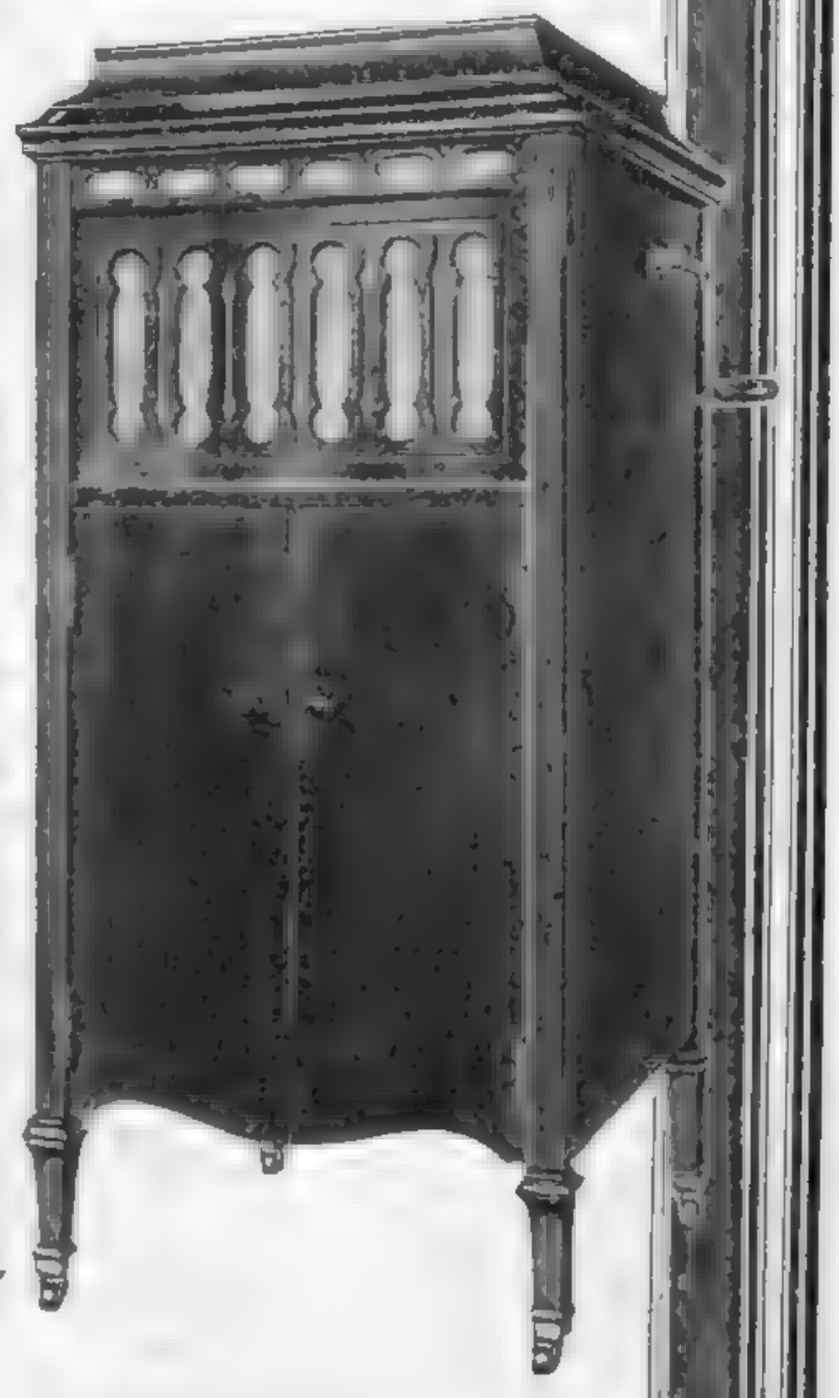

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are building. If no one knows all that should be known with reference to this problem, perhaps it would be well for someone to get busy, either under government supervision or in private capacity, and supply the nation with true facts on which we can go ahead safely in the great construction work that is now projected.

Cheaper Machine Production

A LOT of folks with millions invested in all kinds of producing plants literally have been mentally floored of late by the tidal wave of demands for thirty or forty hour weeks, fifty per cent wage increases, less bodily effort and ideal living conditions.

"These extravagant requests are absurd," says one.

"What are we coming to?" asks another.

Out of the babble of voices we are commencing to hear the faint murmur of a few wise individuals who possess not only clear brains but definite, practical convictions. They are familiar with every detail of the history of industrial progress. They have not forgotten the cry of labor twenty years ago, when workmen insisted that more machines would deprive them of their bread and butter. They have noted what did happen following this outcry and know that the substitution of mechanical means for doing things has not only reduced the physical effort of labor but has actually created vastly more jobs and higher wages.

These men have seen the evolution of plants where most of the work was formerly done by hand. They have watched the introduction of machines into the business and have seen outputs tripled. They have seen a company that sold a thousand articles at a thousand dollars apiece rapidly develop the production to ten thousand better articles which were disposed of at five hundred dollars each. They have observed that where such plants formerly employed three hundred men they now employ six hundred to operate the machines that now produce ten times the original quantity of goods. In other words, experience has shown that mechanical substitutes reduce costs so materially that markets are often enlarged many fold. This means more jobs instead of fewer places for the men who labor either with their hands or their heads.

Always it has happened that when humanity has lost its grip and appeared to be floundering in despair invention has bobbed up and pointed the way to shore. We may kneel and implore the politicians to give us salvation in the form of laws; we may hire able economists to refine and perfect our national monetary system; and we may burn the midnight oil in our efforts to smooth and improve industrial relations, but the problem of high wages, increased production, reduced hours and labor shortage will still remain for the inventor and the engineer to solve with machines which in coming years will do everything but think.

At the present moment most of our trouble is with the more common types of labor and it is this class of workers that has been generally ignored by engineers in their application of machinery to industry. Such jobs as digging trenches, loading materials and pushing indoor trucks by hand are now being eliminated by the use of labor-saving devices. When we consider for a minute that in the United States there are more than one hundred thousand stations, or transfer points, where bulky goods are handled by hand the opportunity that exists for a single type of machinery is quite clear. One authority states that in more than ninety per cent of our factories and mills the management could easily save the time of from one to ten men by an installation of modern labor-saving inventions and equipment. This same expert adds that the cost of the installation would be saved in one or two years.

Few men are better informed in machinery matters than John H. Van Deventer, editor of the American Machinist. I asked him to give me a brief survey of the situation in respect to mechanical substitutes and especially with regard to that primary essential, the machine tool, which is so vital in the production of other machines that are required in our everyday industrial practice. Here is what he says:

"Every productive machine, whether it be one that makes our clothes, cuts pigs into sausages or threshes the grain from wheat, is in part or whole a product of the machine tool. So when one considers the probability of more efficient mechanical handling of the world's work to make up for the losses of war it is of interest to see whether or not these fundamental machine tools which create other machines are setting a good example.

"Those who are in a position to take a bird's-eye view of the machine-tool-building industry see some very wonderful and encouraging things going on. There was never a time in the history of the art of tool making when as far-reaching improvements or as many improvements have been made as are being made to-day.

"Here is an illustration of an improvement in machine tools and its effect upon industry in general. Everyone knows that the Diesel engine is a remarkably efficient power plant. German submarines were driven across the ocean by means of these engines. They are expensive to build, however, and this has somewhat limited their use in America. The crank shaft of a typical Diesel engine weighs some 15,000 pounds and has required thirty days of cutting by various machine-shop tools to finish it. Within the past few months a new type of crank-shaft lathe has been produced—a giant, thirty feet long—which finishes these cranks in two days. Think what it will mean in the extension of the use of Diesel engines when similar economies in time of making are applied to the other parts!

"How are these results obtained? By providing enormous power at the cutting tool, and building operating brains into the machine. The modern machine-tool designer does not stop where his predecessors left off and provide a tool that other brains must operate. He builds operating brains into his machine, makes them automatic or semiautomatic. In other words, the machines do the measuring to the thousandth of an inch, handle and transfer the work into different positions for different cuts and perform complete cycles of their own accord instead of waiting for an operator to will them to do this or that.

"The milling machine is typical of this modern development of the machine tool. Wonderful devices of this kind are busily at work machining tractor-motor cylinders. All that the attendants have to do is to put the cylinders in unfinished and take them out in their final completed form. The machine does the rest and works to the thousandth part of an inch at the rate of 200 of these heavy motor castings every eight hours.

"Machines of this sort applied to take the place of lathes and also of drilling machines are coming into use in our most progressive shops. Of course there must be an immense production to make their use possible. But great daily output handled on machines of this sort is what is going to increase the purchasing power of our dollars. It is going to change our conception of the term 'labor saving' into its true meaning 'labor investing,' for the machine tools of the near future with their wonderful efficiency will open up a myriad of new possibilities in many other industries.

"Where you find wheels you find civilization and progress. Where you don't find them you find the cannibals eating the missionaries. Necessity may be the mother of invention, but a high wage rate is the daddy of the labor-saving device. Why can prices of commodities come down while the wages of those that make them go up? Simply because machinery puts its weight on the low-price side of the seesaw and overbalances the weight of the wage load. Labor-saving machinery is the only thing in the world that can bring down prices without knocking the bottom out of wages."

The Money of Foreign Nations

DURING recent months the papers of the country have been filled with discussions concerning the problems of foreign exchange. It is interesting, therefore, to examine some of the facts connected with this question. Financiers tell us that the situation with respect to foreign money and the ability of the nations of Europe to pay for their purchases is grave. We are also informed that the lowering of exchange portends decreased exports from the United States and a consequent likelihood that there will follow a material reduction in the prices of commodities here in our own country.

Foreign exchange at the present time throughout practically the whole world is highly in favor of the United States. This means that most of the other nations must pay a premium in exchanging their money into American dollars. For example, in normal times the German mark was worth 23.8 cents; at the time this is written it is valued at 1.36 cents. The Italian lira is normally valued at 19.3 cents; its value now is about 6.5 cents. The French franc also had a value of 19.3 cents; now its value is 7.6 cents. The English pound in prewar times, expressed in American money, was valued at $4.866; recently the pound declined to a point where it only had a value of $3.23. These quotations refer to foreign exchange or currency; but not, of course, to the gold money of the various nations.

This means that if a business man in England was now to purchase 10,000 pairs of shoes in this country, paying ten dollars a pair for them, he would be obliged to pay the American producer about £30,960. In 1913 the Englishman could have settled this same transaction with £20,554.

For every dollar's worth of goods a Frenchman now purchases in this country he must pay something like fourteen francs. In normal times he only had to pay 5.18 francs for goods of the same value.

In the days before the war the pound sterling of England would seldom move more than one-eighth of a cent per pound per week. In recent times this movement has amounted to as much as ten cents a day.

Compared with the depreciated exchange of the big nations that were engaged in the European war, let us take a look at the exchange rates of some of the other nations that were not so hard hit. The unit of money value of Switzerland normally is 19.30 cents in American money; the value as this is written is about 17.86 cents. The unit value of Holland was 40.20 and is now 38.75; Denmark was 26.80 and is now 16.50; Spain was 19.30 and is now 18.50; Argentina was 96.48 and is now 98.00; Japan's unit of value was 49.85 cents and is now 48.75 cents. It is evident from the above figures that the money of Spain and Japan can be converted into American money at a value near to par, while the money of Argentina brings a small premium.

Though the depreciation in the exchange rates of the leading nations of Europe is largely due to the huge debts these countries owe America, it is also the belief of many authorities that the money of these same peoples has declined in value for the reason that it is not now worth its par value in gold. If the English people, for instance, still believed that the pound sterling is worth $4.86 they would not continue to make such large purchases in America, paying so high a premium for the goods they buy. Another proof that the Britishers realize that the depreciation in their money is something quite real is evidenced by the recent sales of new gold that arrived in English ports. This gold has been selling at a premium—in English money—that has been practically equal to the premium there on our American dollar. The truth of this deduction that the pound sterling has actually depreciated is largely supported by the further fact that the general level of English prices has shown a far more rapid and extensive rise in recent times than has the level of American prices. This divergence is probably due more to the depreciation in the gold value of English money than to any workings of the law of supply and demand.

If this belief is based on a true assumption it follows that normal trade may be resumed between America and Europe just as soon as the nations of Europe consent to recognize that there is a new standard relation between the dollar and the money units of these European countries. If the pound sterling were recognized as worth only $3.75 in gold we could do business with England on as normal a basis as we did when the pound had a value of $4.86. The Britisher who refuses to recognize a new situation cannot be blamed for exhibiting an unwillingness to pay a premium of thirty-five or forty per cent on American goods. However, if he should change his point of view and recognize that his English money is worth less than seventy-five per cent of its face value he will not be so likely to conclude that his trading operations with America are unprofitable and unfair.

There have been loud calls for the stabilization of foreign-exchange rates. The Government of Italy attempted such a plan and failed to make it operate successfully. If the foreign-exchange rates of a nation's money depreciate with good cause the logical result must be an adjustment in the home prices of the nation whose money has so suffered. This fact was proved by the experience of the United States following the Civil War. In this crisis America went ahead with its dealings with Europe, though our paper money did not return to a gold par for more than a decade after our domestic trouble had been concluded. In similar fashion the foreign-exchange rates with the nations of Europe cannot be pegged with any greater safety than can the prices of iron or coal or corn. It would seem, therefore, that European nations should accept exchange rates with America at some material discount, at the same time recognizing that the return of paper money in Europe to a gold par must be a journey of years.

All the nations of the earth are suffering from the same trouble—a world shortage and high prices. The remedy consists of two things—personal economy and increased individual production. Nowhere, except in the Orient, was production maintained in 1919. The finances of soviet Russia as figured by a Swiss investigator indicate that for the first half of 1918 the income was 2,900,000,000 rubles, while the expenses were 17,600,000,000. During the first half of 1919 the income was 20,400,000,000 rubles and the expenses, 50,700,000,000. Other European nations have been using the printing press in a similar fashion, though not with such reckless abandon.

Here in the United States we have been shocked to learn how great was our falling off in physical production in most of our industries last year. This has caused us to question whether our seeming prosperity has been based on a sound foundation.

Our imports in 1919 amounted to $3,905,000,000, while our exports totaled $7,922,000,000. Of these exports more than $5,000,000,000 went to Europe, as against $800,000,000 worth of goods received from there. On the other hand, South America shipped us $631,591,000 worth of goods, as against $411,151,000 that we exported to Latin America. As a result of these dealings we have large credits in Europe, which cannot be offset against our debts in Asia and South America, for Europe is likewise a debtor to Asia and to Latin America.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that a great many people view the recent depreciation in the foreign exchange

(Concluded on Page 127)

A moment's reflection tells you that there could be no such pronounced difference in the way the Liberty rides and drives, unless the men who conceived the car had provided a groundwork of sound, sure quality in every engineering and manufacturing essential.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

COLUMBIA, THERE'S A JAM ON THE OCEAN!

(Continued from Page 4)

remarkable! One would have supposed that the entire population of Manhattan was there. And it was—at least as many of it as the corridor could contain and far more than the fire laws would permit at once in any but a government building. But they were not there to obtain passports to Cuba. I stumbled upon the fact when I was in my turn shoved before a little window where one of our public servants was handing out printed forms to be filled.

"I want to go to Cuba," I stated briskly, expecting him to write it in for me.

"All right, want ahead!" retorted the budding machine politician. "This is where you pay your income tax."

It was only then that I began to realize the limitation incident to being a womanly woman and to having lived a sheltered life. However, once my helpless situation had registered thoroughly, I exercised my woman's privilege of shoving ahead of the line, and finally, my veil and equanimity equally in tatters, I reached the passport corridor above.

"Now," thought I, "here's where I rush it through quickly and am done." The crowd up there was a trifle less dense, rather to my disappointment. But there were enough of us. We had elbow room, and that was about all. Of course some were probably taking first steps toward Europe and all stops west, but I refused to admit that possibility; it was out of character.

There was a window in this corridor also. A lady city employee was holding it down, and she gave me a glance like a gimlet and a bunch of printed matter all in one gesture.

Across Havana Rooftops

Simple Requirements

"Married?" she asked incredulously. "Then bring your husband's birth certificate, letter of recommendation, high-school report, toothbrush, driver's license, two paid bills, church-membership certificate, get two people to swear you have not been intoxicated within one year, have no German relations or tuberculosis. Pay your income tax and bring three photographs with these blanks properly filled in and two dollars."

"And will I then get my passport, please, ma'am?" I asked respectfully.

"Maybe," said she with a gleam of humanity which went far to prove that she was only a woman after all. I forgave her much, and utterly exhausted I staggered to the waiting Subway.

Of the agonized weeks of anticipation which followed, of the packing and unpacking, of the palpitations about transportation and the prospect of reaching Habana before season after next—I will say nothing beyond the fact that by the time I received my passport I strongly resembled the photograph of myself which was pasted upon it. If you have ever seen a passport photo you will realize the strain I underwent. And when at length I held the precious document in my trembling hands I had only to get my income-tax receipt, a dog license, a bunch of traveler's checks, a Spanish-American dictionary, a pair of ear muffs and a sailing permit.

As an astute observing reader you will have noted that item of ear muffs, and made a mental reservation concerning it. Ear muffs in the tropics, you will question? Or perhaps turn back to see if perchance there has been a typographical error regarding my destination. But nothing of the kind. I said ear muffs, and I meant them. I took them upon the advice of a friend who has traveled a great deal in Latin countries, and though I am fully aware of the fact that the advice of a friend who has traveled is usually about as good a buy as the average mining stock, still in this case I fell for it and lived to pass it on.

When—not if; when—you go to Cuba take a pair of ear muffs; on my honor you will need them.

And take a lot of indoor-sports clothes. Habana is the place where sports skirts of satin must have originated—any other kind of sports clothing will merely acquire creases in the creaseless wardrobe trunk. Don't bother with them; that English stuff simply doesn't go. If female, make it Georgette roulette costumes and dry-cleanable bathing suits for the tea danzons. Make 'em snappy, and the higher the fewer. If male, make it pin checks, and soup and fish; flannels will mark you for a first-time tourist, and silk for a backwoods sugar man. But in either sex take ear muffs if you care at all about sleeping.

But this is two jumps ahead of the train. Yes, train. Having acquired my sailing permit and being the most womanly sort of a woman, I not unnaturally changed my mind and decided to sail by train.

In the first place the boats, being a little cheaper, were booked solid seven weeks ahead. And anyhow there is something about a boat which is so, so—well, sort of upsetting. And the railroads were more approachable. I applied for reservations on the day after the Government gave them up in despair, and the private owners were so confused and worried that they slipped me a section, or at least a piece of one, in the excitement of the moment. And so I was, as the hen would say, all set.

Of course, if I were a special article writer somebody might pick on me for setting down all this stuff; on paper it has nothing to do with Cuba. But listen, children, it has everything to do with it—if for no other reason than that it proves the tenacity and strength of some people's—not mine—thirst. Any thirsty hound who feels he can't stand the drought another moment and will just dash down to Cuba and hoist a few has got another dash coming. If he sticks it out and sees it through he must indeed be a sincere drinker. Only the very thirstiest can stand the gaff; and in this way is America meeting the only real problem incident to prohibition—what to do with the rumless rumhound? He is taking care of the problem himself. But it's pretty rough on Cuba.

A Wet Passage

Well, we have got as far as the Pennsy Depot, and are all ready to leave by train. Yet the sailing permit was probably necessary, for sail was right. By the time we left Washington not a few of the aforementioned sportsmen were at least half-seas over, and it looked to that trained observer, myself, as if more liquor was being imported to the fair southern isle for which we were steering than was likely to be bootlegged out of it in three generations. There could not have

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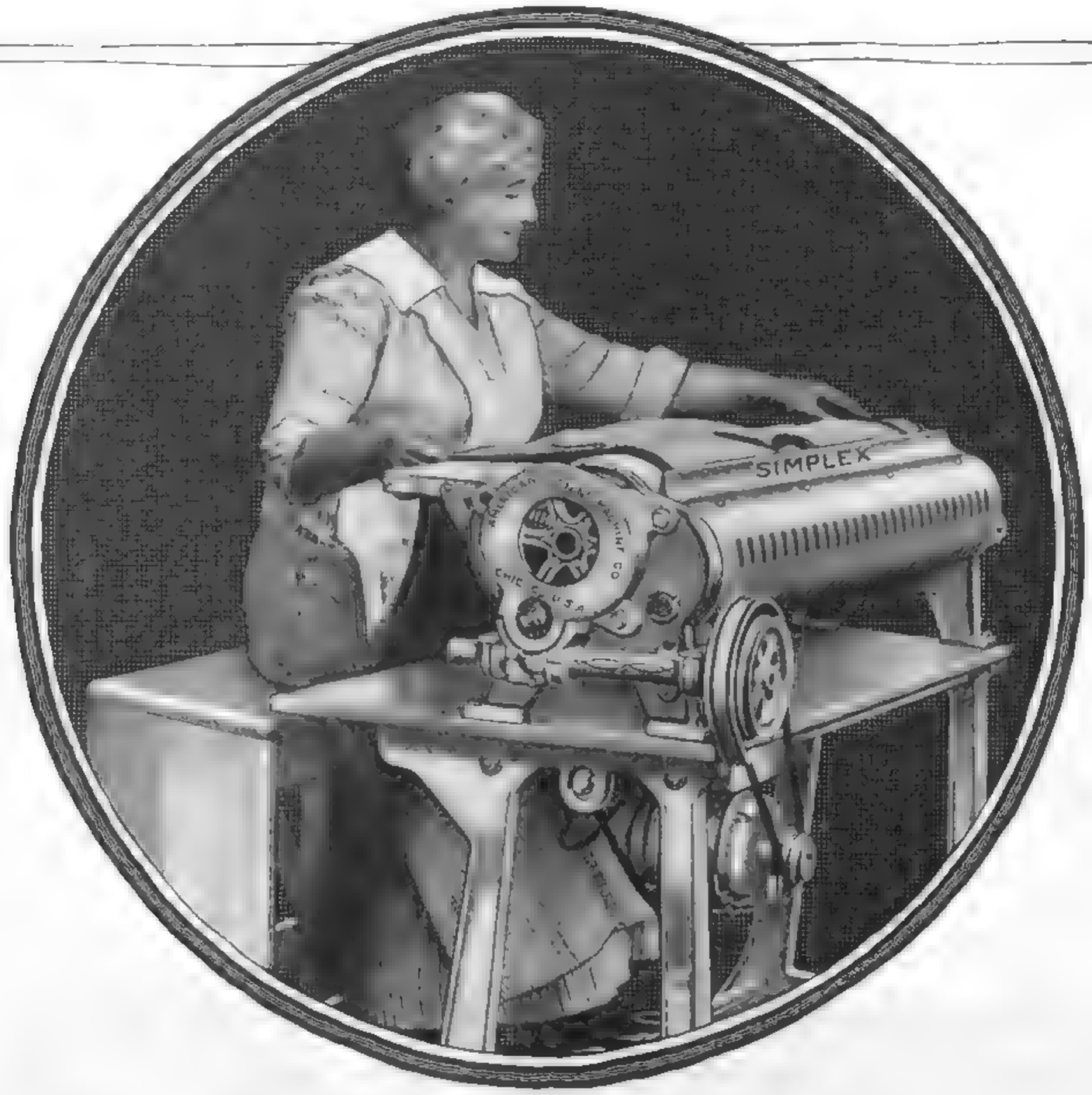
The Hippodrome, Oriental Park Race Track



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"THE BEST IRONER"

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(Continued from Page 42)

been many Federal officers aboard, or else said officers had the leave-'em-go-and-good-riddance attitude of mind. At any rate, one young man, with a checkered career and vest and no back to his head, kept reciting from Kipling and assuring us that he was headed for a place

Where there ar'n't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst.

At the time I believed him. I accepted his statement, however, with a conviction that said young man was hardly likely to keep any great number of commandments anywhere.

Great Character Stuff

But it was a satisfaction to find the trip as rough as it was. "Here goes for some of that life in the roar," I thought to myself. "I am going to see some great character stuff—wickedness in full blast, license and—and everything. Oh, boy, this is going to drag me down a few notes for a book which will make the great French and Russian writers look like the author of the Rollo Books!"

And I settled down to a piece of roast beef, two bran biscuits and a big slice of observation that included all my traveling companions

The handful of drunks were self-evident. But they were not the only vicious characters aboard; there was a seamed and lined old man with an evil eye sitting in one corner clawing at a book. Beside him but on a separate check sat a dreadful old woman—all painted up and everything, with sinful jewels in her ears and a fourteen-year misses-department demi-tailleur. I at once marked her down to talk to. I felt that the vice of the ages must be vested in her; and that she would be an excellent mother for the heroine of my grim tale. I shuddered at the task of making her acquaintance, but did not shirk it; an author simply cannot shirk and get away with it.

And I ought to have shuddered—I had cause to, as I at once discovered upon asking her to pass the butter. Her personal maid, who had the berth under mine, later disclosed the fact that the lady was Mrs. De Puyster Van Knickerbocker on her way to visit her grandchildren at Palm Beach, and quite, quite unaccustomed to passing the butter outside of her own set.

Well, anyway, the drunks were real. You couldn't fool me on them; not after Great-uncle Joshua and the cider which he made until he died of it, and then left all his money to the town library after all our care of him. Oh, the drunks were real, all four of them.

Too Lovely to be True

After Cuba goes dry, or is drained to the moistness of light wines and et cetera, the roads and boats will still do quite a heavy business carrying solid business men—more business men and solider, as a matter of fact—because the berths now occupied by undesirables will be free for them. Only, of course, a good many promoters who are at present operating in Cuba under the hallucination that a wide-open town brings permanent wealth do not realize this yet.

Until this bubble is pricked, however, it may be a rough trip going down—no denying it. Coming home there is usually a gentleman by the name of R. E. Morse aboard, and the quietude of the never-again spirit. You know how it would naturally be.

Of course I was delighted to find that some of the wastrels were genuine—the withered old man I discovered to be a noted prohibitionist, by the by—and I relished the thought that this was only the beginning. If the train was so rough what would Habana be like? I was anxious to know. So anxious that I even faced the inevitable boat trip from Key West with eagerness. It couldn't rock any worse than the train had; but the crossing was reported to have the English Channel and the Bay of Biscay shoved into the mill-pond class.

As Mild as the Hudson

Now as I have mentioned, seagoing conveyances do not show me at my best. In fact privacy is something absolutely essential to me under the circumstances which generally arise. And so I locked myself into my cabin and prepared for any emergency; and stayed that way. Indeed prepared was all that I ever was. Of all the overrated dangers in the world from the shoot-the-chutes at Coney to surf bathing in the Canaries, that ninety-mile boat trip is the overratedest. I sat expectant and remained so for five hours. It was as mild as the Hudson in a summer calm. It never bothered me a bit. And nobody can say any different, for the stateroom door was locked. No kidding, though, it isn't bad at all.

Some bird, probably a publicity man—and Habana is as full of them as a new Western city—some bird said that Habana has the most beautiful harbor in the world. And I'll say he said a mouthful. Not that I have done so extra much harboring myself, but if you are a bad sailor one of those who get sick in a Morris chair—it will certainly look good to you. But even if you come through undisturbed and regard it with the stony eye of the copy hunter it will look like something that you haven't seen since you lay awake in your crib after the light was put out and drifted through the castled lands of romance in company with Jack the Giant Killer and Goldilocks. It is too lovely to be true. Indeed so is the city of Habana; and so, far more, are the isolated and ancient cities in the back country. The architecture hasn't been improved upon for a little matter of three hundred years; indeed whole streets of lesser houses date back that far. And one feels at once that this is because you couldn't improve upon 'em. The climate won't let you, for one thing. You must live just such a way or get out. Enormously high ceilings, tiled floors and patios are *de rigueur*. And they just naturally make the exterior look as it ought to.

Stucco. Pink, blue—oh, such a lot of heavenly blue! Or soft white. Red-tiled roofs, exquisite façades—mile after mile of them, tightly closed against the heat of the day by exquisitely carved doors and lacelike iron grilles, which at the first breath of the dependable cool winds of the afternoon are flung wide, leaving the whole of the austere interiors free to the gaze of the passer-by. It's all beautiful—beautiful. If you really love beauty you get sentimental over it and want somehow to cry because it is so uniformly lovely.

And right here and now I want to say a good word for a species of humanity which is much in disfavor of late, in America at least. In point of fact I never expected to be able to say a decent thing about the creatures. I thought that they deserved only evil reports, the eviler the more deserved. But for once, as in the case of Mrs. Van Knickerbocker, I was wrong. A good word is due to whatever building interests are developing Habana and her suburbs.

Not a Jarring Note

Listen to this: They are building on the old lines only! No jarring note occurs. Indeed you can't tell what is old and what is new, so cleverly has the spirit of old Spain been retained. Even on the outskirts of the city, where a huge suburban development is taking place, the rule of beauty is maintained, and the most modern villas look as if they had been standing there for a century. The usual up-to-date stuff with its offensive nondescript design is conspicuous by its absence. Long may it stay so!

The same bright young feller who pulled the line about Habana—notice the Spanish spelling—about Habana Harbor, said a few words about how clean are the streets of that fair city. And really it is surprising how clean they are when you consider how untidy they are. When all your shops are part of the street, not to mention your cafés being ditto ditto, it's a wonder that they ever get it cleaned up at all, particularly when one considers the traffic. It is the outstanding feature of the city. You can't help but notice it. If you don't notice it quickly enough your insurance company will have to make good.

I suppose it's against the rules to state how many flivvers exist in the city alone. Anyhow you wouldn't believe me if I told you. You would merely set it down to travelers' statistics, so what's the use? But there are about two per capita. And like everything else on the island, they are super super, being one and all jazzed up with a special kind of upholstery which is made and tolerated in no other city in the world. Do you remember the sort of multicolored embossed near-leather which that desk set poor dear Cousin Emma gave you for Christmas was made of? Well, it was made of a remnant left over from the upholstery of a Habana flivver. They are so loudly upholstered that you can hear them standing still.

Barnum Got There First

And that is not the most remarkable thing about them. You can ride lickety-split to any point in the city in one of these diminutive circus wagons for twenty cents. No, I'm not lying, either; and at that, gas is eighty cents a gallon. Of course this twenty cents' worth doesn't take up any of the driver's time at all, because there are no speed laws in Habana. True, there was a speed law once, which declared that a car might go as fast as a mule could run. The mule was subsequently killed at Matanzas, and since then nobody had been able to prove anything regarding the enforcement act. So they introduced traffic cops to handle the situation, and believe me, they are able for it.

The Cuban traffic cops are in a class by themselves. They have the manners of grandees and the uniforms of a comic opera. They carry a complete manicure set upon their persons, consisting of saber, revolver, gas mask and a few hand grenades; and the equipment is probably necessary in a country where the Boston Tea Party spirit is still more than a political catch phrase and the farmers buy their penknives by the yard. Whether the combination of the latest effect in arsenals as worn this season and the extreme courtesy that goes with it is what makes 'em handle the traffic so well or not I can't say.

But they are some traffic handlers, and despite the death of the mule and the consequent abolition of any speed limit the city has practically no accidents except to the nerves of the drinking tourist.

Kewpies in their lowest forms and ten-pound boxes of American candy are the two other most noticeable objects in a city long since picked clean of antiques by P. T. Barnum and Jenny Lind, who went there during her American tour. Old man P. T. went to Cuba on every possible occasion, and didn't leave a curio behind, as was his thorough-going way. The only thing he left behind, as a matter of fact, was a fixed idea of Americans in the mind of the Cuban population—an impression which the modern Barnums who are bent upon making a sort of disreputable circus of the island have done all too little to mitigate. But of that, as the feller says, more anon. Meaning anonymously, perhaps.

I say that the above-mentioned American staples are the most noticeable things in Habana, and I was going to add "except" when Barnum popped up. I now remark it firmly. Except. Except saloons.

Shakspere or somebody once said that you never miss a thing until you want it. I'd like to go him one better and say you never really see a thing until you see it in another person's house. I remember how it was with an old sofa we once had. Mother didn't want it any more, because we had got some nice new clean furniture and we

The Grand Stand, Oriental Park

(Continued on Page 46)

You'll Be Proud to Own An All-Shingled Home

There's a justifiable feeling of pride in the knowledge that your home is architecturally correct and built with correct materials.

The home pictured above is Dutch Colonial—a style that lends itself well to the use of Rite-Grade Red Cedar Shingles for both roof and side walls.

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Lazy Shavers

It's a wonder to me that someone doesn't invent a system of shaving in bed. It would be popular with a lot of men.

The greatest obstacle I meet with in my crusade to make men enjoy shaving is the reluctance of most men on waking to doing anything calling for physical effort.

I have known men actually to cringe with horror at the thought of brushing Mennen lather for three minutes. You would think, to hear them protest, that any such frightful exertion would send them tottering into the bath tub, limp with exhaustion. Yet the same men will chase golf balls all day and end up with a few hours of bowling or tennis.

Now there are just three cardinal points to sound shaving technique—a properly stropped blade—a non-caustic soap that doesn't irritate the skin—and correctly constructed lather.

Mennen's contains no caustic and your face will smilingly so inform you after one or one thousand trials.

But to get the gorgeous results your friends talk about (did you ever know a Mennen user who wasn't enthusiastic?) you must build the lather properly—*with the brush.* Don't rub it in. You might as well try to whip cream with a potato masher as to build lather with your fist.

Use a lot of water—and brush for three full minutes—that's all there is to creating a lather so wonderful in its work—so magical in its beard-softening power—that one trial will convince you just as it has over a million and a half happy shavers.

Send 15 cents for my demonstrator tube. A giant sized tube costs 50 cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 44)

didn't really need it any longer. It was just in the way and took up a lot of room. Father was for keeping it. He got a lot of comfort out of it, he said, and could put his feet up on it. Also, it fitted his bones. Mother pointed out to him that the new sofa was so well upholstered that he didn't need to fit his bones into it, and that anyway she was going to give the old one to Aunt Kate. Aunt Kate had a shabby house and she'd probably be glad to have the old thing; and as usual mother had her way.

Now when mother paid the ice man a quarter to take the sofa over to Aunt Kate's after he got all the ice delivered, she thought she had done something quite handsome. With the natural stinginess of childhood we kids thought so too. We thought that as it had always been the parlor sofa therefore it must be too good to give away. Particularly as no one had asked our opinion in the matter, though it was morally our sofa, too, in view of the fact that we were admittedly part of the family. So we were rather sore about the high-handed method of its disposal. I was, I know. Until I saw the sofa in Aunt Kate's dining room.

Funny thing, but as soon as I saw it there, some three months after its installation, I realized what a shabby, dirty piece of furniture it was, and how we really ought to have let the ash man take it away instead of wishing it on mommer's weaker, younger sister.

Do you get it? I'll say you do!

Now a mere female woman and a lady like myself cannot profess to any real knowledge of saloons and keep her character. But all my life I have passed by saloons. You couldn't go a block in our town and fail in doing so. Also, like many other members of many other best families, I am not unfamiliar with the sight of wine on a dinner table or even of a cocktail before dinner; nor have I worn smoked glasses when dining in public places these ten years past. Then, too, there was Great-uncle Joshua. In other words I knew that the Demon Rum was received by all circles of society with more or less openness; that his presence was, save by a vigorous minority, taken for granted. I am no prude. I did not, I confess, entertain any serious objection to him except in abstract sociological discussions, when I mildly opposed him in theory. And when prohibition came it was to me and my household merely one more law to accept, principally because it was a law. And that was about all there was to my attitude regarding prohibition.

Undesirable Visitors

Except, of course, that I watched with interest for what would happen to the restaurant life of our big cities as a consequence of it. The increased gayety of all but the purely drinking places was a matter for mild surprise. We Americans adjust ourselves to a change of conditions with a rapidity and ease which is as amazing as it is unconscious.

And it wasn't until I saw the old sofa in Aunt Kate's house that I was shocked by its shabbiness.

I don't believe I ever saw a saloon until I saw a Habana café. There is only one phrase which adequately expresses the emotion of the average decent tourist upon seeing the Habana cafés for the first time through the perspective which a year of American prohibition provides—absolutely shocking. It is absolutely shocking—a distinct shock. And that is not intended as humor, either.

It is not that these cafés, which occupy all the most prominent sites on every corner and along the side streets, are disorderly. They are not. If any disorder occurs—I say it with shame, mortification and regret—it is almost invariably Americans who make it. It is the mere fact of the existence of the saloon itself which is shocking. It looks sordid and ugly and—well, shocking. I can only say it again.

The Cubans themselves are a very temperate people. Time and again I have seen a group of Cubans or Spaniards sitting at a table with glasses of pineapple juice or delicious water ices made of other native fruits, seriously occupied in political discussions and surrounded by tables of noisy Americans. It's a very serious situation—for Cuba; and there is no use pretending it isn't. The impression which the casual tourist gets from this literally wide-open town is a bad one. And most tourists are casual. They stay over one boat and think they have seen Cuba—whereas they have seen only Americanized Habana. But they spread an unsavory word about the place broadcast.

I had a talk one day with a Cuban gentleman who holds a high position in the local affairs of state. A splendid man, typical of the fine spirit which is the real Cuba—the one which so very recently shed blood for her freedom, and is desperately struggling to maintain those ideals for which such sacrifices were made.

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked. "Are you going to allow this condition to go on—drinking, racing, licensed gambling—everything? What are you going to do about it?"

He threw up his hands in a gesture expressive of confusion.

"Give us a little time!" he begged. "It's all happened since your prohibition became a fact. It has dumped these undesirables upon us and taken us by surprise. We shall have to regulate the drinking eventually, of course."

I retorted: "Then why not now?"

The Waif of the Malacon

But he couldn't just say. Yet it has to be done; even a mere womanly woman can see that without a guide. This right off the bat, from a casual stroll down the Prado, too.

After I had changed from my traveling things to a sports suit of lavender chiffon and a sports hat of tulle and feathers and given the cathedrals and tourist shops the once or twice over, I got out my trusty notebook—the information given herewith is drawn from sources which we believe to be reliable—and my more or less trusty fountain pen and, joining forces with a substantial stockbroking friend and his wife, prepared to dig into the night life of the city and jot down a few hot notes for that big book of mine.

My friends were properly impressed at being party to the beginnings of this important work of American art, and declared themselves prepared to see me through the worst that I could find.

I had by this time rather weakened on a purely Cuban story. The Cubans whom I had met thus far—twenty-four hours since landing—seemed an awfully decent sort. But I had not as yet seen them after dark.

"Surely when the bright lights begin to burn," thought I, "I shall discover some satisfactorily iniquitous background in which to set Little Ramona, the Waif of the Malacon with hibiscus in her hair, innocence in her bosom, a first-class embroidered shawl from O'Reilly Street and a cruel mother who wants to sell her to a cock fighter." Only by now I had about decided to make the cock fighter an American race-track man.

And so, having eaten a perfectly good near-New York dinner at one of the several perfectly good near-New York hotels which have only a slight Spanish accent to their get-up, my friends and I set forth like the bear that went over the mountain.

We at once stubbed our errant toes upon one of the chief difficulties which come of traveling in a foreign country armed only with a traveler's check book and a pocket dictionary. We had scorned using the hotel interpreter; we didn't wish or intend to see any of the stuff which is planted for tourists. No table-d'hôte peep shows or factory-turned fandangos for ours. We were out to see the real thing, be it what it might, if you get me, and we were as steadfastly unanimous as a close-corporation stockholders' meeting in holding out against paying two dollars an hour to be shown what anybody else with two dollars could see again to-morrow. Not us! We ventured bravely forth, a daring trio, into the white lights of the sleepless Prado; and there came to an undecided halt.

"Well, where do we go from here?" I asked brightly. You see, being, as I have hinted, a thoroughly womanly woman I had relied upon the male member of the party to locate a little vice during the afternoon when he had been let out alone. But he failed to come across, though he claimed to have made a conscientious effort, and to realize that a literary artist is practically shockproof, and all that.

I began to doubt if he would make a satisfactory addition to the permanent American colony.

But his wife wasn't so slow. They seldom are. She at least had a suggestion.

"I understand from the porter at our hotel that there is to be a magnificent wedding in Santo Columbo Cathedral to-night," she said, "and that anyone can go. I really think you ought to see it."

Well, this wasn't quite the line I had expected to check up on that night, but as I had no come-back I assented. After all, if I was to marry little Ramona to the racing millionaire I ought to see how it was done *à la Cubana.*

"All right," I agreed. "Let's go!" And forthwith charged down upon one of the mule-breaking flivvers—an unusually native specimen it was, completely smothered in leather Hamburg work. We piled in as it paused in its flight.

"Santo Columbo!" I ordered in my best Spanish—brief and to the point, with no words wasted or anything. And the fearless patriot at the wheel actually understood me. Or so it seemed, for he dug his spurs into the accelerator and we were off at not more than ninety miles an hour for almost a tenth of an hour, while I lay back on the embossing and allowed my companions to admire the way in which my drop of Spanish blood enabled me to handle these fellows. But hardly had they expressed themselves adequately before we came to a skillful halt one-eighth of an inch behind another jitney in front of an enormous saloon—one of the biggest, most open-faced that I had seen as yet. Something was wrong—all wrong. We protested in chorus.

"Santo Columbo!" said our chauffeur with a tone of finality.

"No, no! *Churcha*—prayer—cathedral!" I clamored. "Don't you get me? *Matrimono,* at the *churcho!* Columbo!"

"Santo Columbo!" he repeated ruthlessly, pointing to the sign.

And he was right. Even we could read it.

We looked at each other helplessly. Then my friend the broker, being by trade and nature a man of resource, had a brilliant idea.

"Let's go back to the hotel and buy a postcard of the cathedral," he suggested, "and show it to him."

The Elusive Wedding

So we poked the willing creature in the back, called the hotel's name, and once more, after successfully hurdling two corners and a hydrant, landed in perfect safety before our hosteiry. With a leap like a—a curb broker, my friend descended, and in another instant had returned with two and a half cents' worth of pictured cathedral; really a very good likeness it was, too, for the money.

"There!" I said, not only showing it to the chauffeur but pointing to it. "Take us there— marriage — *ferhiracht* — wedding, *matrimono!*"

"Ah! *Matrimono!*" exclaimed the flower of the caballerio automatos, a great light of understanding breaking over him. "*Esure, esure! Carmelo!*"

Well, we let it go at that, and climbed in again. And off we drove. And off and off. Miles of it.

"I don't think it's this way," remarked Mister Broker, as Dickens would have called him. "I'm sure this isn't the way."

And he was right. It wasn't. After a skim—I can hardly call it a ride—after a skim along the Malacon and out for a mile or two on a highroad which let us observe the sea of frothed sapphire under a really first-class tropical moon, the heavenly scented night wind taking the breath out of our nostrils, we came to the usual smooth yet abrupt stop before—before an American roadhouse.

"*Carmelo—matrimono,*" remarked the chauffeur laconically. It was inevitable. We resigned ourselves to Fate. We were American tourists and the chauffeur knew it. No use trying to fool him with expressions of a desire to see the cathedral. He knew better and he could prove it. Without further protest we descended. The chauffeur betook himself to a Spanish edition de looks of our roadhouse, which was situated across the way, there to spend the waiting charges on pineapple water ices, while we ascended to the drear old familiar atmosphere on the second story of this little bit of Broadway in the tropics.

And there it was—the resurrection of the days that are no more. I had thought the present-day cafés at home were fairly lively with their improved dancing, improved food—for the sober demand it—improved shows—improved for the same reason—and the gladsome crowds that go home at

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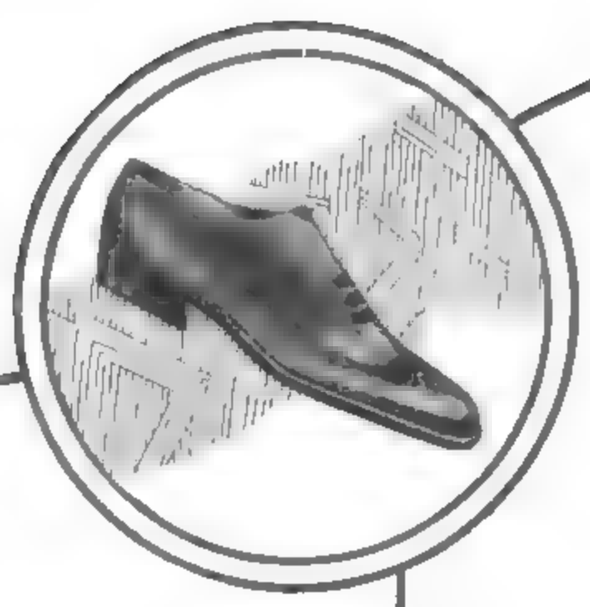

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LISTERINE

the safe antiseptic

(Continued from Page 46)

twelve o'clock and wake up next morning without a headache. But here was the real thing. And though distinctly un-Cuban, mighty interesting for that very reason The great American invasion was at its midnight headquarters. From eleven until dawn they sit and weep into their drinks while a quartet works in the closest possible harmony over the indisputable fact that

No matter where I ro-ham,
I want to go back home.
If you're from Dixie—or Connecticut or East Aurora—
You'll under-sta-hand!

"Ain't it the truth, Mabel," sobbed the lush nearest to us.

But he didn't add anything about his return ticket, and I felt no regrets at the omission.

To relieve the monotony of heart stuff, we had personal-attention songs, just like the old days but at the Ship at Los Angeles, where the singer stands in front of your table and tunefully suggests that you "lu-hove him to death." Death is right. But it unfortunately seldom occurs as naturally and instantaneously as one could desire.

It was a lovely, all-American resort, frequented by—well, by the kind of Americans who love their country so that they are never so happy as when weeping into an alcoholic drink over its unrivaled greatness.

Of course the world contains a whole lot of such people. Our own country was full of these very same ones until last January. Only they are fortunately so much in the minority in our various home towns that they are conspicuous chiefly because of their difference from the average respectable citizen. In Cuba just now one sees them en masse. The birds of a feather have flocked together, and, believe me, they make quite some flock. I only hope the Cubans don't think we are all like that, because if they do what else they think probably couldn't be translated. And though Little Ramona gained nothing from my evening's work I could not count the time wasted; it was like suddenly coming upon an enormous flock of pelicans—or wild geese is perhaps a happier comparison. It was a bunch of birds you don't often see any more. Certainly never at any time in such a large flock, and undoubtedly the species is bound to join the dodoes before very long.

The Rumhounds Did It

Before leaving these increasingly rare creatures to the end which they and Nature are cutting out for themselves, allow me to immortalize in literary or at any rate printed form one or two salient facts concerning them. The whole flock of consumers and suppliers which has descended upon the otherwise delightful city of Habana is headed for a fall. If Cuba goes dry the rumhounds will have done it themselves, by abuse—just as they have been the real prohibitionists everywhere. The capital that has betaken itself down there for the purpose, more or less veiled, of promoting gambling, liquor and all the et ceteras it can think up is bound through excess to destroy the very thing it purposes to exploit. This statement is no ladylike sentimental wail, either. It is based upon a pretty careful study of what happened to Seattle under a similar boom and of the New Orleans flivver along the same lines. And this prediction is strongly backed up by some of the best men in Cuba—native Cubans; and I'll say the best are mighty good. There already exists a strong element of opposition to becoming a sort of cesspool for our cast-off scum of population, and a strong fight will be made to clean things up, I have no doubt.

Cuba is a mighty young, inexperienced republic, making a good fight to get its feet on earth in the right way. And she looks on the Estados Unidos as a sort of big brother. Gosh! I sure hate to think we are wishing on to her all our old lushes and vice profiteers—our expatrioteers, as I might call them. But Canada won't take 'em, Mexico wings 'em on the border, and they won't stay home. Somebody will have to do something about it pretty soon or that city of Habana will open so wide that it will just naturally split. Being a mere female woman, I, of course, don't know what is to be done, or how. But in spite of being a woman, or perhaps because of it, I know a mess when I see it, and am possessed of a strong desire to have it cleaned up. That our native sons should go forth into the world with their enterprises and everything is a swell idea; but the ones which are cutting the most prominent dash in Cuba just now are not the sort of Americans who made America, but samples of some of the sort America has unfortunately made. And it is an unnatural, unstable condition which enables these undesirables to overshadow in the eyes of the world the far larger and more permanent crowd of perfectly good American business men who are doing legitimate work down there.

Funny thing, isn't it, how the poor ones always make more of a splash than the regular fellows? But ain't it the truth that they do—just as in the well-known case of eggs? You are not likely to hunt out the good ones if there is a noticeable odor—do you get me? And Hamlet's astute remark concerning the instinctive reaction of his olfactory nerves to his home town sure applies to the otherwise highly sanitary city of Habana. The landing jag is a less important institution, down there, than the chamber of commerce. But it's a whole lot more conspicuous.

The evening having failed to develop any native vice, Little Ramona seemed in a fair way to be forced into a dull bourgeoise background for lack of those sordid surroundings for which I had hoped, unless indeed I decided to change her into an American show-girl. What, then, to do? I suddenly bethought me to question the charming chamberman who brought my breakfast coffee to my room each morning as soon as I had removed my ear muffs and other too intimate evidences of recent slumber. Not that he minded them, but I did. But after twenty minutes of earnest questioning all I could get out of him was a polite "*Dispensa mi, señora.*"

The Ear Muffs Prove Useful

"All right, I'll dispense with you," I agreed.

And forthwith I descended to consult with the hotel clerk—the only other person in the place who was up and dressed by now—all the rest of the population having just gone to bed. I figured that when the jazz bands quit at four-thirty A. M. the thousands of roosters who, along with the other sporting characters, inhabit this most urban of cities, take up the tune. When the roosters give it up from sheer exhaustion the athletes of the town, who are addicted to playing handball in a most audible fashion, go to it. After they drop dead from fatigue you get a little sleep—say from seven-thirty to ten if a stranger in the city, or from seven-thirty to four if a native. Then you wake up and begin all over again. Hence the ear muffs. No traveler should be without them.

Well, anyways, I got a list of what every visitor should see from the wakeful clerk. And though I saw some phlegmatic races at a marvelously beautiful park, and a million-dollar Monte Carlo Junior, which has been erected on the strength of a thirty-one-year concession or whatever you call it that the Cuban Government has granted, I saw nothing that would help my story.

That gambling law, by the way, is not going to slow down the speed limit much. Anybody who invests a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the plant can have a little gambling hell of his own from now on until baby is thirty-one. It is a law which already is proving a bone of contention among the many little cliques of politicians.

There is something gosh-awful tenacious about us authors when we are after material. If we are looking for a certain thing we will keep after it until we find it, even if we have to invent it. And so in the case of myself and Little Ramona.

After a five-day scrutiny of Habana and a thorough examination of its modern real-estate improvements, modern roulette layouts, American horse racing with the raciness of New Orleans and Morris Park missing, and other transplanted bits of Broadway generally, I sat me down to think heavily. That's why I sat instead of pacing the floor, as do many lighter thinkers in my profession. And it was a serious quarter of an hour. Here I had spent a whole lot of money to get to the darn place, with a full intention of seeing Cuba. And so far I had seen only a superficial overlay of rococo Americanism. The only Cuban things left exposed to view were the architecture and the game of pelota at the Jai-Alai, a strange Latin form of court tennis, as skillful as it is noisy, and, believe me, that is saying a lot, particularly as a native band which outjazzes any other jazz

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on earth shrieks and throbs in accord with the yells of the gamblers, who can bet sixty ways to the dozen on this remarkable indoor sport.

Well, anyway, I thoroughly pondered these undeniable facts well. And the more I pondered them the less I liked them, the same as a woman with a new hat that she bought because she was tired. It's an awful feeling. And as I sat and thought I got an idea. I really don't know how I do these things—they just come to me out of the ether or my notebook or some place.

And the idea was this: *Habana is not Cuba!*

There! I got it just like that, italics and all! Habana is no more Cuba than New York is America, thank the good Lord! And right on top of this remarkable brain-work I pulled another piece of acrobatic thinking. Suppose a Cuban were to see only New York, what would he think of America? I leave it to you. I refuse to commit myself. But any intelligent reader will get me at once. So don't let yourself out.

Then I conceived the right idea. Little Ramona would be a country girl. I would get me an automobile and all the necessary dope for my big effort would be gathered from the hedges and the shade of the sheltering palm.

By the way, where do you suppose that sheltering-palm lyric started from? I strongly suspect that it was written in the lobby of some big hotel where they do a little sheltering. But I have yet to see a palm do any sheltering on its native heath. In point of fact sheltering is the last thing it does, speaking literally. If you want a palm to shelter you you must first chop it down and tear its leaves out by the roots, when it will make a very presentable and trustworthy thatch which will and does shelter many a hacienda. But a palm will never, never give any shelter of its own free will. This is one of the things which strike one most forcibly upon taking one's initial trip out of the City of Beautiful Houses.

When I come to make a word picture of the back country of Cuba I am up against it. Slang, much less English, cannot describe it. It's got to be seen to be believed, that's all. And it's a dog-gone shame that the country is not threaded with good automobile roads. If it were it would be the most famous motoring country anywhere round. It can't be beat for looks. The scenery is so professional that you get a feeling of utter unreality from its gaunt, rather terrible beauty. It has an unexplored look, due perhaps to the fact that tourists have not yet shopworn it at all. And how can they, with so few roads that are fit to travel on, and a railway system belonging to the sugar interests, which railway refuses to carry the mere passenger if sugar happens to want the right of way just then? More roads, Cuba! Passenger-carrying trains, Cuba! Please!

Thrifty Planters

The great valleys decorated with palms, laden with mile upon mile of sugar cane and forests of tobacco, are only a third, or less, developed. The strange mountains, towering in fantastic shapes, are full of copper and silver, and nobody can get at 'em! Gee, if I was a boy and twenty-one I'd go to the backwoods of Cuba—if only somebody would build a road to get there on first. Or I might go and build it myself. Great stuff!

The road to Matanzas is beautiful and in good repair, and the town the most poverty-stricken in appearance that can well be imagined. All the little villages on the way there, with their picturesque churches, their saddle shops and cafés, look poverty-stricken too. But are they? They are not. Not since sugar went from two and a half cents to twelve. But your real Cuban is a thrifty soul. There is one American vice which has not as yet been imported—that is spending.

When the Cuban small farmer makes money he saves it. From all evidences I would say that he buys just two things—a sewing machine and a phonograph. Then he stops and keeps putting the rest in the bank. Meanwhile he and his family go on living in a two-room house with a dirt floor and a palm-thatched roof, which accommodations are usually shared by a savory assortment of livestock on the hoof. But why should he change? Have not his people been living in the same way for a couple of hundred years? They sure have. Then he should worry! What was good enough for poppa is ditto for him. Very uncivilized and old-fashioned, of course. And the silly creature keeps it up to a point where he is a person of real substance. And on this plan, so much less modern than our buy-it-before-it-goes-up-again method, it doesn't take him long to lay by something he can really put his teeth into.

A mighty fine example of just this was pointed out to me by a Cuban friend who had accompanied me on one of my motor explorations. The object of interest was seated upon his steed—a lesser word would not do his figure justice—seated on his steed, the while he oversaw the cutting of a few *caballeri* of cane. The planter was dressed in old white cotton coat and pants and his legs were bound up in distinctly homemade putties. On his head was a weather-beaten Panama hat—the sure sign of a hick in Cuba—and he had neither tie nor belt. Yet despite the evident poverty of his clothes he was a commanding figure.

"Last year," my informant said, "he came to me and asked if I thought banks were a safe place in which to put one's money. After I had reassured him upon this score he glanced round to make sure we were unobserved, and then drew forth a wallet from which he produced two checks payable to him, one of seventy-two thousand dollars and one of sixty-three thousand dollars, besides a little matter of twenty thousand-odd dollars in cash. There is your poverty-stricken Cuban farmer for you! His daughter is at this moment in one of your New York's most fashionable schools. In the matter of education for their children they are as liberal as they are close on what they regard as unessentials."

Sudden Fortunes

And I was led to believe on good authority that the man was typical. He was the fourth generation to farm his piece—some ninety acres. And the disintegration of our sugar board, or the mere existence of our sugar board, did the trick, I'm not just sure which. But it was sugar—sugar which you just sit down and watch grow and which needs replanting only once every fifteen *años*. The darn thing comes up every year just like asparagus, only more so.

Of course, then and there I decided that Little Ramona, the Hibiscus of the Hacienda, should switch to a planter for a parent. It was new, crude, powerful stuff. And naturally in view of this decision I began to ask a few questions about sugar.

It's no news to anybody that a lot of money has been made in sugar; Cuban preferred. But it might be interesting to slip out the fact as to how and where. As to why, the trust alone knows. The scribe can but record the fact that in 1917 there was a hurdle from 2¼ to seven cents and the elevator is still working, week before last the price being twelve cents. And all this for an unrefined, indeed distinctly vulgar-looking brown mess called raw sugar.

Why the leap occurred I no more understand than I understand why is a mouse when it spins? Probably because at one time or another everybody in Cuba from the elevator boy to a famous Canadian owner has told me the one and only explanation, and no two of these explanations jibed. But on the matter of how, they all agree. And the enormous and sudden increase of wealth in the island, which enables the Cubans to buy the biggest number of big diamonds of any country in the world, is on a far more equable basis of distribution than is usual.

What I am trying to get at in my womanly way is this: Cuba is really rich because some hundreds of her inhabitants who prior to 1916 had nothing—literally nothing—now find themselves possessed of neat fortunes ranging anywhere from fifty thousand to three hundred thousand dollars; and believe me that will give any nation quite a spurt.

And the way they got it was thus: When the mysterious rise was strongly rumored a perfect horde of hitherto good-for-naughts who had been hanging round the Habana cafés saw the chance to make a clean-up at the cost of a little work. A big capitalist, very often Canadian or American, would take up a partition of sugar land on a long lease. It's hard to buy these

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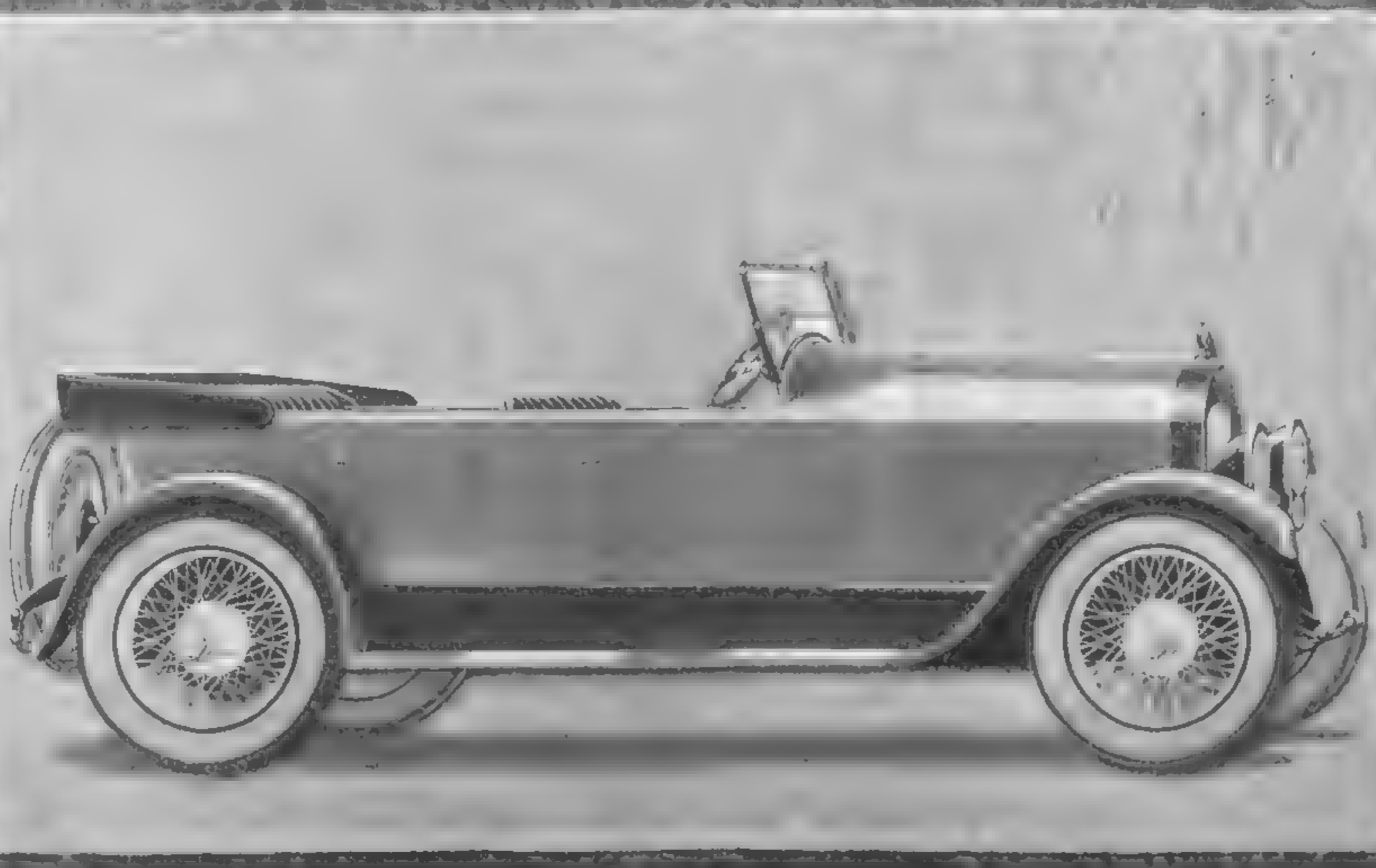
THERE'S A TOUCH OF TOMORROW IN ALL THAT DOES TODAY



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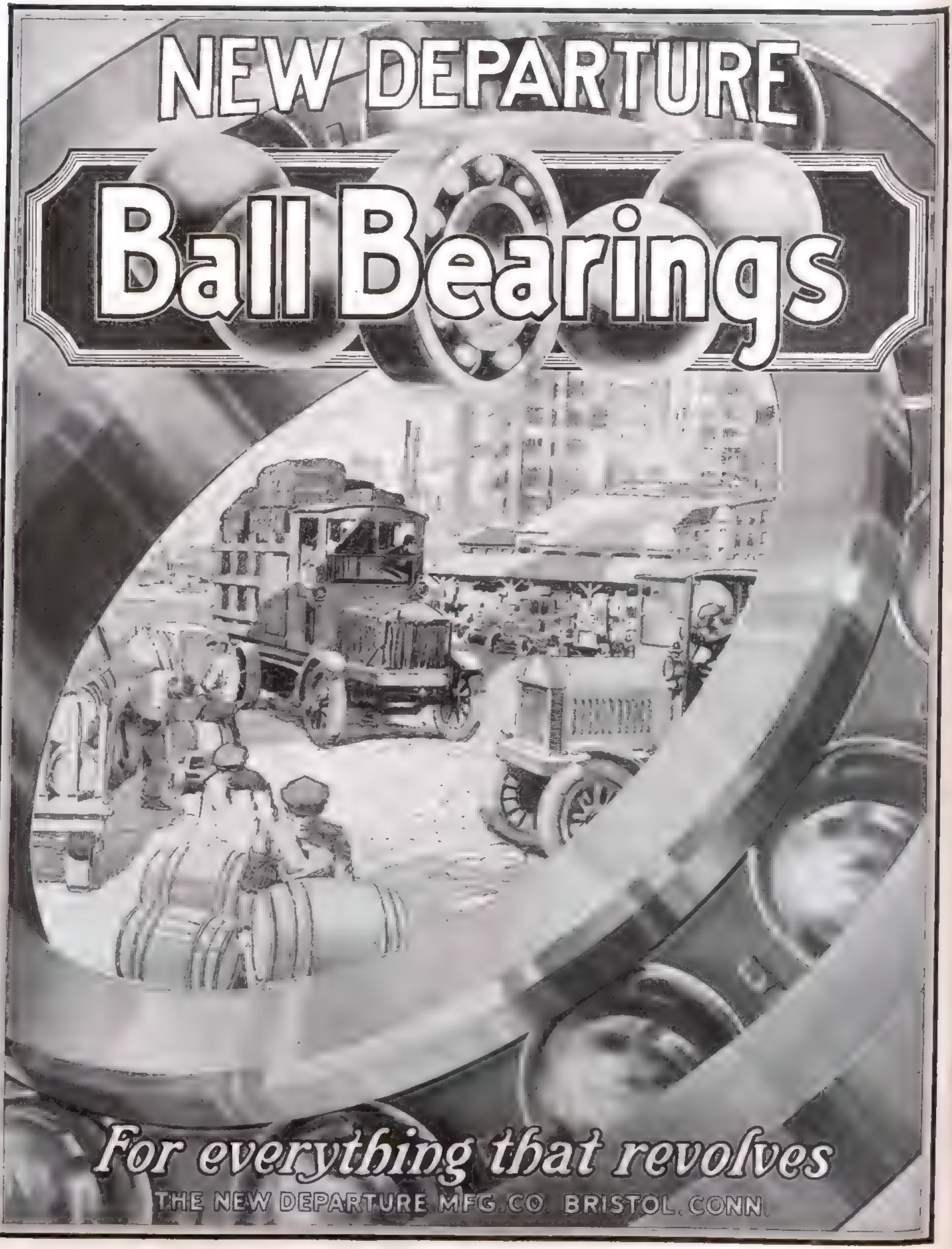
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(Concluded from Page 50)

lands, as the native is loath to sell the ground from under his feet. This rented property would then be subdivided by the lessee, and the Habana gang jumped in and worked the subdivisions on a fifty-fifty basis, the capitalist furnishing the equipment. Cane was planted, and—presto!—first thing you knew a lot of fellows who had had nothing but a willingness to sit and watch the cane grow were possessed of moderate fortunes and in many cases a taste for work, while the capitalists, as is their habit, got off a long way ahead. Some of the big fellows, of course, were Cubans, and so here you have a bunch of new fortunes where none grew before and a lot of already large ones suddenly heavily augmented. But which came first, the chicken or the egg, don't ask me!

It's what—no pun intended—I might call a novel situation. You can see for yourself the possibilities for working one of those ex-gunmen into a fine, zippy, bang-up story as strong as—as garlic!

But don't get away with any wild idea that because Cuba is making money out of sugar that she is buying it any cheaper. Not by a darn sight. Mister Average Cuban Citizen is paying twenty-four cents a pound for as dirty sugar as any of our own markets can boast of, and the ostensible reason for this is the fact that it is all imported. No joke, it is. There are all of two sugar refineries on the island, the rest is shipped raw to the little old U. S. A. And then shipped back, making a double duty and a lot of business for someone—not being a lady muckraker I couldn't say just who; or is it whom?

And the so-called shortage is felt in consequence, even by the confectionery shops, where there ain't no such animal as a candy rabbit or a ramping éclair.

But country life in Cuba is a great thing, if you take it right. I mean not only from the hard commercial point of view but from the romantic standpoint.

Why Prices are High

One day we went to Mariel, a fairy seaport of surpassing loveliness, with blue dream mountains fading from an opal bay, and lunched there with a gentleman who was, I am convinced, written by Conrad. A strange man, charming in spite of himself, who loved trees better than people, and who fed us viands which were deserving of that stately term; unfamiliar fish; a salad made from the heart of the royal palm and olives; oranges softened in sugar so that the whole fruit, skin and all, could be eaten with a spoon.

There was charm and quiet and smoldering romance in the place. And it was a thousand times more Cuban than the Prado.

But living is not cheap, even in the remote districts where tastes are less exacting. And as a matter of fact one of the biggest howls that tourists put up is about prices. And I'll say right now that it's the truth that Habana is almost as expensive as Atlantic City. Nor is the reason hard to find, as the well-known opening says. It all goes back to the same source as the passport trouble. You have, as I found out by diligent inquiry, you have to get a passport to go to Cuba because Cuba is a foreign country. We have had a childish attitude toward her so long now that we sometimes overlook that little fact. And being a foreign country there is a duty on every darn thing that comes in. And everything is right. Milk, eggs, butter, tablecloths, builders' hardware, shoes, rice, underwear, diamonds, teddy bears and chessmen all come from somewhere else—principally the States. Cuba produces nothing except sugar, tobacco, headaches and statesmen.

Suppose we folks at home lived on imported cheese, sausage, marmalade, and wore only Paris dresses and English suits; wouldn't it cost us a few? I'll say it would! And so how the what-no-lady-would-say do you expect Cuba to be a cheap joint? I'm not subsidized by the hotels, either, but I will say that what I heard about prices and what I actually paid was much the same experience as I had that first and only time I went in to see Barnum's cherry-colored cat. In other words, the hearsay was an exaggeration of a fairly normal condition.

Sure, things are high. Why wouldn't they be? And it is also true that the average tourist is often gypped. I have even heard of the same thing happening in impeccable America. The dishonest Cuban is just about as dishonest as the dishonest American, Frenchman or Englishman or what-you-please-man. I'll just slide a peach of an illustration in here of what I mean when I say that it's more than fifty-fifty good and bad in Latin countries. It's nearer seventy-five per cent on the right side. You can very likely triplicate the first part of the following incident in your own state and county, but I doubt if you can even duplicate its ending.

The Chauffeur Stands Treat

We had driven, some American friends and I, to a little back country village and stopped at an inn far-famed for its beauty and its drinks. We ordered; and the meal was wretched. Impossible, in fact; and the price exorbitant. Our chauffeur, a Cuban, and a nice chap, said nothing to our complaints. We went next to a small café by the roadside, and when again we were overcharged for impossibly bad service he still said nothing, but I caught sight of his face. The look of chagrin upon it arrested my attention. Halfway home he stopped the machine before a diminutive shack and suggested that we try the cakes and coffee, which he recommended as unsurpassed. And though it was a spot at which, uninformed, we would never have dreamed of stopping, we were half starved by then, and complied.

The refreshment was all that our chauffeur had promised, and when we were done Mister Broker put his hand into his pocket with a groan.

"Ask him how much?" he instructed the chauffeur, pointing to the proprietor.

But nothing doing. With a single gesture that contained all the grace and gallantry of old Spain the money was refused.

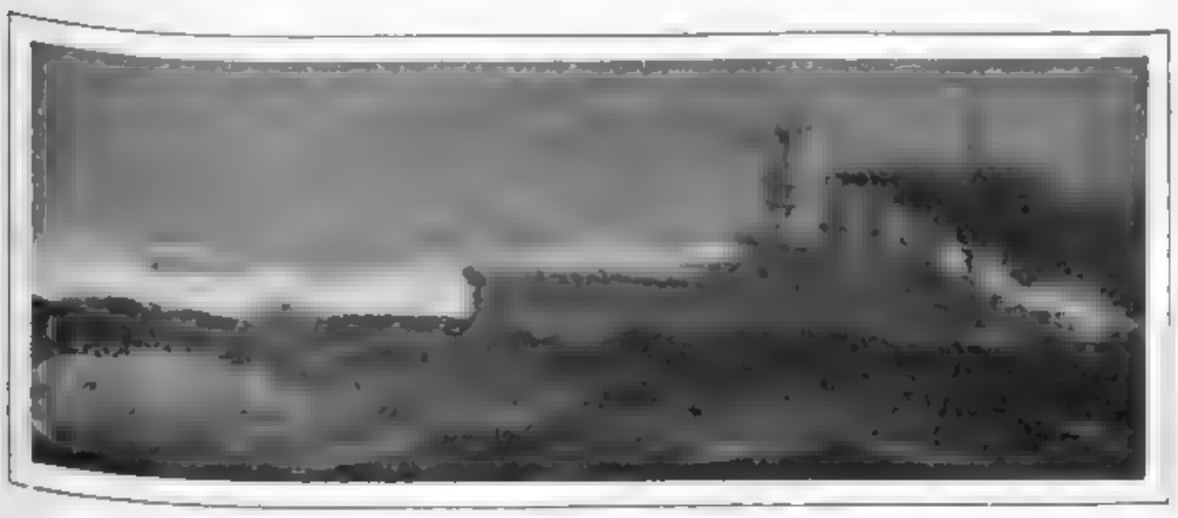
"Your money is no good here!" said our chauffeur.

With a sentence and a sweep of his hand he was atoning for his compatriots' abuse of us.

We got it. It registered. And he didn't add it on to our bus hire, either!

Believe me, our little chauffeur was by far more typical of his race than the two roadhouse proprietors were. I immediately thought he would be excellent material for Little Ramona's lover—the one who was to win her in the end despite the villain and the income tax.

That is to say, I would have if I had not abandoned the project of writing that big, strong book. The idea had somehow grown cold. After all, perhaps it is not yet time for me to do my best work. *Mañana por la mañana*—or something. And then, nobody is expected to do their best work until they are at least ten years older than they are at present. And also Cuba isn't intrinsically wicked enough to furnish the necessary background. Take it all in all, I believe I will do a juvenile instead and call it Five Little Government Bonds and How They Grew!



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Taking the Earth on High—By Enos A. Mills

Rainbow Falls, Ausable Chasm

WHILE I was visiting the first settler in the Missouri Valley a spring wind moved parts of the earth and things anchored in it. Spring seeding was just finished and the fields were pulverized and dry. The air was full of dust, and sand was drifting like winter's snow. Real-estate transfers were rushing. In places entire acres of furrow-deep, rich, sandy-loam seeded fields were blown out and drifted or scattered over fields to the leeward.

Centuries before the wind had enriched the soil of this and adjacent states with volcanic ashes. As the wind went into high gear the old settler was reminded of an early-day windstorm which he said "tore up the earth, threw this to right and left and into the air, knocked the water out of the river, and blew over trees that never blew over before." The wild behavior of a number of trees in the wind before the windows indicated that several might do something they had never done before. Through the whirling dust screen the trees appeared in a riot, striking at one another.

The henhouse of my host also flew to leeward, while the chickens, with dignity thrown to the winds, took off on lines of least resistance, frequently wrong side up.

Suddenly the wind went into low and the rain began to fall perhaps as it had never fallen before. There was a flood, a rush of surface water; this was to the windward and it was laden with real estate recently transferred by the wind, and other associated soil. This large farm was being broken up.

A mass of two hundred heeled-in young apple trees were gullied out and the trees carried through the line fence. A calf-pasture fence was not a fixture and it accompanied the calf into the neighbor's orchard. Halloween youths had never wrought such confusion. When the storm ended my host and his neighbor each possessed real estate and other property with debatable titles. Neither could hold a number of these possessions without the consent of the other, nor recover treasures from across the line fence without the permission of the other. But these two farmers were real neighbors; they had prospered and enjoyed life through cooperation. When I left to take the train they were merrily debating property rights without "clubs or lawyers," and trying to determine the ownership of certain pieces of property whose titles and transfers had been irregular and amusingly complicated by a said party—the wind.

The wind is steadily wearing away the surface of the earth. All the land surfaces are regularly swept and often scoured by the wind's steel brush. The wind works alternately with rain and running water in lowering the surface of the earth. As an erosive factor in developing the cañons, hills and valleys and plains of the earth it is next to running water.

The wind moves all unanchored sand, sediments and gravel. A sand-laden wind rasps like sandpaper; is a terrific sand blast; it is working with edge tools and is a fluent

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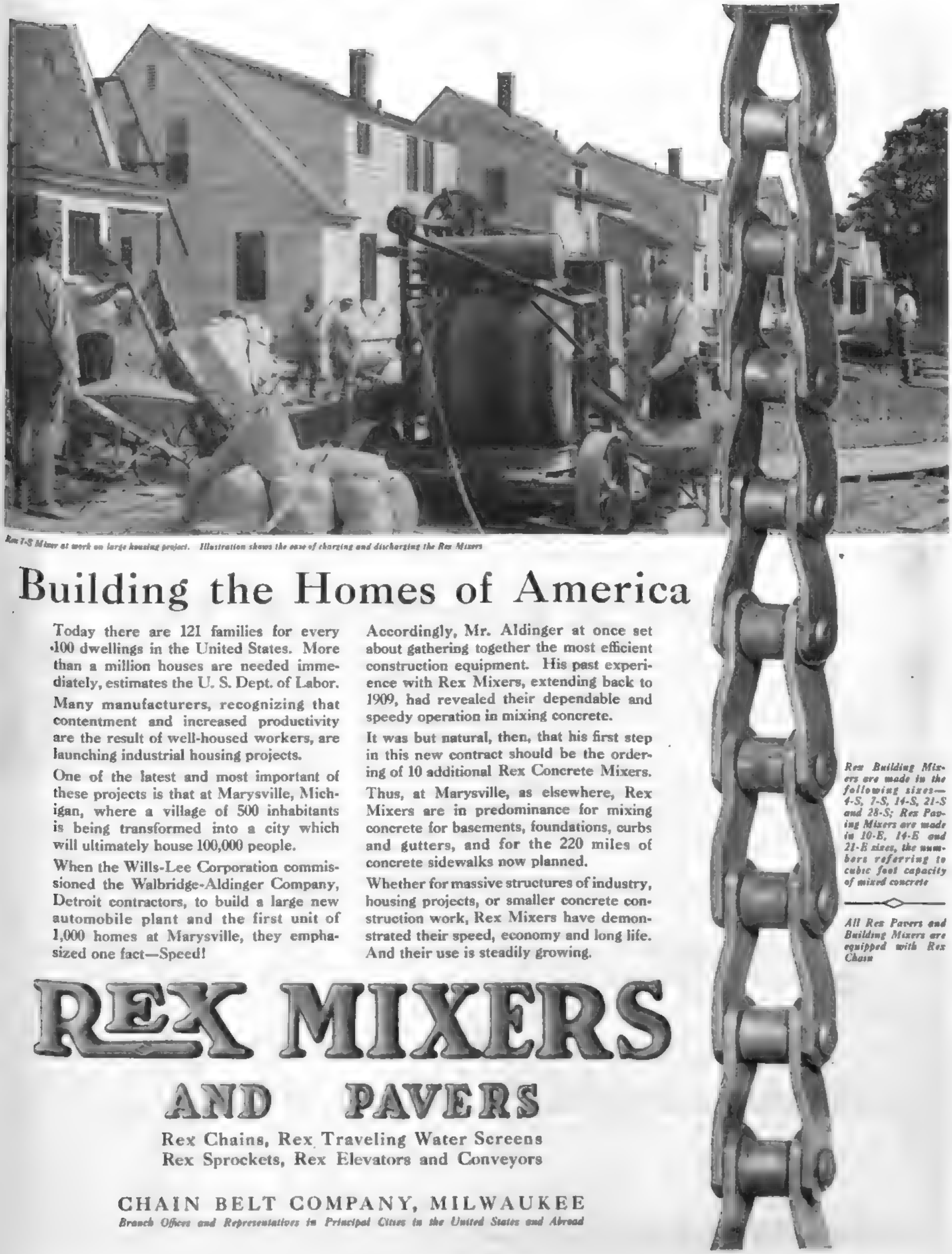

Rex 7-S Mixer at work on large housing project. Illustration shows the ease of charging and discharging the Rex Mixers

Building the Homes of America

Today there are 121 families for every 100 dwellings in the United States. More than a million houses are needed immediately, estimates the U. S. Dept. of Labor.

Many manufacturers, recognizing that contentment and increased productivity are the result of well-housed workers, are launching industrial housing projects.

One of the latest and most important of these projects is that at Marysville, Michigan, where a village of 500 inhabitants is being transformed into a city which will ultimately house 100,000 people.

When the Wills-Lee Corporation commissioned the Walbridge-Aldinger Company, Detroit contractors, to build a large new automobile plant and the first unit of 1,000 homes at Marysville, they emphasized one fact—Speed!

Accordingly, Mr. Aldinger at once set about gathering together the most efficient construction equipment. His past experience with Rex Mixers, extending back to 1909, had revealed their dependable and speedy operation in mixing concrete.

It was but natural, then, that his first step in this new contract should be the ordering of 10 additional Rex Concrete Mixers.

Thus, at Marysville, as elsewhere, Rex Mixers are in predominance for mixing concrete for basements, foundations, curbs and gutters, and for the 220 miles of concrete sidewalks now planned.

Whether for massive structures of industry, housing projects, or smaller concrete construction work, Rex Mixers have demonstrated their speed, economy and long life. And their use is steadily growing.

Rex Building Mixers are made in the following sizes—4-S, 7-S, 14-S, 21-S and 28-S; Rex Paving Mixers are made in 10-E, 14-E and 21-E sizes, the numbers referring to cubic foot capacity of mixed concrete

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Does the Car Buyer *Want* the Facts

THE late Joseph Choate used to say that lawyers would go out of business if men were not so bent on making the same old mistakes the same old way.

No one need — or *can* — make the old mistakes in selecting his motor car, if he will look for *transportation facts* instead of "features" and "talking points."

The strong Packard opinion which he finds on every hand does not express itself in technical details or costly luxury—but in such every-day words as *economy, comfort, ability* and *lasting value.*

LET a man figure on keeping his Packard from *six to ten years*—and he has a material saving in *investment,* as against the car that must be traded in every two or three years.

Think of the *stability* of the Packard design! His Packard always a "new model."

His gasoline mileage will be from nine to thirteen, depending on road conditions. Oil mileage, 700 or more to the gallon. Tires, properly cared for, ten thousand to sixteen thousand miles.

The steel in his Packard is worth more than twice as much as the steel in the ordinary car.

The moving parts in the Twin-Six engine are better balanced than in any other automobile engine. Consequently there is less vibration and less wear on bearings.

WHEN a man buys a motor car he knows pretty well what sort of transportation he expects it to deliver.

Economy does not lie in the direction of temporary makeshifts or compromises.

Packard first-class transportation will give him a definite and permanent advance in his way of traveling. It will cost him less per passenger mile during his whole motoring experience—than even second-class transportation.

"Ask the Man *Who Owns One"*

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Detroit*

(Continued from Page 54)

gouging machine. Winds thus equipped make topography, are sculptors and have helped to shape the natural bridges, the mountain passes, the picturesque rocks, the striking monoliths and a thousand forms of the statuary of Nature that is scattered and grouped over every land.

The wind not only loosens and dislodges particles in the earth's surface, but it often transports loosened material long distances. Tons of dust are sometimes blown hundreds of miles. A single windstorm has blockaded a railroad track with carloads of sand.

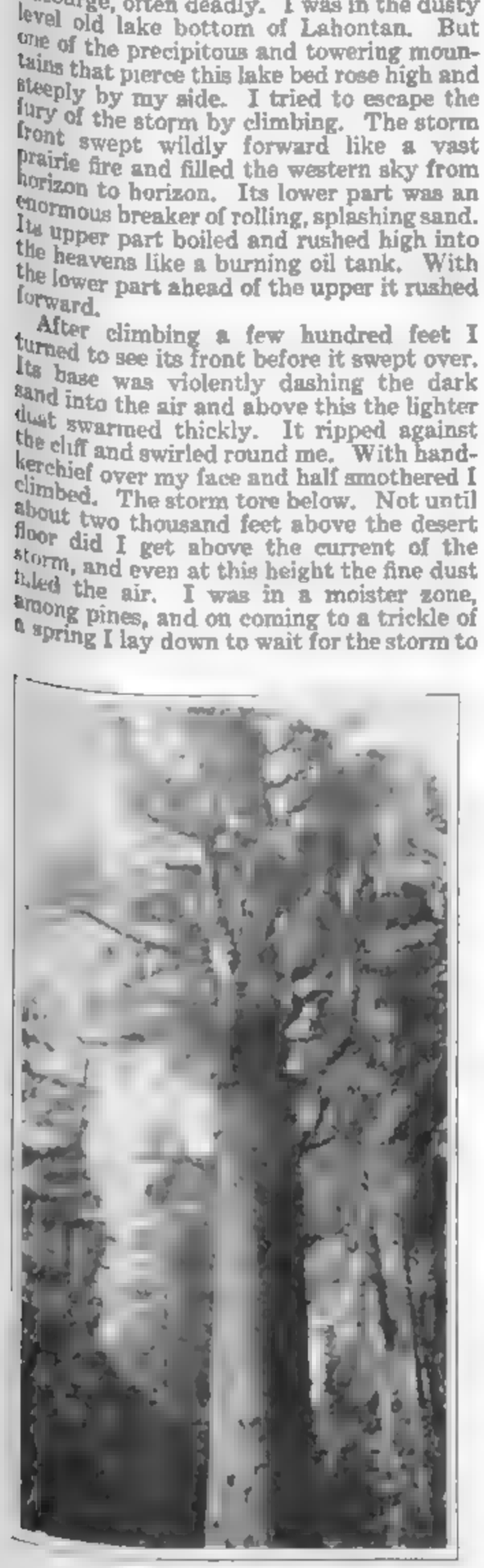
A million tons of dust and other flying material has been taken up in one storm, carried afar and sifted down. Many areas in the United States have been enriched with earthy cargoes carried by tides and currents of air. Windstorms frequently seize the rich and idle Sahara sands, rush these across the sea, over international boundary lines, and then, hundreds of miles distant, drop them as contributions upon the thin-worn soil of Europe. One segment of China, larger than all France, is deeply, richly overlaid with wind-blown soil. For ages the west winds brought this from Central Asia.

This annual film of yellow dust gave generous fertility to the land of the great moguls. Though for centuries the Yellow River has been carrying this away and building a broad delta into the Yellow Sea, the soil, still rich with west-wind spoils, feeds a crowded population.

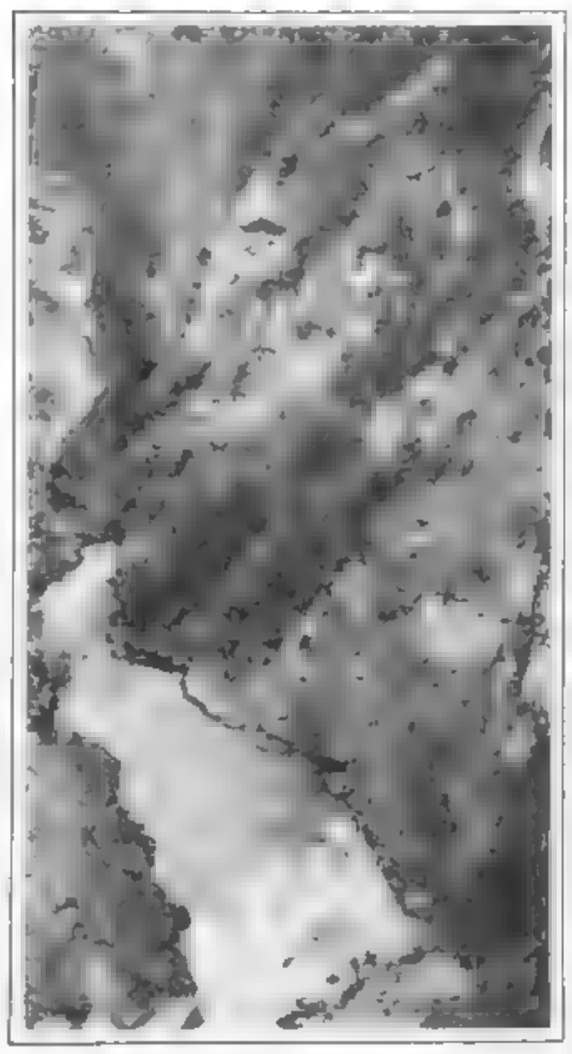
A Nevada Dust Storm

While in the heart of a Nevada desert I saw a seething, sky-filling dust storm bearing down upon me. A desert dust storm is a scourge, often deadly. I was in the dusty level old lake bottom of Lahontan. But one of the precipitous and towering mountains that pierce this lake bed rose high and steeply by my side. I tried to escape the fury of the storm by climbing. The storm front swept wildly forward like a vast prairie fire and filled the western sky from horizon to horizon. Its lower part was an enormous breaker of rolling, splashing sand. Its upper part boiled and rushed high into the heavens like a burning oil tank. With the lower part ahead of the upper it rushed forward.

After climbing a few hundred feet I turned to see its front before it swept over. Its base was violently dashing the dark sand into the air and above this the lighter dust swarmed thickly. It ripped against the cliff and swirled round me. With handkerchief over my face and half smothered I climbed. The storm tore below. Not until about two thousand feet above the desert floor did I get above the current of the storm, and even at this height the fine dust filled the air. I was in a moister zone, among pines, and on coming to a trickle of a spring I lay down to wait for the storm to pass. The moving, dust-stirring pageant was twenty-four hours in passing.



A Big One in the Sierras



Gorge of the Columbia River

Many a desert caravan has been caught and buried forever by a smothering sand storm. Many a time I have endured one of these withering blasts for hours. The closest call I ever had of becoming a desert fossil was on the Painted Desert not many miles from the Grand Cañon. After thirty-six choking, thirsty hours in a sleeping bag I crawled out and found myself almost sealed in one end of a new-formed sand dune that was more than two hundred feet long and three to eight feet deep.

Numbers of fossils have recently been found of animals buried in wind-blown sand. These were discovered singly and in groups. Four wild hogs were dug out that had huddled together. Several wild horses ages ago sought shelter from a desert storm together in the lee of a butte, is the news story told by their grouped fossils.

The Wind as a Scene Shifter

Geological records show that the desert has ever had large land holdings—about one-fifth of the solid surface of the earth. This is about the present desert area. Desert winds often bury with their dust and sand, but more often they uncover or erode with their battering sand blasts. On a Nevada desert I saw a long-buried fossil lake, a salt deposit, having its covering of sand and shale slowly, completely ripped off. The sands of other ages had buried this. Elsewhere in the Nevada desert I saw a hill of recently piled sand that was more than two hundred feet high and half a mile long.

Increased dryness over vast areas of Central Asia some thousands of years ago allowed the desert to extend its holdings. Ellsworth Huntington, Sven Hedin and other travelers tell of numbers of sand-buried cities and others long buried now having the overlying sand drifts blown off them.

The wind is one of the earth's leading landscape makers and is one of the three great erosive forces and transportation scene shifters. Eroded earthy material is moved by a variety of transportation—slow-going glaciers, running water, ocean currents, wind-propelled waves and the push and pull of gravity. But sooner or later any loosened material will be swooped upon and seized by airplane and scattered everywhere, over lowlands, high peaks and far out to sea.

In Western Wyoming I sought shelter for the night in a trapper's cabin, built fifteen years before. The cabin was steeply tilted in a four-foot hole which the swirling wind had beaten and blown out from beneath one corner. The floor was in place and offered good coasting. Another time, on the lower Mississippi, I sought in vain among the sand dunes for a cabin recently used by levee engineers. I slept under the stars and in the morning a brick-red projection in a

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dune top about a stone's throw distant proved to be a wind-evolved dry-land periscope of the sand-submerged cabin. In revisiting the dunes on the coast of North Carolina I searched for a cabin I had used during the former visit. The wind had remodeled the landscape, or sandscape, and put a water decoration—a new bay—into the scene where the cabin had stood.

A Utah prospector complained that his cabin during his absence had been covered by a "malicious migrating" dune. He built a second cabin and cut out a few trees so as to divert a possible dune drive. Returning from another prospecting trip the second cabin was barely visible, but the first one was on exhibition.

The off-water winds of lakes and seas herd and drive migrating dunes forward, overwhelming groves, meadows, lakes and streams. After the dune moves on these dead skeletons are exhibited. Skeletons of groves, half-buried groves, and groves in the front of advancing dunes are of the suggestive scenes of the shore.

Dunes are no respecters of buildings. At Liège, a building has twice been taken down and rebuilt to prevent its being overwhelmed by a broad-fronted dune. Though this building now is two miles inland from where originally placed, the dune is again close enough to whisper, "I'll get you if you don't move out."

A Conclave of Whirlwinds

A forest fire in Oregon caused the local prevailing wind to change. The former prevailing wind had driven a dune from the river about a quarter of a mile. A wrecked and treeless grove was behind it. With the changed wind the dune had about-faced and was back-tracking through the dead grove toward the river.

Sand dunes of every form and finish adorn the deserts of Nevada. Numbers are of coarse, heavy sand; others of fine texture, in white, brown or black. Many are as smooth and graceful as an ocean swell and are daintily decorated with wind ripples. I saw a number of dunes in the dry bed of old Lake Lahontan that were going somewhere. The average dune does exercise and tumble about without making any advance. These enormous dunes were in windrows seven ranks deep. They were from thirty to seventy feet high and miles long. Traveling eastward they were going across plains, ridges, cañons and mountains, not turning aside for any surface inequality. Eight years later, when I next saw them, they had advanced about two thousand feet. Ultimately, I suppose, they will meet counter winds, be somewhat scattered, but probably deeply bury a region.

Trees on wind-beaten beaches and wind-swept plateaus have been trimmed, molded and adjusted by wind-directed sand. On the dry wind-battered heights of the Rocky Mountains, two miles above sea level, the trees have been dwarfed and distorted by these storms. The trees do not surrender, and many are forced as huge crude vines to crawl leeward, and a few that stand lose all limbs and bark on the stormward side and their few surviving limbs stream leeward, making of a tree a tattered triumphant banner.

The wind occasionally exceeds the speed limit; this may be on the sea or seashore, across mountain plateaus, and also, from the reports of aviators, in the region "between the thunder and the sun."

I climbed Long's Peak on a day that the wind broke speed records. In a pass at 12,000 feet it ripped by at 171 miles an hour. Its powerful wind breakers whirled and dashed and flung sand and coarse gravel, and several times knocked me down. At Keyhole, altitude 13,000 feet, the wildest place, the wind rushed past. I tried in vain to crawl through, and finally went round. I advanced by rushing forward, between the irresistible rushes of the wind; dropping and holding close until the wave passed; then another dash forward. I rounded the worst point the first try and dropped on a flat rock as the oncoming wave roared down upon me. This kicked me flying off among the bowlders as easily as I might have sent an empty basket.

Many times I have seen whirlwinds of magnificent proportions sweeping across the deserts of the Great Basin. Generally they were not funnel shaped, but ever magnificent columns and large enough and high enough to support the sky. One of them moved strangely across the desert floor one day without a sound from it reaching me. It appeared, and probably was a hollow column inside the merry-go-round of dust, not less than two thousand feet high and I believe three hundred in diameter. For a time it whirled forward perfectly vertical; then it tilted forward, then backward, and finally bent like a pipe about halfway up, and the upper part leaned to the right while the bottom half was vertical.

Another day, while up three or four hundred feet on a mountain side examining an ancient shore line, a gigantic hollow-column whirlwind burst from behind a high mountain. It was thick with sand and powdered alkaline dust. As it swept before me another, still larger, hove in sight in the southwest as though trying to interfere with the first one. A few seconds later two others dusted in from the southern quarter and came swirling into the field of action. The first and the second cut an X crossing, the second crossing the line as the first cleared it. Their tops were thrown into slight confusion by conflicting currents, but each quickly re-formed and went indifferently on its way.

As these four were disappearing a fifth towering one rolled in, closely following the track of the first one. This passed close to me, and from my height, about four hundred feet above its base, I had a good look at it in action. Twice for a short distance it developed a funnel point at the bottom, feeling right and left with this like an elephant trunk; twice its top was explosively wrecked from invisible unknown causes. It made an impressive show in the sunlight, and I estimated it at not less than three thousand feet high.

The Ubiquitous Sky Tramp

Ofttimes fine dust or volcanic ash is long suspended or is long afloat and adrift in the air before reaching the earth. Volcanic ash is said to have been carried round the world, and I have seen desert dust in the air nearly five hundred miles from the point of take-off. Sometimes after a prolonged and violent desert dust storm the air is hazy, does not entirely clear for days. Bits of thin flaked mica, ash and finely powdered rock flour are seemingly lighter than air, and linger in the air as though in solution.

Once blown from the earth every dust atom becomes homeless—a sky tramp. It may wander the sky for weeks. Ascending currents carry it up; another carries it into the north; it is carried back, it drifts, and finally settles to the earth or is carried dashing down in a raindrop or down lightly as an adventurer on a snowflake. On earth it dries and wanders on—it is blown hither and yon, there is no resting place for it.

Dust settles everywhere over the globe. It discolors the white mountain-top snows, dusts inland forests, reaches ships in mid-ocean, and is found at rest in layers over the ocean's floor.

The magic sheets and hills of running sand are born of the wind and of the sea. They are wandering, migrating, homeless—restless as the sea. These sands are from lands uncounted ages old; they have had a place in many a geologic stratum, and will have a part on geologic horizons yet unformed.

Sand dunes are the changing playhouses of the inconstant wind. Transient sand dunes, crumbling ruins and ever-shifting scenes are a part of the thought-compelling landscapes of the earth. Their mysterious grains of insoluble sand are from all ages, from all the continents and the seven seas, and with them the imagination sits down like a child to play, build and think.

Touched with the wind the unresting sand dunes give a restful margin to the shore lines of all the restless seas. With the wind they gypsy upon the bends and banks of every river, play in wild abandon over leagues of desert, and round ten thousand dreamy lakes and ocean beaches maintain the wondrous, immortal No Man's Land, the land where children play and dream.

Birds and animals migrate, emigrate or travel in far circles and return. Sand dunes, companions of the international universal winds, may sometime find a resting place—a permanent mound beneath the grass, the lilies and the oaks.

But many happy sand dunes are just travelers, merry, russet-brown gypsies; they never had a home—they do not want a home—they do not remember where they came from—they are not going anywhere—they are not worrying about arriving—in No Man's Land they are traveling merrily and gracefully.

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FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 22)

The Water Front, Petrograd

The war, therefore, whose real meaning, whatever its ostensibly proclaimed aims, would be a renewal of the perennial historic struggle between Gaul and Teuton for supremacy on the continent of Europe, would imply the employment by the chief contestants as well as by their allies of all the armed forces at their disposal—that is to say, of millions upon millions of combatants.

In these conditions a war could never be quickly won by either side by a military event such as a Jena, a Waterloo, a Sadowa or a Sedan; it could only be ended by the total material or moral exhaustion or collapse of one of the sides, or of both, after a long protracted struggle whose duration it would be impossible to foresee.

Such a war could be carried on for any length of time with any hope of victory only by armies fully comprehending the cause for which they were fighting, or else animated by passionate feelings of hatred of the enemy or capable of having these feelings excited by skilful propaganda to the necessary fighting pitch. In both these respects the millions of Russian peasants to be mobilized would undoubtedly be found entirely deficient, as our experience in the war with Japan should have taught us. My doubts, therefore, were well grounded as regards our being in a position to count on a victory of our arms in the event of our participation in a general war in Europe. I might mention here, by the way, that similar doubts seemed to haunt the minds of those who were responsible for the destiny of the empire at the very moment when war had just been declared. At any rate, at a solemn reception held at the Winter Palace, two or three days after the beginning of hostilities, when our troops were already advancing into East Prussia, I remember the Emperor winding up his address to the members of the council and Duma of the court and of the highest bureaucracy, with the vow that having drawn the sword he would not lay it down as long as a single enemy soldier remained on Russian soil—or words to that effect, similar to those used by the Emperor Alexander I when Napoleon's armies had invaded Russian territory in 1812. On the same occasion I remember having incidentally asked one of the members of the government, with whom I was engaged in conversation, whether he knew what was intended to be done in regard to the gold reserve of the Bank of Russia; to which the minister replied that it was already being transferred to Kasan for safety. All of which did not betoken much confidence in a victorious issue of the campaign just opened.

Though, of course, the question of victory or defeat was a matter of the gravest concern to me, I was profoundly convinced that what was really at stake in either case was infinitely more than a mere question of military success or failure, that it was the very existence of the empire, because the fact alone of our participation in a war on the scale of a general European war was bound to create conditions which could not fail to open the floodgates to the rising tide of revolution.

First among these conditions would be the breakdown of the bureaucratic apparatus under the extraordinary strain of the demands which the conduct of a war on a hitherto unheard-of scale would necessarily make on almost all its branches. I do not propose to join the popular chorus of systematic detractors of the Russian bureaucracy, nor do I wish to minimize its many sins and disastrous shortcomings. There is one thing, however, which even its most uncompromising enemies may not deny, and that is, that the whole social and political fabric of the state, with all its unquestionable qualities as well as its obvious defects, was the result of, and had been built up by, two centuries of patient, sometimes blundering, but unremitting effort put forth by this same much decried bureaucracy in the cause of the gradual, necessarily slow, sometimes unjustifiably retarded, but always in the end effective progress of the nation, to which the very existence of the great empire as it was before its downfall and ruin bore eloquent witness. Now that its complete destruction from top to bottom has been accomplished by two short years of the sanguinary tyranny of the fanatical leaders of Bolshevism the value of the work of the bureaucracy is beginning to be realized and regretfully acknowledged, even by those who welcomed the bureaucracy's downfall as the dawn of a new and happier era of freedom and prosperity.

Russian Troika, Transportation by Land

But what is said here is not meant to suggest that the bureaucratic apparatus, if it had not been first completely disorganized and finally demolished by the revolution, would have been able successfully to bear the enormous strain of the exceptional demands made upon it by the conduct of the war. On the contrary, it was the utter breakdown of such parts of that apparatus as the railroad administration and the supply of food and war material to such enormous armies as would have to be put in the field—it was just this breakdown which, in the opinion of the author of these reminiscences, was primarily to be apprehended, not merely as certain to imperil the success of an expected campaign but as likely to lead to a state of chaos of which the revolutionary parties would not fail to take advantage for the furtherance of their plans aiming at the overthrow of the social and political order of the state.

In judging of the possibility of our bureaucracy being able to withstand the enormous pressure that would necessarily be brought to bear upon it by such a momentous crisis in the country's history as a few saw coming but many instinctively felt was approaching, it should always have been kept in view that the bureaucratic apparatus, however enormous in size and imposing in appearance, was no longer capable of successfully coping with the ever-increasing difficulties of the task of giving the

(Continued on Page 63)

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one hundred and seventy millions of the heterogeneous populations of an immensely overgrown empire the really efficient government they required. The bureaucracy, being part and parcel of the Intelligentzia, no less than the political parties, so-called bourgeois as well as revolutionary, who were aiming at its overthrow, was laboring under the same fundamental disadvantage which, indeed, has been the curse of Russia ever since her entry under Peter the Great into the community of European nations as a member on a footing of equality—the fatal separation of the infinitely thin layer of the educated classes from the enormous bulk of the nation by an unbridgeable gulf of mutual noncomprehension.

And that is the reason why the pride and glory of the bureaucracy, its handiwork and creation, the superb edifice of the state, however imposing and monumentally solid in appearance, was not and could not have been an organic growth having its roots deep in the soil upon which it was erected, but was an artificial superstructure that could be tumbled down like a house of cards by a sufficiently powerful shock from without or from within. In the minds of the people, however, it was still surrounded, like its builder and sole support, the bureaucracy, with the halo of legitimacy as an emanation of the will of the only legitimate source of authority, the will of the Lord's Anointed, of the Czar. So long as this ideal of the divine origin of the sovereign power was still a living force, was not undermined and destroyed in the minds of the people, so long the edifice would stand. It certainly required fundamental alterations and improvements. Its perfectibility had been amply demonstrated by its history in the past. Its perfectibility in the future could be questioned only by those who were clamoring for and who were bent on its destruction. With its standing erect and unshaken was bound up all the future of the country, its unity, safety and greatness. Its fall would mean—and did mean as subsequent events have shown—disruption, anarchy and chaos. Its preservation, therefore, from the danger of war and revolution should have been the prime duty, overshadowing all others, of Russian statesmanship.

War, for Russia, whatever its course and outcome, meant the certainty of the advent of revolution. The lesson of the Japanese War should never have been forgotten. It certainly had not been forgotten by the revolutionary parties. Justly attributing the failure of the revolution of 1905 to the fact that not only the guards but a sufficiently large part of the army had remained faithful to their oath, they directed with redoubled energy their efforts to the matter of revolutionary propaganda among the soldiery of the regular army, as far as preventive measures and more strictly enforced discipline would allow, and principally among the great many millions of the peasantry who as soldiers of the reserve would be mobilized in case of war.

It was easy to see, one should have thought, what a formidable danger, not to the foreign enemy but to their own country, these hordes of armed peasantry might become, seething with discontent and hatred of the educated and ruling classes, with their baser instincts of envy and greed inflamed by the promise held out to them by the revolutionary propaganda of the coming distribution among them of the estate owners' lands.

That foreign statesmen, ignorant of real conditions in our country, and looking upon Russia mainly as a purveyor of an unlimited supply of cannon fodder, should have based any calculations and placed any reliance upon the so-called "Russian steam roller" may be comprehensible to some extent. But what seemed to be difficult to understand was how it could be possible that there should be found thinking Russians so blind to the reality of things as to entertain any illusions whatever in this regard. Yet there were such among the Duma leaders and their following, of the Octobrist no less than of the Cadet Party, who were staunch supporters of the government's foreign policy, which, if persisted in, could only lead in the end to a general European war, and who presumably failed to realize that our participation in such a war would be bound to open the door to the coming revolution.

Whether this was so or whether they hoped to be borne into power on the crest of the wave of the revolution, which could then be dealt with as easily as was that of 1905—I am unable to say and prefer not to express a surmise which might do injustice either to their intelligence or to their good faith. There were also those—and I cannot believe that there were many—who were willing to stake the very existence of the empire on the chances of war, in the hope that a victorious outcome would strengthen the position of the government and prevent the possibility of a revolution.

All these momentous questions, lightly touched upon in the preceding pages, had been the subject of frequent exhaustive and earnest discussions between the late Count Witte and myself in our daily walks and drives during the peace conference at Portsmouth. Barring some divergences of opinion on diplomatic matters, as, for instance, his favorite idea of the possibility of relieving the critical situation in Europe by a transformation of the Franco-Russian alliance into a tripartite alliance including Germany—a subject to which I have referred at some length in a preceding chapter—we were entirely of one mind in regard to all main points and above all in regard to the absolute necessity for Russia to remain at peace with all the world.

But then, Count Witte had been, like myself, relegated to the innocuous inactivity of the Council of the Empire, or Upper House of the Russian Parliament; he was notoriously disliked personally and even distrusted by the Sovereign, and he had no means whatever of influencing the policy of the government.

His successor, Stolypin, was the last really strong man we ever had at the helm of the ship of state. Had he lived he might have saved the country. Whatever may have been his inexperience in matters of international politics, his ardent patriotism, however misguided it may have shown itself in some measures regarding Poland and Finland, would assuredly have made him scent in time the extreme danger of continuing the course our foreign policy had been steering for the last twenty years; and his firm will, his undaunted courage, his lofty disinterestedness and freedom from personal ambition would have enabled him, braving the ordeal of unpopularity, by a turn of the wheel to save the ship of state in the nick of time from being shattered on the rocks ahead which self-sufficient incompetence had failed to see.

But it was not to be. Stolypin fell a victim to the assassin's bullet, and he was succeeded in the office of Prime Minister by a man who himself would hardly have claimed to be a strong man.

The new Prime Minister, Mr.—created later Count—Kokovtseff, was a typical bureaucrat in the best sense of the word. He had rendered invaluable services to the state as Minister of Finance, an office which he continued to hold in conjunction with that of Prime Minister. It was owing to his wise, cautious and skillful administration of our finances that Russia had been able to traverse unaffected in her credit the double crisis of the Japanese War and the subsequent revolution. He was a man of the highest personal character, of spotless integrity and enlightened views. I also believe his views in matters of foreign policy to have been entirely sound. But he did not seem to have been in a position to exercise the same influence in regard to matters of the special competence of individual members of his cabinet which one usually associates with the idea of the premiership. Besides, he was retired from his offices, both as Premier and as Minister of Finance, five months before the outbreak of the war and cannot be held responsible in any way whatever for the fatal results of a policy which he had never been in a position to control.

I regret not to be able to say so much of Mr. Sazonoff, who had succeeded Mr. Iswolsky as Minister of Foreign Affairs on the appointment of the latter, whose assistant he had been, to the post of Ambassador in Paris. In rendering a willing tribute to the honorability of his character as a gentleman and to the purity of his intentions, I can only say that it was not his fault but his misfortune, as it was the evil star of Russia, that he should have been fated to play one of the leading parts in the most awful tragedy the world has ever seen, a part to which he did no more measure up than did to theirs most of his colleagues in other lands.

He had, moreover, the additional misfortune to succeed at the head of the Foreign Department to the last really competent minister we ever had, and to become in the sequel the object of egregious flattery in the newspapers of a number of the allied countries, such as was subsequently and for the same motive showered on such men as Milyukoff, Tereschtchenko and Kerensky.

It is not the first time that I have had occasion in the course of my narrative to express the high regard I always entertained for Mr. Iswolsky as a real statesman in the European sense, competent to deal with his colleagues of western nations on a footing of equality. Though I have always been a confirmed opponent of the political system of which he was an adept, and the fatal results of which for our unfortunate country it was his tragic destiny to realize before his untimely end, I feel bound, as a last tribute to his memory, to give expression to my conviction that had he continued at the head of our Foreign Department he would never have become a tool in the hands of others; and my belief that when, in the winter of 1916-17, it had become abundantly evident that the salvation of Russia, and for the matter of that of the whole world, depended on the conclusion of a general peace he would have insisted—and he would have assuredly known how to insist—on the recognition by the Allies of Russia's right to have her voice listened to with the respect to which she was entitled in a matter that was for her a matter of life or death.

At the time to which I refer in this chapter—that is to say in the summer of 1912—it was perfectly evident to anyone who followed in the reports of the press the course of events in the Balkan Peninsula—and having severed my connection with the Foreign Department no other sources of information were accessible to me—that the weakening of the Ottoman Empire, consequent upon the perturbed internal condition created by the Turkish Revolution of 1908 and the military reverses suffered in the war with Italy, was certain to embolden the several Christian states of the Balkan Peninsula—Serbia, Bulgaria, Greece and Montenegro—to unite in an effort to seek the satisfaction of their various territorial claims by force of arms and in the complete dismemberment of European Turkey.

The formation of this Balkan League was said to have been favored by our diplomacy, in the somewhat naïve belief that it would be directed against Austria-Hungary. Whether or not there was any truth at the bottom of this story I am unable to say. Meanwhile the great Powers had been seriously concerned about the maintenance of peace in the Balkans and after due deliberation had determined upon a concerted diplomatic action in the shape of representations by the Ministers of Russia and Austria-Hungary, acting as mandatories of the Powers, to be made at the Balkan capitals on October eighth, to the effect that the Powers would reprove any belligerent action; that they would assist in securing reforms in the administration of European Turkey which would not infringe on the sovereignty of the Sultan nor the integrity of the Ottoman Empire; that in case of war they would not permit at the end of the conflict any modification of the territorial status quo in European Turkey.

For their superior wisdom in attempting to lecture four independent—albeit only Balkan—Powers; disposing jointly of armed forces numbering about half a million men and bent on attacking Turkey for the very purpose of its dismemberment; to lecture them on the subject of the sovereignty of the Sultan and the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and to threaten them with the formidable specter of the status quo, that last refuge, that *pons asinorum*, of embarrassed diplomacy in the presence of ticklish, insolvable problems, the originators, whoever they may have been, of this remarkable plan of concerted diplomatic action were rewarded by the receipt of telegraphic intelligence to the effect that on that very same day—October 8, 1912—the Prince of Montenegro had severed diplomatic relations with Turkey and declared war!

It was plain that once a burning match had been thrown into that powder magazine of the Balkans it would not take long for the train of powder laid from there to the two nearest European capitals to determine the explosion of the gigantic mine which was to shake a continent, and in the planting of which all the great Powers had had their share, until, by the conclusion of the Franco-Russian alliance and the Entente with Great Britain, the division of

(Continued on Page 65)

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Europe in two irreconcilably hostile camps had been completed.

The danger seemed imminent. If anything could be attempted to avert it it would have to be done without delay.

That is why I made up my mind, then and there, to do what will be succinctly related below.

Before proceeding with my narrative, however, I beg to apologize to my readers for having had, and for being obliged to continue, to introduce so frequently the personal pronoun in the tale I have to tell. The fact that these pages contain merely personal reminiscences and lay no claim whatever to pass for history may perhaps serve as an excuse if not a justification for my abuse of a form of speech which sounds more egotistical than it is meant to be.

The task I had determined to undertake, the task of sounding a warning and of pointing out the imminence of the danger to which would lead the course of policy we had been pursuing for the last twenty-five years, was not only an ungrateful but also a hopeless one—both ungrateful and hopeless because it meant swimming against a most powerful current, not only of official policy but likewise of what passes for public opinion. It was not only favored by the court but it had been initiated by the court, and the court was wedded to it. Fashion had sanctioned it. Society had adopted it as its fetish. Those who understood how little it corresponded to the real interests of the country and foresaw how catastrophal for Russia would be the outcome of the war it was leading up to dared not oppose it for fear of being considered pro-German, especially if they bore a German name and had sufficient self-respect not to plead that they were of Dutch or Swedish or Danish or Norwegian descent. It is one of the peculiar and regrettable characteristics of our society that no one is supposed to be simply and solely pro-Russian and to be in his views in matters of foreign policy unbiased by any sentimental leanings pro this or pro that country.

In no country that I know of has this singular predominance of the question of "orientation," as they call it, in the direction of some foreign country or other, any existence comparable, in the intensity and bitterness it engenders, to conditions existing in contemporary Russia. This predominance was indeed characteristic of the state of society in the Poland of the eighteenth century, where the feelings it summoned forth were raging with particular virulence, and it led in the end to the downfall and partition of the country among its neighbors.

As far as I was personally concerned this state of things meant a serious handicap in my endeavors to make the ruling Powers realize the dangerous character of the policy they were pursuing, since whatever I might have to say would be attributed to the fact of my bearing a German name. This was, indeed, the conclusive argument brought forward by a very distinguished Polish gentleman, who in an anonymous article in a French review attacked me—in perfectly courteous terms, I am pleased to say—on the subject of my views on the international situation and the policy of Russia as developed in a secret memorandum submitted to the Emperor, which I had had printed as a secret document at the government printing office in an extremely limited number of copies for distribution among the leading personages of the government and of the Houses of Parliament, and the proof sheets of which had fallen into the hands of my critic, as he mentions himself in his article.

There was, of course, nothing new for me in such an argument. When I had advocated avoidance of a conflict with Japan I had been accused of being pro-Japanese; when at the time of the Boer War I had been in favor of a friendly understanding with Great Britain instead of joining the chorus of senseless vituperation against her, which was then prevalent all over the world, I was suspected of being pro-English, just as now, if I tried to oppose a policy which was bound to lead to a war with our western neighbors, I would be reproached with being pro-German. The difference would be only that in the two former cases, my name being neither Japanese nor English, it could not be used for the purpose of impeaching the disinterestedness of my political opinions, whereas in the latter case, my name being unquestionably German, my opponents would be sure to utilize it in endeavoring to invalidate my arguments with what they would think crushing effect.

Against similar insinuations I was of course defenseless. They were not, however, to be considered a quite negligible quantity, because then already the peculiar mentality was prevalent in Russia which even now in this more or less cosmopolitan city prompts some restaurant keepers to resort to the amusing device of calling in their bills of fare the somewhat vulgar "sauerkraut" by the more elegant and more patriotic-sounding name of "liberty cabbage," and which made our government change the name of the capital of the country from St. Petersburg to Petrograd; a mentality which one would hardly consider particularly to fit its possessors for the august task of presiding over the destinies of a great nation.

Though in a sense my name alone was a serious handicap it was rendered even more so by the fact that it was accompanied by the nowadays entirely meaningless title of "Baron," which stamped me as a descendant of a long line of knights who seven centuries ago had invaded what is now Esthonia and Livonia; had possessed themselves of the lands; had Christianized the savage aborigines and reduced them to serfdom, from which they were liberated by the Emperor Nicholas I, a quarter of a century before the emancipation of the Russian serfs; had, first as an independent order of knighthood, then under the sovereignty of Denmark, further of Sweden, and lastly, since Peter the Great, of Russia, administered the country more or less autonomously; raised it to a comparatively high degree of civilization and prosperity; and had always been counted among the most loyal subjects of their sovereigns—all of which brands the unfortunate descendants of the original conquerors with the mysterious odium of "feudalism," though they may, since ever so long, have ceased to have any connection whatever with the lands so "iniquitously" possessed by their ancestors for many centuries.

On the other hand, this very handicap protected me from the suspicion of being capable of entertaining any views of personal ambition whatever. The same Polish gentleman, himself a former member of the Council of the Empire—a member by election having served his term—alludes to this circumstance in a playful but entirely convincing and conclusive way in the following sentences, which I quote from his above-mentioned article:

"If an old and malicious member of the Council is to be believed, the members of the noble Assembly"—of course those appointed by the crown—"are divided in two categories: Those who are 'seated' and those who are still 'climbing.' Has M. de Rosen definitively 'seated' himself? During the last session he has appeared on the tribune with distinction. Nevertheless, there is no reason to believe that he is 'climbing.' He is too well-advised not to know that in these times of morbid nationalism to be appointed to a post of first-class importance it is first of all necessary to be in possession of a name ending in 'off,' 'eff,' or 'in.'" [These are terminations of purely Russian names; the author of the article does not even mention terminations in "o," "e" or "sky," all of which cast on a name the suspicion of "Little-Russianism," or even, more dreadful still, of "Polonism."] "I believe that he simply takes an interest in world events: *Quorum pars magna fuit.* No one is more entitled to do it, nor is more competent."

I have quoted this unexceptionable testimony of a distinguished Polish gentleman, who hardly could be suspected of not being a sufficiently ardent adherent of the Entente, because it controverts one of the favorite legends industriously spread abroad by the war propaganda, namely, that of the predominance of German influence supposed to have existed in Russia, at court and in the government, and to have been exercised by Baltic barons and other Russian subjects of German descent, inasmuch as it points so plainly and unequivocally to the reason why it would have been impossible even for a man like myself, with nothing German about him but his name, to aspire to any really important and influential position in the government.

Moreover, when the Polish gentleman in question, in the above-quoted passage of his article, refers to "these times of morbid nationalism," he alludes to the really existing unquestionable predominance of a

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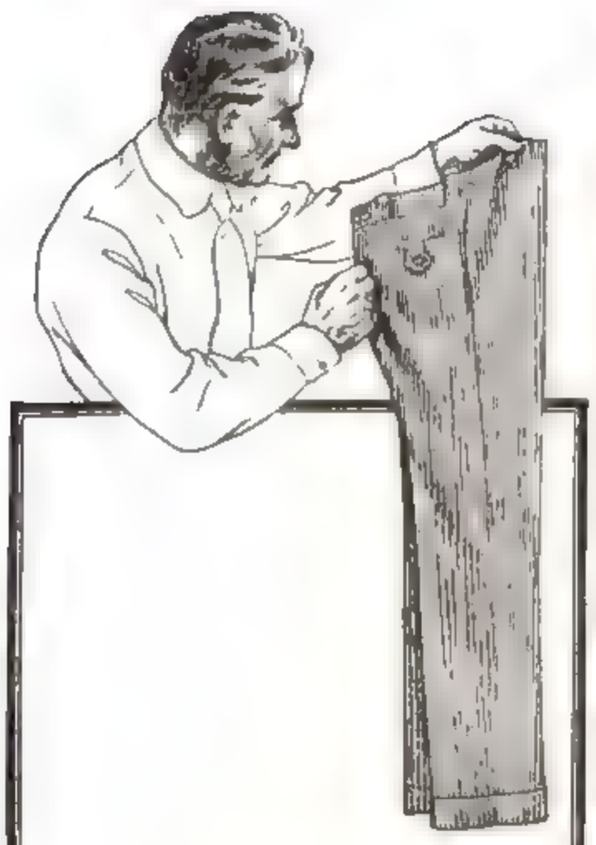

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specifically Great-Russian nationalism hostile to all the numerous nationalities composing the population of what was until now the Russian Empire and its outlying dominions: Poles, German Balts, Finlanders—both Finns and Swedes—Jews, Georgians, Armenians, and even including Little Russians or so-called "Ukrainians." This hostility had latterly assumed a markedly concentrated character specially directed against Germany, partly under the influence of the pan-Slavistic belief in the unavoidably imminent clash between the Slav and the Teuton worlds, and partly in reliance on the encouragement derived from the latent hostility of the Entente toward Germany.

To this strongly pronounced anti-German current in Russia corresponded a no less marked and influential anti-Russian current in Germany, in both cases mostly confined to the middle-class Intelligentzia, and to military circles, always eager for a clash of arms; to a limited degree only affecting the upper classes, hardly at all the aristocracy, and not at all the popular masses, in spite of all the efforts of the propaganda to make it appear in a different light. Between them these two currents were mainly instrumental in undermining the dam that held back the threatening flood of the world catastrophe, and the leaders of these movements, both in Russia and in Germany, may justly lay claim to the glory of having effectually contributed to bring about the World War and to have thereby succeeded in achieving, in four short years, the ruin and destruction of their respective countries, whose greatness and prosperity a century and a half of undisturbed peace and friendly relations between them had helped to build up.

But this is an all-important subject, to which I shall have to revert in another chapter, when endeavoring to contribute my modest share to the elucidation of the complicated causes and conditions which led up to the outbreak of the World War—a matter treated with consummate skill and a great judge's lofty impartiality by Earl Loreburn in his admirable book How the War Came, which I may perhaps be able to supplement with some data heretofore unknown to its author.

For the present, before I proceed to give on these pages a brief synopsis of the secret memorandum I had prepared for submission to the Sovereign, I can only express the hope that I may have succeeded in making it quite clear that in taking this step I could not possibly have had in view any end of personal ambition or, indeed, any other end but that of serving to the best of my understanding what I held to be the true interests of my Sovereign and of my country.

I likewise venture to hope that I may be allowed to claim some indulgence if, in the sequel of my narrative, when dealing with the acts of men whose cruel fate it has been to become unwittingly the artisans of their country's downfall and ruin, it will not always have been possible for me to repress entirely the bitterness that cannot but fill the soul of one who, after half a century's devoted service to his country, finds himself a fugitive from his native land, having had to witness in helpless rage the destruction of all he has lived and worked for as a result of policies he has always opposed with word and with pen to the best of his ability.

I furthermore hope that my indulgent readers will believe me when I say that, having found a haven of refuge in this country, to which I have always been warmly attached, and being entirely and forever out of Russian politics, I pursue in writing my reminiscences no other aim than to lay before them unreservedly what I hold to be, to my best knowledge and belief, the plain and unvarnished truth about the tragic events of which I have been a witness, their causes and their results.

Having explained in the preceding pages the reason which prompted me to undertake the delicate and difficult task of laying before the Sovereign a sufficiently lucid and unbiased exposé of the international situation resultant from the policy hitherto pursued, so as to enable him to draw therefrom, without being prompted, his own conclusions, I may now state in a few propositions my own point of view, as regards the true interests of Russia, from which I intended to illuminate the situation in my memorandum:

Russia, occupying geographically the greater part of the continent of Europe and the whole northern part of the continent of Asia, should be considered politically as a continent by itself, situated between the two, self-contained and self-sufficient, like the United States.

She has reached the extreme limits of her possible expansion in Europe.

She has no political nor cultural mission to perform in Europe, being culturally inferior to older nations.

Russia's size and potential power alone serve her as a perfectly sufficient guaranty of her territorial integrity and commanding political position as long as she does not herself attempt an aggressive policy, for the successful pursuit of which she lacks the aptitude and to which the genius of the Russian people is averse.

Russia's cultural mission lies exclusively in Asia, in the development of her gigantic Siberian empire, and in the spread of her culture, which is inferior to Western European culture but vastly superior to that of her Central Asiatic neighbors, to whom Russian domination has been of unquestionable benefit.

Russia is strong enough not only to stand alone by herself but also, so long as her hands are untied, to hold the balance of power in Europe, no general war being possible without her participation or connivance.

The only rational policy for Russia to pursue is that which Washington in his farewell address recommended to his countrymen: "Abstention from entangling alliances" of whatsoever kind with whomsoever.

It is easy to see how these views, aiming at the preservation of Russia from the catastrophe, which I felt sure was impending, and therefore evidently aiming at the maintenance of European peace, could provoke the dissatisfaction of all those elements who expected to derive from the outcome of a general war in Europe some substantial benefit for their cause. That seems to have been the reason why the same Polish gentleman, at the end of his article dissecting my memorandum, in speaking of his conversations with some personages having access to the highest circles and being acquainted with the contents of that document, relates that, barring some matters of detail, they were in full accord with my ideas, adding the indignant exclamation: "And yet they are all patriots!"

This sarcastic remark applied to some few evidently distinguished Russians, who presumed to be "patriots" of their own country, is rather illuminating, it seems to me. It reflects the real attitude toward Russia and the Russian people of all those who apprehended lest their expectation of a war between Russia and her western neighbors might fail of realization through a reluctance of the Russian Government to engage in such an adventure from motives of mere Russian patriotism.

It must be owned, however, that the bulk of Russian society was not without deserving such treatment at the hands of those in whose cause its leaders and representatives were ready to risk the welfare and the very existence of their country—a treatment the cruel humiliation of which is now brought home to them with a vengeance by these same hands, now that Russia, once a great and proud empire and a prosperous nation, is laid low in the dust, dismembered and bleeding, and the Russian people are curbed under a tyranny such as they have never known, not even in the worst days of the Tartar yoke or of Czar Ivan the Terrible.

The work I had determined to take in hand was not by any means an easy one. It occupied all my time during the summer of 1912, which we were spending at Dinard, a quiet seaside resort on the picturesque coast of Brittany. I used to spend my mornings on the beach walking up and down by the hour, revolving in my mind the many questions I had to treat, and my afternoons jotting down the results of my matutinal reflections. My object being, naturally, to produce the impression I desired on the Emperor's mind, and knowing his character, given to jealousy of his authority and suspiciousness of people's motives, I had to be most careful to avoid even the faintest appearance of wishing to tender unsought advice, which would have been sure to indispose him and to defeat the very object I had in view.

On the other hand, I had to guard against the possibility of being suspected of some ulterior motive or ambitious design of my own in having my memorandum submitted to him. I therefore decided to give it as near as possible the form and the character of a historical treatise on the subject of The European Policy of Russia. It was furthermore necessary in regard to questions not essential to the aim I had in view to avoid anything that might needlessly shock the Emperor's prejudices; wherefore I had either to tone down my own opinions or else to avoid touching upon them.

All this, obviously, could not but impair to some extent not only the literary but also the political value of my dissertation. But I had to sacrifice it to the importance of gaining the main point, that of rousing the Emperor to a realization of the danger to which his policy was exposing his throne and the country.

I cannot, of course, reproduce on these pages the whole text of this memorandum of thirty closely printed pages. Those of my readers who might be interested in it will find a translation of it in a supplement to the present reminiscences when published in book form. Here I can give only a brief synopsis of its contents:

The memorandum deals first with the history of the European policy of Russia in as summary a way as possible. Next, it analyzes the two principal ideas which have been influencing this policy. Then it deals with the international situation in Europe, the genesis, development and aims of the two hostile alliances which confront each other. And lastly, with the Balkan Peninsula as the danger spot of Europe, where the mine is laid whose firing will bring about the general conflagration of Europe.

A cursory glance at the history of the European policy of Russia will show that "as long as Russia pursued only well-defined aims which conformed to the real needs of the state and which were practically attainable, this policy was entirely successful. All the tasks which the far-seeing genius of Peter the Great had sketched out for Russia and the realization of which he had begun himself, were carried to completion by his successors, Catharine the Great and Alexander the First. The shores not only of the Gulf of Finland and of the Baltic, but also of the Black Sea became Russian, and with the territories peopled by Russians reconquered from Poland, and with the inclusion in the confines of the Empire of the Grand Duchy of Finland, the Kingdom of Poland and of Bessarabia, it would seem that the natural limit of Russia's expansion on the continent of Europe had been reached, with the exception, perhaps, of a part of Galicia, with a population mainly of Little-Russian or, as it is now called, Ukrainian stock, which was made over to Austria at the partition of Poland. One might even question whether it served the best interest of Russia to have included in the confines of the Empire the Kingdom of Poland. It could not be doubted, however, that any further territorial acquisitions in Europe would have been for Russia merely a source of weakness and perhaps might have threatened the disruption of the overgrown Empire."

The disastrous Crimean War was brought on through the overweening ambition of the Emperor Nicholas I to play a leading part in the Near East. The dominant position which Russia had been occupying in Europe since the Congress of Vienna had encouraged such an ambition, but it also caused the formation of a coalition of England, France, Turkey and even Sardinia, against Russia, which inflicted on her a humiliating defeat.

After the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris on conditions humiliating to the dignity of Russia our policy assumed for a time an attitude of reserve aptly characterized by the chancellor, Prince Gortchakoff's well-known saying: "Russia does not sulk, she collects herself." It was the beginning of the era of far-reaching beneficent reforms, such as the liberation of the serfs, the judiciary reform, the introduction of the self-governing Zemstvos, and so forth, inaugurated by the Emperor Alexander II.

But in the seventies of last century began the preoccupation of our public opinion with the idea of the so-called tasks cut out for Russia in the Near East in connection partly with the Great Slav Idea, partly with dreams of the conquest of Tsargrad—Constantinople—and the Straits.

The influence of this idea on the direction of our policy had directly or indirectly the following consequences:

"It led to the war with Turkey in 1877-78, the outcome of which, aside from the

(Concluded on Page 69)

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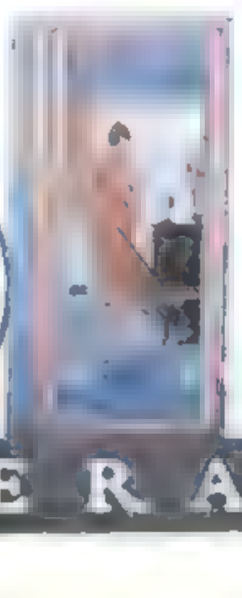

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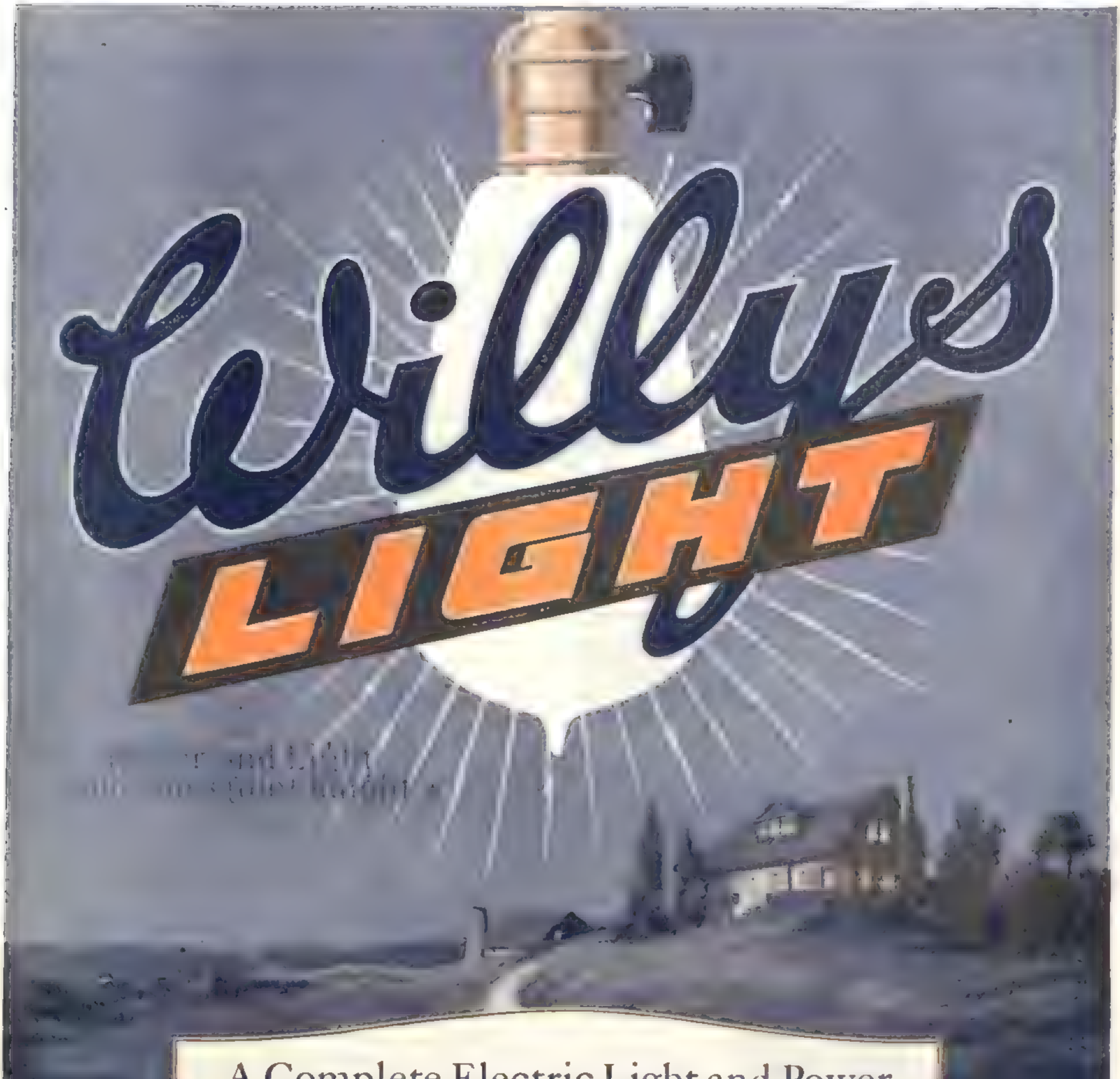

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satisfaction derived from having accomplished an act of disinterested magnanimity in the liberation of Bulgaria from the Turkish yoke, did not give the Russian people anything but disillusionment as to the results achieved at the cost of so much blood and treasure. And this disillusionment, in its turn, created most favorable conditions for the development of the germs of revolution sown by the internal enemies of Russia.

"It was the cause of the attribution to Russia of far-reaching plans in relation to the conquest of the Straits and the bugbear of 'Pan-Slavism,' at the same time intensifying the general suspicion with which her policy has always been regarded, which suspicion made itself felt in the general opposition she met with at the Congress of Berlin.

"It was the cause of the rupture of the friendly understanding with Germany and of the conclusion of the Austro-German alliance, and also of the disruption of the alliance of the Three Emperors, which had been the guaranty of the security of Russia's western frontiers.

"It led to the conclusion of an alliance with France, which entangled us in a sphere of interests entirely alien to Russia, that is to say, of the interests of the French *revanche* for Sedan and of the reconquest of Alsace and Lorraine, and later on also of the Anglo-German antagonism; in other words, of the conflicting interests which are bound to bring about the future general war in Europe.

"It was also indirectly the cause of our armed conflict with Japan, because it prevented us from giving due military support in time, with all the power of the state, to our Far Eastern policy, by which alone that conflict could have been prevented, and at the same time it caused us to keep our best troops inactive on our western frontier, whilst our reserve troops were being defeated in far-away Manchuria.

"Finally, it is this influence alone that could have induced us to raise quite gratuitously the question of the annexation by Austria of Bosnia and Herzegovina, to which we had already in principle assented at the Congress of Berlin," a proceeding the negative result of which caused much bad blood in Russia and embittered our relations with the neighboring monarchy.

Considering how great, as we have seen, had been the influence of this idea of Russia's supposed tasks in the Near East, it will not come amiss to examine the question how far these tasks could possibly correspond to the true interests of Russia and how far they are susceptible of practical realization.

Here we find ourselves at once in the presence of the so-called "Great Slav Idea," which in the opinion of our Slavophiles should serve as a guiding star for our foreign policy.

"To begin with, it must be said that the Great Slav Idea originated in Moscow about the middle of last century in literary and not at all in political circles, and that not one of the adepts of this idea has ever been able to bring it down from the clouds of dreamy sentimentalism into the region of clearly defined propositions which could serve as a basis for rational political calculations. Poetic notions of an ideal future when the 'Slav rivers will all come together in the Russian Sea,' as well as the contemporary lucubrations of our writers and orators of the Slavophile camp as regards the 'pacific cultural unification of Slavdom under the headship of Russia'—all float in the clouds of phantasy and are bare of any substantial foundation. Likewise all enterprises based on similar ideas, as, for instance, a United Slav Bank, exhibitions of Russian wares, Russian bookstores in Slav countries, either do not materialize at all or else are barely kept alive. It must also be said that all attempts at artificially creating a 'cultural unification'—whatever may be understood under this somewhat vague expression—between Russia and Slavdom, are doomed in advance, for the simple reason that such a 'unification,' however desirable it may appear from an ideal point of view, does not correspond to any concrete interest either of Russia or of Slavdom.

"As far as material culture is concerned, Russia stands in as little need of Slavdom as Slavdom does of Russia. Culture in the Slav countries of Austria stands by no means on a lower plane than in Russia, and in Bohemia, for instance, one might say on a higher one. In the Slav states of the Balkan Peninsula our commerce and industry could not compete with those of Austria and Germany otherwise than at a loss, because in Russia they are protected by an extremely high tariff, and the southern Slav countries will always find commercial relations with the neighboring Austro-Hungarian monarchy more convenient as well as more profitable than commercial relations with far-away Russia.

"As far as intellectual culture is concerned the Balkan Slavs—not to mention, of course, the Austrian Slavs—will unquestionably prefer, in spite of their apparent 'Germanophobia,' to go in search of it to its western—and preferably even German as the nearest—fountainhead.

"But even from a purely sentimental point of view there can be no question of a unification of Slavdom under the headship of Russia, as long as the Polish branch of the race, that is to say the most numerous and culturally most developed of all the non-Russian Slav nations, shows itself as it has always done, irreconcilably hostile not only to the Russian state but to the Russian people. As regards the irresistible sympathies said to be drawing the Austrian Slavs toward Russia, it is sufficiently evident that their flirtations with her pursue a plainly selfish end—that is to say, to obtain from the Austrian Government the concessions they want by threatening that government with the specter of Panslavism under the leadership of Russia. And the newfangled Austro-Slavism, which has caused so much disillusionment to our Slavophiles, is certainly not treason to the 'cause of United Slavdom,' which exists only in the imagination of dreamy ideologues, but is based on a rational appreciation of their own material interests.

"But our flirtations with the Austrian Slavs by means of the press and the oratorical exertions of some of our volunteer politicians, have at last caused Austria to begin extremely undesirable, if not dangerous, flirtations with our own 'Ukrainophiles,' and other elements hostile to the Russian state and treasonably dreaming of the dismemberment of the Empire.

"The sympathy of the Balkan Slavs for Russia is unquestionably more sincere. But this sympathy is not so much based on racial affinity as on sentiments of gratitude for great and disinterested benefactions conferred in the past and on the expectation of their continuance in the future. But even these sympathies have their limits. The author of this memorandum, when he was Minister at Belgrade, has had more than once to listen to expressions of soreness and disappointment from the lips of Pan-Serbian patriots on the subject of the preference shown by Russia at the Berlin Congress for Bulgarian interests, and of the sacrifice of Serbian interests in favor of Austria. I have had to explain that the war for the liberation of Bulgaria could not have been undertaken by us if we had not in advance secured the neutrality of Austria by consenting to the occupation of her by Bosnia and Herzegovina, and furthermore, that it was only thanks to our victory in this war that Serbia herself was enabled to throw off the suzerainty of Turkey, whose vassal she had been, and that therefore we did not deserve similar reproaches. And even Bulgaria, which had just been liberated by us at the cost of rivers of the Russian people's blood and treasure, did not hesitate to oppose most energetically our attempts to exploit our newly acquired influence for some purpose of which we ourselves did not have any clear conception, and to seek the support of our political adversaries. It would, however, have been unjust to consider this to have been a demonstration of ingratitude on the part of a people who undoubtedly highly prized the benefaction conferred on her by Russia. They merely showed themselves possessed of the sound political instinct which placed the safeguarding of the true independence of the newly created state above sentimental considerations.

"Such was the true nature of our relations with the world of Slavdom as it appeared to unprejudiced observers.

"Our society has always been too much inclined to attach to the element of racial affinity an exaggerated importance, which, as history amply demonstrates, it has never had nor ever can have in international politics.

"It is to this tendency, and likewise to the inveterate habit of our society to mix up the domain of sympathies and antipathies with that of politics, that must be attributed the hypnotic influences which the Great Slav Idea has exercised over the public mind, reflected in the vacillating and sometimes contradictory policies pursued by our diplomacy in the Near East."

An analysis of these policies and their effect on the general international situation in Europe I shall have to reserve for the next chapter.

Editor's Note—This is the nineteenth of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.

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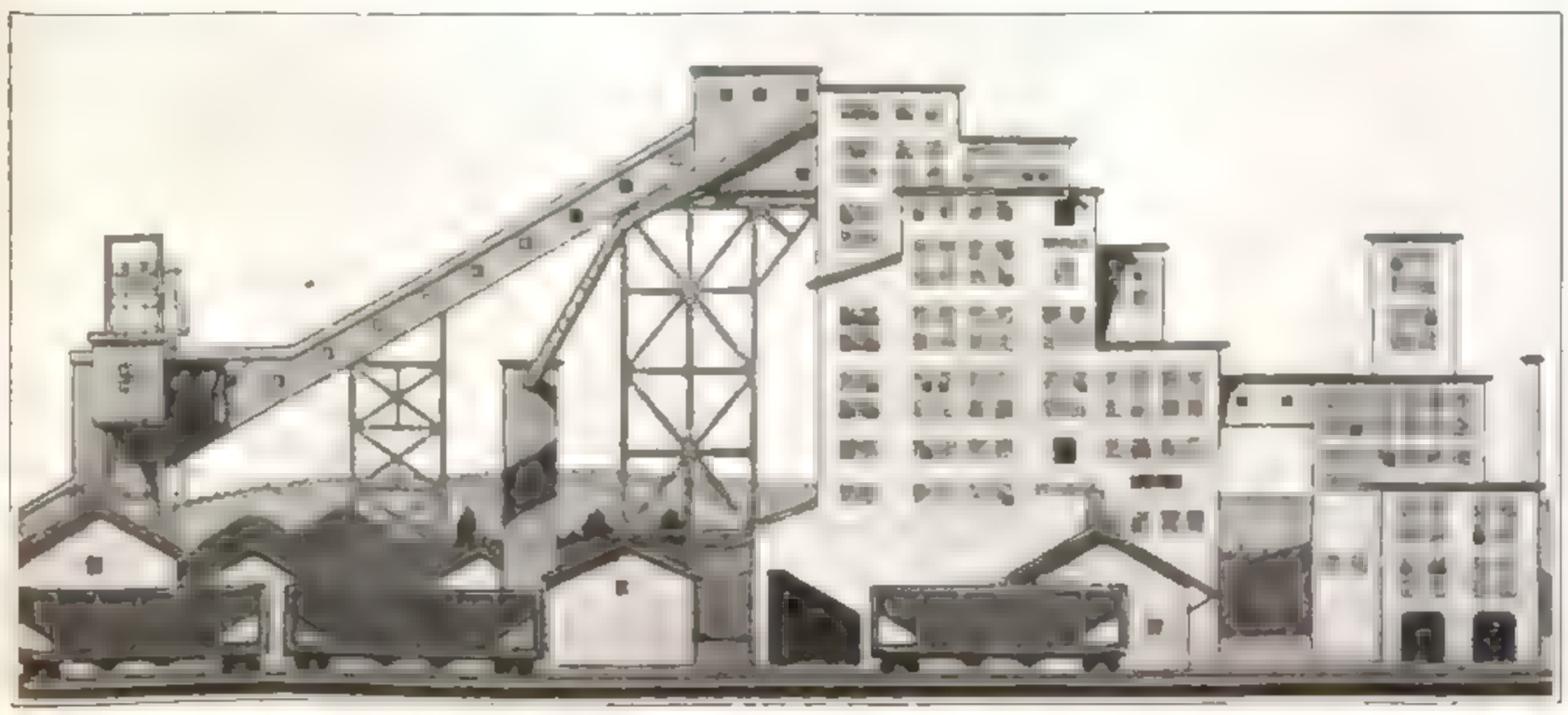

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HOWEVER rough the road, however far from help, you have a feeling of absolute security with Dayton Airless Tires. They can't puncture nor blow out. They never require pumping or patching. No spare tire is needed and no tubes. They are guaranteed for 8,000 miles of uninterrupted service, and records of users show two, three and four times that mileage.

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The Dayton Airless Tire Co., Dept. 100, Dayton, Ohio

Send me booklet, price list and information as checked below:

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Name _____ Address _____

City _____ County _____ State _____

Small-Town Stuff

By ROBERT QUILLEN

The Mechanic

WAGES have not kept pace with the rapidly advancing standard of living. One who sits in a comfortable office and toys with books in exchange for a princely twenty-five dollars the week has no conception of the mental anguish the new wage scale has brought to the mechanic.

If he would remain a good American he must live up to his income. The wife and the girls have expanded in the glow of a little luxury and insist that he expand with them. His house is cluttered up with new things bought for show; he dare not walk in the front doorway with his overalls on lest he shock some new and fashionable acquaintance; the old jitney he knew how to drive has been discarded for a deep-cushioned thing of troublesome gears; grapefruit has taken the joy out of his breakfast and the girls are insisting that olives are good to eat; boiled cabbage has been dropped from his bill of fare; the wife has discovered that the cottage needs a pergola—and he always thought a pergola was some sort of Italian boat.

He has learned that the American standard of living is something that keeps step with the income and he longs for the old days when spending required no mental strain.

The Larger Life

SAM JENKINS had three boys. Two of them followed in the footsteps of their father and became good farmers. The youngest, who was called Billy, was a natural-born loafer. He had a gift for the drawing of pictures and after graduating from the local high school he went to the city to study art. Old man Jenkins paid the bill.

Billy came back once in a while to visit the old folks. He always wore a big bow tie and talked in a tone of voice. The women petted him and gave parties in his honor and he told them about self-expression and the larger life and the ego and things like that. I noticed that self-expression had made his fingers yellow with nicotine and that the larger life had made him a little hollow under the eyes. His ego was unimpaired, however.

The other boys have farms of their own now and come to town behind six cylinders. Their conception of the larger life is one that gets them up at five in the morning to feed the stock and tucks them in at nine o'clock at night. Their hands are rough and their shoes are built for service, but they don't find it necessary to pose and simper in order to get an invitation to dinner.

Billy hasn't sold any pictures yet, but his mother informs me that he associates with the best people in the city. She is very proud of him. The old man has placed a second mortgage on his farm in order to pay Billy's expenses.

Art

ART is primitive. An appreciation of art is primitive. Whatever passes the comprehension of primitive minds is not art but a show trick.

To reproduce in oil the cool shadow of trees is art if the trees resemble the original so closely as to impress the unsophisticated. If the reproduction has no greater success than the approval of technical experts it has nothing to do with art. It is but a piece of mechanical excellence, interesting to experts in mechanical experiments.

An ancient painting that has served through the years as a shrine for those who seek acquaintance with art may be indeed the whole of art itself, or it may be a meaningless daub of paint on canvas. If you would learn concerning the matter do not ask the expert. His opinion was made for him before he was born. Ask the countryman who has no knowledge of these matters.

The shrub by the roadside is Nature. The shrub on canvas is art if it appears to live.

We have too much scientific appreciation of excellent brush work and not enough understanding of the fact that real art is an appeal to native love of beauty and fitness and has nothing to do with schools and arbitrary standards.

Patience

PATIENCE is not a virtue. It is the arbitrary and unnatural damming of waters that must eventually find an outlet.

The coward endures affronts because his craven soul shrinks from conflict.

The weak endure affronts because conflict promises no betterment of their condition.

If the strong endure affronts it is because they confuse patience with righteousness and find in the rôle of martyr a sop to their vanity.

An affront may be forgiven and forgotten. Seventy times seven affronts may be forgiven and forgotten. In story books and in dreams of Utopia these things happen.

But in real life men treasure the memory of a wrong. If I injure my neighbor to-day he may swallow the injury along with his pride and make no show of resentment. He may pretend that he has not charged it to my account against a day of reckoning, but I know that he is posing. I resent the fact that he shows no sign of resentment. Does he think to shame me before my fellows by this pose of superiority? He shall pay for it. He endured one injury. Let him try the taste of a second. And a third. His pose becomes a trifle strained. Discretion urges me to tread softly, but I have set about the business of getting this gentleman's goat and will not be denied. Eventually I reach the end of his patience and then he presents the full account for payment. Has this so-called virtue overlooked an item? Not one. Each is there for settlement, plus compound interest to date.

One who pays as he goes is never dumfounded by the size of his bills at the end of the month.

The wrath of the patient man is intensified by the conviction that one has taken advantage of his virtue, whereas the chief fault was his own. An affront patiently borne invites a second affront.

Freedom

TWO boys born of the same mother sat on a stone at the crossing of roads and made fine boasts concerning the things they should do in after years. Said one: "I shall acquire wealth and become a power. I shall acknowledge no law except my own desire, for freedom is the greatest prize man may win."

And the other answered: "There is no prize greater than freedom."

The years were gathered into history and one of the boys became the world's richest man. His lands were measured by frontiers. He controlled industries and trafficked in the destinies of peoples. Through his offices flowed the commerce of nations. His frown dismissed men from public office. Statutes were written to win his approval.

The other boy was sold into slavery and a sultan notched his ears that all men might know him a piece of personal property.

One morning the master of men sat at breakfast and talked to himself. Said he: "I would give one-quarter of all I possess for a stomach that could digest sausage instead of this damned toast; I would give another quarter for a child of my own; another for the privilege of quitting these tangled affairs and spending a month alone in the woods; and the remaining quarter in exchange for a friend who had no designs on my purse."

In another land the slave sat at breakfast with his wife and children. There came a clatter of hoofs and the sultan appeared unannounced.

"My friend," said the intruder, "I must decide the fate of that new banking law to-day and I need your advice. Can you go over it with me?"

"This afternoon," replied the slave. "I promised to build a pigeon house for the kiddies this morning."

Honesty

HONESTY is not the best policy. It isn't any kind of policy. It is a virtue, practiced for its own sake without regard for profits. Those who refrain from stealing because thieves end in jail are not honest. They are merely discreet.

Collegian Clothes

THEY KEEP YOU LOOKING YOUR BEST

The Lawrence

DOUBLE-BREASTEDS are stylish for summer. The Lawrence shows what skilled tailoring can do. Single button, long straight-top lapels, snug collar, square shoulders. Young men prefer its lasting style and long wear.

See the Lawrence — and other Collegian styles — at your dealer's. Collegian Clothes are tailored in fine fabrics — all wool, *of course*. They are *good* stylish clothes at *fair* prices; bigger values than usual because our profit margin is purposely kept down. Thus in buying "Collegians" you save.

You ought to have Collegian Clothes.
Smart styles for every man of 17 to 70.

Tailored in Milwaukee since 1849 by

David Adler & Sons Company

The Only Thing That

— looks like leather
— wears like leather
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is leather!

THAT'S why leather coats are so popular — why there's nothing better for looks or wear — why smart dressers everywhere are wearing them.

And Pelters are the smartest, finest leather coats made — they're handsomely tailored out of the softest, most durable leather to look well, wear well and fit well.

Pelters are reversible, too — "Gabardine and Leather — there's a side for every weather." The Gabardine is "Cravenetted" to make it 100% rain-proof.

Get a Pelter this Spring — you'll get more wear and longer wear out of it than any other coat you could buy.

For men, women and children. Look for the name on every "Pelter."

On pick out your model at the store that sells Pelters. If you don't know one in your locality, write us.

International Duplex Coat Co.

Pioneer Makers of Leather Coats

114-116 Fifth Avenue New York City

THE TOWN EFFICIENT

THE day of the business efficient has long been with us, but how about the town efficient? If certain practices are beneficial to a single unit, why are they not beneficial to a congregation of units? Now and again we hear of a city run by a business commission, but the efforts have not been so strong as to bring results that startle us and force wide imitation. Is there not an opportunity for all our boards of trade and chambers of commerce to extend their activities along lines that are elementary but vital in possibilities?

The town ideal, of course, is an incorporated community where politics is at a discount; where the character of the school system is a matter of greater importance than the color of the trimmings on the local courthouse; where the health of the poor is one of the chief concerns of the more fortunate people with wealth; where the morals of the people are as high on a week day in business as on a Sunday in church, and as good at ten P. M. on a dark side street as at noon in the center of the city square.

In the ideal town that will some day come to life you will be able to go into any bank and not have to stand fifteen minutes in a line to make a deposit and then go to the end of another line to draw some money.

The thoughtful banker in the perfect town will require patrons who are getting cash to meet a big pay roll to go to a separate window, where they will not hold up a line of busy people who have to do their own banking and can't send an office boy or a low-salaried clerk to do the waiting for them. The modern banker will also permit you to deposit and draw at the same window, thus cutting your delay in half.

In the town ideal all the people who ride in street cars will be educated to step forward during rush hours and thus save five or ten minutes of valuable time for a number of citizens who otherwise would have to wait for a later car. Street-car manners can be taught, and propaganda directed to that end might well be undertaken by the community as a public benefit. The greatest mistake now made by our American municipalities is the assumption that all education looking to the elimination of a common public nuisance is a function of the individual or the corporation most affected. The new idea will be based on the belief that if a few individuals are inconvenienced and slowed up the whole town must bear a part of the cost of the waste entailed.

The Importance of Good Health

The total efficiency of a community depends very largely upon the physical stamina and endurance of its people. How many chambers of commerce have collected figures showing the percentage of absenteeism in the chief industries of the town? If the workers in one community are absent six per cent of the time and in another town are absent twelve per cent of the possible working days each year, it is clearly evident that the city fathers of the latter town have before them a problem deserving attention. Is the cause of the absenteeism a matter of health, or is it due to indifference resulting from dissatisfaction?

How many employers in the inefficient town have concerned themselves with the health of their workmen? How many have group insurance, semiannual physical examinations, dental clinics, mutual aid associations, savings schemes for encouraging thrift, and dozens of other proved institutions that are now considered essential in the conduct of a really up-to-date business?

The city fathers of the coming town efficient will assume that the sure way to build an ideal community is to start with the preservation of the health of the children. This problem will not be left to one or two doctors who are long on authority and short on funds; who have plenty of knowledge and good intentions but lack the wherewithal to bring about the consummation of desired plans. In one New England city careful attention to the teeth and general health of the school children has so increased the grade of scholarship that the average age of the pupils in some of the rooms has been reduced nearly a year. The ideal town must make provision for medical and dental attention to young and old who may lack the funds necessary to purchase such care.

The average corporation is quite particular concerning the ethics of all the people it employs. Every big company is fully aware that the telephone girl operating the main switchboard, or the office boy, or the information clerk, can act in a way that will make enemies of friends and tend to bring the fair name of the company into disrepute. What is true of a corporation is also true of a town. Why is it not the business of the representative leaders in every community to help regulate the business ethics and methods of the different concerns that to a certain extent hold the reputation of the community in their keeping? By this I do not mean to imply that any local board of trade should exercise authority over the affairs of others. What would be accomplished must come from a vigorous campaign of cooperation and education and not from any pernicious meddling in private matters. Ninety per cent of the business errors that occur are the result of ignorance rather than intention.

The Perfect Town of To-Morrow

It is to be expected that those who guide the destiny of any town pay close attention to the purity of the water supply, the effectiveness and completeness of the street-lighting system, the quality of the city's sewerage and sanitation, and the means provided to safeguard the community from violence and fire. However, the model town of to-morrow will be made up of business men who will have been educated to know how important it is that a letter shall be signed in such a way that the one who receives it will be able to decipher the correct name signed by the author of the letter. Everything that comes from this town efficient will bear the mark of perfection. People will come to say: "Have you ever been in Smithville, or have you ever done business with anyone who lives there? That's some town! It has the best schools, the best health record and the lowest mortality of any community in the state. It hasn't any slums and there is no poverty.

"Some years ago a group of business men in Smithville got together and decided to run their little city in a scientific manner. They started an investigation that had several dozen aims. It was all done simply by agitating and disseminating the truth. One examination in several factories revealed that each cubic foot of air contained more than 200,000,000 tiny particles of dust that were extremely dangerous to the lungs and air passages of the workers. The owners of these plants were shown how greatly it was to their interest to remedy this unhealthful condition, and to-day these same factories are models when it comes to a proper supply of good light and pure air. A couple of members of the Smithville Board of Trade were appointed a committee to solve the problem of rats, mosquitoes and flies. A city ordinance was enacted that made the foundation of every new house wholly ratproof; there isn't a mosquito within a mile of the town; and all the flies that are left are having the time of their lives trying to find a stray bit of garbage that will furnish them with something like a square meal. As a result of this elimination of insect pests and vermin the town is free of malaria and has forgotten that there ever was a disease called typhoid.

"Smithville established a department of child hygiene, and the health condition of every child in the town is now studied by highly trained experts. Recommendations are made to the parents and the teacher in all cases where it is found that conditions need correction. Where necessary, glasses are fitted for the eyes, the teeth are examined and looked after, and mentally backward children are classified so that proper corrective measures may be taken. Every home containing children who are too young to go to school is visited at stated intervals by a physician and a public nurse. Parental supervision is also provided as a free service by the town wherever it is possible or desired, and this has reduced the maternal and infant mortality rate in this community to the lowest figure shown in any town in the country. The height and weight of each child in the schools are recorded every month. These examinations are followed by careful suggestions concerning the correct food and the proper exercise for each child who is undernourished. The monthly progress of the children is carefully observed and recorded.

"The Smithville Committee on Fatigue in Industry has set a record in accomplishment. As a result of the work of these investigators all the officers of the leading industries in the town have become interested in the most modern methods that are employed to increase individual output with a minimum of tiresome effort. Rest periods have been established, the working positions of the employees in all the plants have been studied and proper supports in the way of chairs and benches have been supplied. In two large machine shops rhythmical movements for the workmen have been introduced with much success. This has relieved the fixed attention of the men and consequently has reduced fatigue. Industrial accidents have been lowered to a seemingly irreducible minimum.

"One of the many interesting committees in Smithville was authorized to make a study of the telephone and the mails. This committee started an educational campaign that affected the whole population of the town in a most beneficial manner. None of the Smithville citizens waste time on the telephone by saying hello. They all answer the phone's ring by announcing, 'Mr. Blank speaking.' Everyone is considerate of the other fellow's time and you don't wait two or three minutes for someone to answer in Smithville."

Helping the Postal Clerks

"All letters and circulars that the business men in Smithville send out are properly addressed. They have been taught the rules of the Federal postal service and know that though the post-office people may use the telephone book or other source of information to deliver a first-class letter that is insufficiently addressed, no such effort is put forth to get third-class mail to its destination. If a circular is not fully addressed it dies in the post office, because the postal laws forbid directory service for mail of that kind. Congress refuses to permit the Post Office Department to spend money to correct the negligence or indifference of the senders of third-class mail. The business men in Smithville also try to avoid loading the local post office down with great quantities of circulars late in the day. They get this class of mail off their hands in the morning, making it possible for the postal employees properly and quickly to handle the more important first-class letter mail that reaches the post office at the end of each working day.

"I might tell you a whole lot more about Smithville, but just run out there some day and note how the happiness and prosperity of the people cause them to walk with their heads up and their shoulders thrown back. The drug stores do a rotten business in health tonics, while the savings banks are the busiest shops in the whole town. The annual illness of workers still costs the United States $2,000,000,000 each year, but don't go away with the idea that Smithville has contributed to this total.

"And when it comes to verbal hypnosis, the foreign or domestic agent doesn't get far in this wise town. All the Smithville folks are able to see clear through the clever disguise of Old Man Anarchy, who recently came back to us with new clothes and a new name. Fads and cults may get along in some communities, but in this town efficient even the lowliest workman has been so educated that no one can fool him into believing that the way to imitate a golden age is to spend a lot and work a little."

New York THE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION *Minneapolis*

Why not VALSPAR
your refrigerator
now?

WHY *R. H. Macy & Co.* use VALSPAR Varnish

JUST SIX WEEKS after the big refrigerators were installed in the restaurant of the famous Macy store, New York, the varnish began to turn white and flake off.

The steam from the big kitchen kettles was too much for it—to the surprise of the contractors, who had thought the varnish they used equal to anything made for the purpose.

In two months, where the steam was hottest, there was no varnish left, and the unprotected wood was showing signs of warping and swelling.

After one look, the Macy Superintendent of Buildings said "Revarnish them with Valspar"—his experience told him that Valspar would stand where the other varnish had failed. So they scraped the refrigerators and gave them three coats of Valspar, and though that was seven years ago, the head painter at Macy's said recently, "Those refrigerators show no signs of needing revarnishing yet!"

Ever since this startling demonstration, everything varnishable around the great Macy store has been VALSPARRED—and the manufacturers of the refrigerators have made Valspar their standard finish.

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Avenue, New York
Special Offer

For your dealer's name and 15c in stamps we will send you a 25c sample can of Valspar—enough to finish a small table or chair. Fill out the coupon.

Dealer's Name_____

Name _____

Address _____

Saturday Evening Post-5-22-20

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

HUNCHES

(Concluded from Page 34)

everybody his troubles, because he can't pick 'em. He's ten thousand to the bad now and he's only been playin' 'em a couple of days. They've got him goin' for fair and he'll stand for a tip from any cook or stableboy. Besides which he's workin' his old hunch bug overtime. He'll play anything now from the numbers on a street car to the book of Revelations."

"So that's the how of it?" commented the bookmaker.

"Yes," continued Mr. Klump; "and when I told him about the big play over here he had a hunch right away that he could do better if he was to circulate his money in the rooms. He thinks he gets too much free information when he goes to the tracks and that it puts his judgment on the blink."

Mr. Klump had not anywise exaggerated matters. Stormy Sellers' lucky star had gone behind a cloud.

"I need a new deal all round," he told himself, "and if I go over to Repstein's pool room I won't be worried by every tout and hanger-on round here."

But even then the luck did not change. Day after day he crossed the bay and sat in Repstein's place until the last race had been called off and every evening found him several hundreds poorer.

"He's beginnin' to feel the gaff," commented the astute Mr. Repstein. "He won't last much longer and I'm goin' to try an experiment. I got to take him fast now."

"I thought you had him goin' pretty well as it was," ventured Mr. Klump.

"That shows how you don't know nothin', Joe," expostulated Jakey. "His money is a gift from now on, because he couldn't pick a winner until the race was over. But supposin' he was to blow back to the race track with what he has left. It would be like losin' so much easy money. There ain't nobody a-goin' to pluck that bird but me, and when I get through with him he won't even have the pinfeathers left. Now, Joe, I'm goin' to show you some fine work."

Mr. Repstein took pencil and paper and in a scrawly, disguised hand wrote the following note:

MR. SELLERS,

Dear Sir: I have watched you play ball lots of times and am one of your admirers. I am out at the race track rubbin' a horse called Stormy Petrel. He is oil in the can and when he next starts you better have a good bet down on him. Throw out all his other races. They don't go. You will understand.

Your friend,
SAM JACKSON.

When it was finished he passed the sheet over to his confidant.

"If I know anything he'd hock his soul to bet on a tip like that. The Stormy end of it will ketch him sure, because it'll be a hunch. You know that old goat Stormy Petrel, Joe? He's a four-year-old maiden and ain't been one-two-three in the cheapest kind of company. They say some crazy woman owns him and starts him once a week just to see her jacket paradin' past the grand stand. But with this frame-up Stormy will pile aboard and pull in the gangplank."

Jakey had diagnosed the case with singular perspicacity. Mr. Sellers received the letter in due course and rose to the bait as a trout to a well-chosen fly.

"Now here's a copper-bottom hunch," he chuckled as he read it. "This nag's name is Stormy Petrel and my nickname is Stormy. Besides which I have the real old information fresh from the manger. It couldn't be stronger unless the horse was to have wrote it himself."

Then he glanced through the entries for the day. Stormy Petrel was carded to go in the third race.

Stormy crossed the ferry and made a bee line for Repstein's. The latter gentleman saw him coming and met opportunity halfway.

"Looks like as if you had a good thing to-day?" greeted that gentleman.

"What prices are you layin' against Stormy Petrel?" replied Mr. Sellers by way of answering the query.

"Bein' as it's you, I'll lay you twenty-five to one that he ain't first, fifteen to one that he ain't second and eight to one that he doesn't finish third. That's liberal enough, ain't it?"

Mr. Sellers had counted his bank roll carefully in the morning. He discovered that he had only two thousand dollars left of his erstwhile fortune. He decided to split it.

"Four hundred goes that they see him first," he replied as he took the elastic off his roll. "Then I'll bet you four hundred more that he's as good as second and two hundred bucks that he can run fast enough to grab the small end of the purse. Am I on, Repstein?"

"That's what you are, Stormy," retorted the other gentleman, reaching for the money. "But what's the matter with you? Why don't you bet it all? You'll get more if you win."

"Yep," shot back Mr. Sellers, "and I'll be walkin' home if I lose."

Later in the afternoon the third race was called. Stormy Sellers paced up and down nervously as he heard the first rattle of the telegraph instrument. But the message it bore fairly earthquaked him.

"Stormy Petrel ran away four miles going to the post," announced the operator. "The judges have ordered him withdrawn."

Sellers almost collapsed in the nearest chair.

Half his remaining resources were gone and he hadn't even got a run for his money. It was a bitter pill to swallow, especially as he noted the grin of triumph on Mr. Repstein's face.

But away back somewhere in Stormy Sellers' ancestry must have been a long list of unterrified warriors. Even this last catastrophe did not daunt him.

"I'll wait until that bird starts again," he told himself, "and then I'll get even. I won't put down another bet until I plank the balance of the treasure on the same ground where I lost the other half of it."

Two days thereafter Stormy Petrel was carded to go again and his namesake made another pilgrimage across the bay.

"Well, here's your old favorite goin' to try to beat a few of 'em to-day," bantered Mr. Repstein. "Are you still strong for him, Stormy?"

"Goin' to bet the works, Jakey," responded the baseball magnate.

"Well, if that's the case," returned the other, "I'll boost the odds for you a little. I'll lay you thirty to one that he don't get down there first, twenty to one that he isn't second and ten that he ain't third. How's that?"

"Fair enough," agreed Mr. Sellers.

He took out his bank roll, slipped a fifty-dollar note from it and handed the balance to the bookmaker. "You can split that as nearly as you can," he enjoined. "If it don't win I'm a pauper."

The race was the first on the program and Stormy did not have long to wait, because in a few moments thereafter the telegraph operator announced that the horses were at the post.

Repstein leaned over that official's desk and spoke in a rapid aside.

"See that long, tall guy out there smokin' the big black cigar?" he whispered.

The man at the key nodded.

"Well," resumed Jakey, "he's bettin' a wad on that lobster, Stormy Petrel. I want to put the iron into him good and hard, so when you call off the race I want you to phony it and make it appear that Stormy Petrel is leadin' them all the way round. When that hungry-lookin' guy out there falls I want him to fall hard. Give him all the sensation you can. That'll be funny, won't it?"

"Not for the poor guy if he's goin' broke."

"You should care!" hissed the proprietor. "You do as you're told round here or I'll get someone that will."

"Oh, I'll do it, but I hate to," responded the other. "Wait a minute! There they go now!"

He straightened round and grasped the transmitter.

"They're off at Emeryville," he intoned, "all in a bunch!"

There was a pause, and then came the rapid tick-tack — tick-tack-a-tack-a-tack of the instrument.

"At the quarter," droned the operator in the singsong voice of one who repeats an oft-told tale. "At the quarter, Stormy Petrel by four lengths; Ambition is second by one length; and Billy R is third."

"He must of got off well, Jakey," called out Mr. Sellers.

The bookmaker grinned.

"Sure he did! He's all right if he don't call for his mail at the half-mile post."

"No danger," chortled the optimistic player of hunches. "That bird has everything on the ball but a fadeaway."

"The poor simp!" chuckled Repstein to himself. "The poor lobster! He don't know I'm jobbin' him."

Again the rattle of the enunciator.

"At the half," shrilled the operator, "Stormy Petrel leads by five lengths; Billy R second by half a length; Ambition is third."

Another short pause and once more the voice of the man at the key rang out. "The three-quarters! Stormy Petrel by five lengths; Bill R is second by two lengths; Jason is third."

"He ain't stopped yet," vouchsafed Mr. Sellers to those about him.

Repstein watched his prospective victim as a cat does a mouse. He was fairly gloating over the shock that was coming.

"In the stretch!" announced the operator while the patrons of the room centered their undivided attention upon him. "They're in the stretch now and Stormy Petrel still leads by six lengths; Repartee is second by three lengths; Bill R is third. The rest of the field is strung out."

Repstein edged over.

"Fine work! Great business!" he whispered. "Now give him the right one. I want to see his face when they boot him in the heart."

The operator glanced upward. A grim smile was playing round the corners of his mouth.

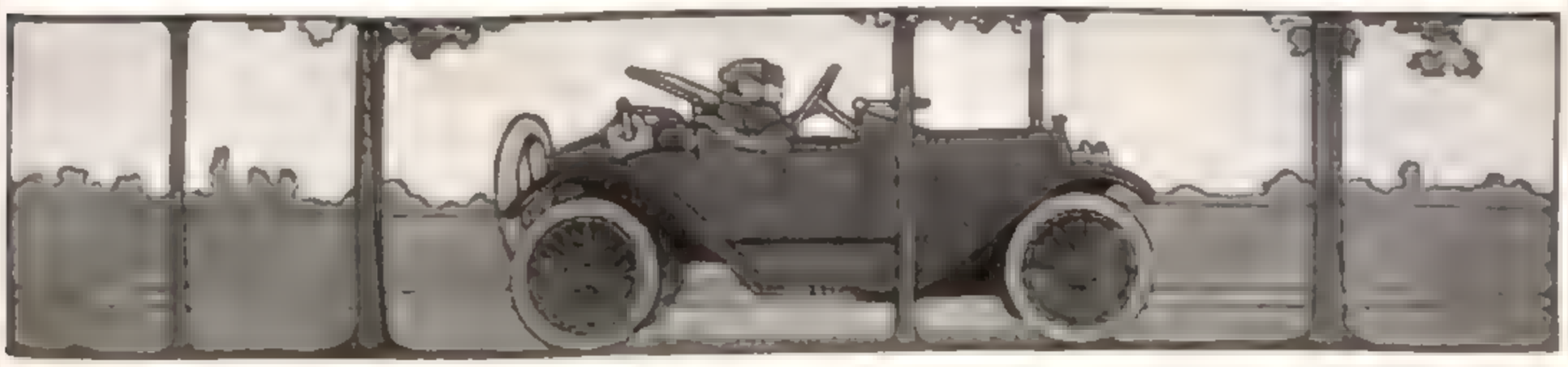
"Well, well," cackled Repstein, "what are you grinnin' for? Didn't you hear me? I said give him the right one now."

The rattle of the enunciator broke in again. The operator caught the first few dots and dashes of the mystic code, then he pushed back his chair, rose to his feet and burst into a great hearty peal of boyish laughter.

"What's the matter? Are you goin' crazy?" snarled Repstein. "Quit kiddin' and give us the right one now."

"The right one, eh?" rejoined the other as he strove to control himself. "Why, you infernal lobster, I was givin' you the right one all the time!"

He lifted up his voice, made a megaphone out of his hands and shouted with all the power of a healthy pair of lungs: "Stormy Petrel is first by ten lengths; Jason is second; and Billy R finished third." Then as if for good measure he added: "Jakey Repstein run a bad last."



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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Trout of the Rockies

COMMENTING on a special story on angling conditions in and round the Yellowstone Park, a gentleman writing from an Eastern city adds some further information:

"The article depicting conditions as regards fish in Yellowstone Park was not overstated—the reverse, rather. I spend about half my time in Jackson's Hole, where I have a cabin, and have been going into the park with pack trains for years. It can hardly be said there is any fishing worth the name inside the park, and the pot fishing has been going on for years. I used to kick, but accomplished nothing, and lately have held my peace. I had hoped that Superintendent Albright would do better, but you must remember that he is subject to great pressure, and has other fish to fry.

"One trouble with the park fishing is that there has never been any consistent effort at restocking. In this connection a pamphlet issued under the auspices of the Umted States Fish Commission contains some very instructive data. I also suspect that the presence of the pelicans, which are rapidly increasing, is a causative factor. They subsist on fry and fingerlings, and it is from them that the trout get the tapeworm, with which they are infested. The pelicans ought to be destroyed in large part, if not utterly.

"The elk are going to catch blazes in Jackson's Hole this winter, largely owing to the destruction of their winter range by cattle."

In regard to the action of the superintendent of Yellowstone Park on the market fishing proposition, it is a great pleasure to quote the statement from Mr. H. M. Albright, superintendent of the park:

"I did not mind in the least the reference to the market fishing in the Yellowstone. We had it coming to us, despite the fact that I absolutely stopped the practice after our conference at Henry Lake. It will never be permitted again as long as I have anything to do with the park, or with any other park."

Fine! We may therefore feel that the sale of these trout, which always have belonged to you and me, and which so long were sold illegally, now has ended. I trust that our friend who did not get anything by kicking will not cease to kick. Sometimes, to mix a metaphor, a good, high and strong kick may knock something off the tree, as in this case.

Yet another gentleman, of a lifelong sporting experience in Montana, Idaho and Wyoming, commenting on the said Yellowstone Park article, writes regarding the change in sporting conditions all through the region:

"The story about the Yellowstone country was not half strong enough on the rules and regulations in Yellowstone Park, one of which is that you can take twenty trout in a day, no matter whether they weigh ten ounces or ten pounds apiece. Neither did the article bear half hard enough on a local power company for destroying the finest rainbow fishing in the United States. They have made a bluff at a hatchery at the upper dam, and claim they are going to stock above and below, but I have not known them to put in any fish, though they do catch some rainbows that come out of the lower dam into Meadow Creek and take their spawn—which I understand is shipped to other parts of the state, none whatever being planted in the Madison River itself. I have had correspondence with the company, but with little satisfaction. They claim if it had not been for them there would never have been any rainbows in the Madison, which may be the fact—when I first fished it in the eighties there were no trout at all in it, nothing but grayling and whitefish.

"The last word I have is that the Madison is lower than ever known and frozen solid in the deeper pools. This will about fix the rainbow fishing in that stream forever. It was poor enough last season. For many days I did not take a single trout that I would keep except a few for meat at the ranch, which were not often needed, as there are plenty of fish butchers from Butte and elsewhere who would bring in something or anything. I have spent five or six summers at a place near the mouth of the West Fork, and can see great changes in the fishing on the Madison. I give it about one year more—at the outside two—to get so you could hardly get a mess with bait. Five years ago I never saved a rainbow less than two pounds, and have put back thousands that would go over three pounds, all taken on the fly. The biggest I ever got was six and a quarter pounds—not half a dozen would go five pounds.

"I also have witnessed the slaughter at the slack water of the upper dam, but I never put a hook in there and never will. I have visited friends who camped on the South Fork and the North Fork catching spawning trout. This party was headed by a man seventy-six years old, who never caught a trout until I showed him how to use a fly a few years ago. His hands tremble so he cannot change a fly and he has to use a cane to balance himself when casting, but he has become quite skillful. I never knew of this man catching over the limit that the law allows, though he had men to clean and give away his fish to tourists or natives. When I told him trout were on their spawning beds and should not be caught he broke camp the next morning.

"I have crossed the trail of the writer of the above-mentioned article many times in Montana, Wyoming, British Columbia and Alaska, and personally know all the old-timers mentioned by that writer, as I have hunted and fished on almost every mountain, lake and stream in the Blackfoot country, and have spent months each season for the last six years on the Madison or with old Ed Staley on Henry Lake. I have fished almost all the streams in Montana and would like to ask, where in your belief is the best rainbow fly fishing left—not steelheads, cutthroats or Loch Leven? The Madison was the best of them all, but that is gone. There is nothing left in Idaho to my knowledge to speak of, nor do I care for any of the streams of Oregon, California or Washington, with their underbrush, drifts, and so on. The Boulder River in Park County is fished out, and so is the Lower Yellowstone. I don't care much for any stream I ever saw in Wyoming for real fly fishing, though the Stinking Water, Fishhawk and similar streams are all right for camp meat. Tell me where I can get away from the traveling public, and get one big rainbow trout a day, three pounds or over. The Big Hole River was good one time before they ran week-end excursion trains from Butte—you can fish your head off on those beautiful waters now without success; and the Red Rock is about the same.

"In my judgment, after all these streams have been fished dry, the Upper Yellowstone will furnish fair fly fishing from the Nine Mile Post down to the upper falls if the Government will do something to help out that great natural breeding ground of Yellowstone Lake—stop all market fishing and make the limit twenty pounds a day instead of twenty fish a day.

"I suppose you and I will be found some day holed up on the north side of a mountain or like some old buffalo bull up at the head of a dry coulee waiting for strength to make one more run. I have lost considerable of my desire for big game, but thirty-five years ago, when I first came to Montana, I used to enjoy running down bull elk and mountain sheep. Have not killed an elk since 1887. That was when Ed Staley, of Henry Lake, and I starved for seven days on a hunting trip. I finally killed a six-point bull elk—but unfortunately it had a bell on it! Hungry as we were, we just covered that elk up with brush and made a sneak, though, so far as we knew, there was not a ranch within sixty miles of us. The rawhide collar attached to the bell was about a half inch wide at the bell, but had stretched thin as a fishline at the top of the neck.

"I was reading about a certain man who killed eight doubles straight on quail on covey rises. I never equaled that, though for many years I was supposed to be the wing-shooting champion of the Northwestern States; I have made a double on a golden eagle and a blue grouse, going downhill ninety miles an hour, one five feet behind the other; have made a double on a

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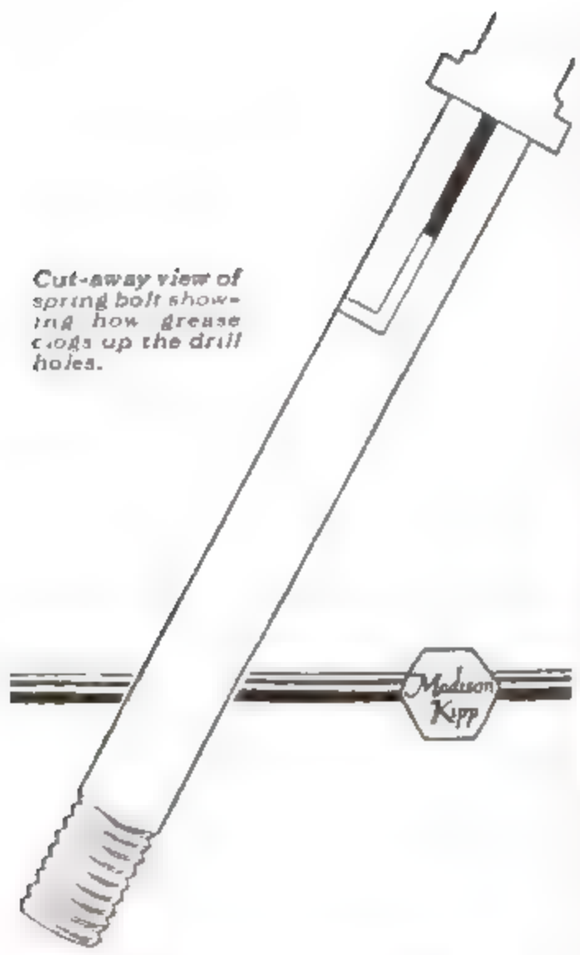

Cut-away view of spring bolt showing how grease clogs up the drill holes.

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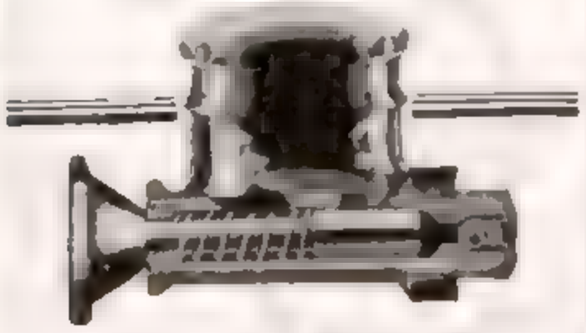

Cut-away view of Model "K" Oil-Kipp for Spring Pins and other horizontal positions. Kipp-Adapters fit Oil-Kipps to any make of truck or car.
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blue grouse and a fawn deer; a double on a blue grouse and a mountain lion; and lastly, a double on a pintail grouse and a friend of mine who was hid in the brush so I did not see him. I guess that string of doubles is going some!"

Oh, I don't know about that last—I once doubled on a teal duck and a trout fisherman; or, rather, got them both at one barrel. Not that I was ever specially proud about it. As to the Yellowstone Park limit of twenty pounds a day rather than twenty fish a day, I hardly can agree with our very well-posted friend. There are streams in the park where it would take fifty fish to make twenty pounds, and it is not often to-day that one will get over a half dozen of the big fellows. I myself think that ten fish a day, no matter what the size, would be a better plan than the present one under which the fish are so steadily disappearing.

There is no doubt of the fecundity of the Upper Yellowstone River and Yellowstone Lake. These waters are the heart of the trout supply of all that region. Unhappily, however, about seventy to eighty per cent of the trout taken there are infested with tapeworms. Perhaps our friend has never seen the recent angling scenes along the Yellowstone—for instance, thirty-two people fishing from one bridge at the same time.

As to the desirability of stocking the park streams with the native trout, there would seem to be no question; but even so, as it seems to me, no amount of stocking of any of these streams can ever keep up with the demand made on them to-day, when fishers swarm in from all over the country. The choice is absolute. Either all the public will have to observe a rigid law, cutting down the daily limit to a very few fish a day, or else all the public will go without any fish at all in a very short time. Stocking is all right—without it we should not have a trout in any of these streams to-day—but we are dealing now with a new set of conditions. There is a limit of supply established by the natural ability of any water to support fish life. There is no limit to the number of anglers that are coming in to all the good streams. The proposition, therefore, is to increase the supply and cut down the demand. Nothing else is going to preserve the fishing. That is so obvious that it needs no argument whatever with anyone who is acquainted with the situation.

Our friend asks us for a good rainbow river. While the upper waters of the Hebgen Dam on the South Fork of the Madison lasts it will be the best place of which I know. It will not last long. I myself will never fish there again, as one day was enough for me. After that is gone I really don't know where to go to get hold of a big rainbow. All the best of the open waters are cut to pieces almost as soon as they are known, because even though well stocked they are not guarded. If they were watched by wardens or if they were always fished by sportsmen alone and not by fish butchers and other persons, either ignorant or careless, there are countless streams all through the West which would offer moderately good sport for an indefinite time. Meantime there is no use looking for any sudden millennium or any miracle by which we can both have our cake and eat it.

Gov. S. V. Stewart, of Montana, is so good as to write in a very broad and illuminating fashion about the question of the trout and grayling in the South Fork of the Madison River. I feel privileged to quote a part of his letter:

"I am more able clearly to understand the situation perhaps than most people, by reason of the fact that my home is in Madison County, at old Virginia City. I resided there long before there were any power dams on the Madison. I fished the Madison and its tributaries before there was even a suggestion of interference with the streams by power companies.

"I was particularly interested in your reference to grayling. The grayling came into the Madison as if by magic. Before the dams were put in we used to fish up and down the Madison and our catch would consist almost entirely of whitefish. There were very few grayling and only a few trout. The latter were caught in the smaller tributary streams. When the dam was put in at the lower end of the Madison Valley there was a general prophecy that fishing was to be a thing of the past and that there would be no opportunity for the fish to increase. Within two or three years after the dam went in grayling appeared in startling numbers and within five years I think there was the best grayling fishing in the Madison River that could be found anywhere in the United States, and at the same time people began to take trout, in the lake and surrounding streams, that were of such enormous sizes as to surprise the natives. I myself have caught trout weighing ten pounds. We also caught any number of grayling.

"There could only be one way to account for the presence of these large numbers of fish. That was that the lake made a splendid spawning and breeding place, and that the advantages thus accrued far outweighed the disadvantages due to inadequate fish ladders and the failure of the fish from below to get up the stream.

"This extraordinary condition attracted fishermen from all over the country; people drove for long distances. It is nothing unusual for people to drive from Helena, Butte, and all of the surrounding towns, for even one day's fishing. Of course the streams have been constantly stocked with fry; but, nevertheless, the tremendous drain due to the large number of fishermen present at all times has to some extent depleted the stock. The grayling seem to come and go. Whether it is due to any natural condition or to the fishing, I do not know. Trout are more plentiful than they ever were. Of course when I say 'are more plentiful' I mean that such has been the case in the last few years. Since I have been governor I have not been able to visit the Madison as often as I used to in the old days, and seven years make quite a difference. Nevertheless, I have kept in touch with the situation and I assure you I appreciate what you say.

"I agree with you in regard to the market fishermen. Early in the war there was a great demand for food fish. The Legislative Assembly in 1915 put the ban on whitefish. At the urgent solicitation of many people and because of exigencies of the situation I recommended to the special session of the Legislative Assembly that whitefish be made subject to sale as a war measure. This was done. The game warden, Mr. DeHart, objected strenuously, as did most of the sportsmen. I am convinced now that they were right and that the rest of us were wrong about it. There was not the benefit derived from the sale of fish that we had hoped for, and there was great damage done.

"We endeavored to try to get matters straightened out at the regular session of the Legislative Assembly a year ago, but unfortunately there arose a political squabble over the game warden's office and as a result we did not get very much that was useful in the way of game legislation, but we did get a lot of things that were positively harmful. The Legislative Assembly finally passed through both houses a measure that in my opinion would have been equivalent to the annihilation of all the game in the state. I vetoed the bill after the adjournment of the session."

An angler of Salt Lake adds his comment on the trout situation in the Rockies:

"The story about the park and Idaho is interesting to anyone who ever cast a fly over the most beautiful stream in the West—the Madison River. It brings back the memory of many days spent on the South Fork, and the regret that the days of the trout there are numbered. On that river I have seen many a time when the trout would jump clear of the water to strike the fly, and I have seen as many as six rise to a single fly. I remember one time on Beaver Creek, which empties into the Madison below the Hebgen Dam, I fished less than a hundred yards and got plenty of trout for six of us at supper. I have seen grayling cover the entire bottom of Grayling Creek, and have seen them taken by the gunnysackful, only to be wasted. I have pleaded with fellows to let up on the fish and game, but few of them realize that it is only a matter of a few years before it will all be over.

"I live in Utah, but I go to Idaho and Montana because the streams of Utah are known to the fish hogs, and there are but few places left in Utah where one can get a mess of fish. We have several lakes, but the stream for me. Fish Lake is our best bet for lake fishing. It is hidden among the pines on a crest among high peaks in Southern Utah. The water is always clear, as there is no inlet, and the lake affords wonderful trolling; sometimes before sunrise and after sunset the fly fishing is excellent. There are Mackinaw trout as large as twenty-five pounds, Eastern brook trout, steelhead and the fighting rainbow.

"We also have three or four good Utah streams, and the Provo River could be made next to the Madison. In the spring the Provo overflows and fills the irrigation ditches. We lose tons of trout which are carried out into the fields. This could be stopped at a nominal cost by the use of screens. Three years ago we had a sportsmen's meeting, and appointed a committee of sportsmen to ask our legislature to increase the license fee, so that the fish and game department could provide screens. We were refused, because the department at that time was not self-sustaining. This last year the legislature did increase the license fee, and the fish and game department turned over to the state treasurer several thousand dollars which should have been expended for the protection and propagation of fish and game.

"What the people of Utah need is to have a sportsman and writer do an article about Utah. It might wake them up. We have hundreds of good sportsmen willing to give both services and funds to maintain our streams, but they are not yet fully awake to the fact that it will soon be too late. Utah will have thousands of tourists and pleasure seekers visiting our new national park in the little Zion Cañon. When the streams of Utah begin to get such a whipping as the northern streams receive from the tourists round Yellowstone Park it will quicky spell the end, unless we get busy. It hurts me, because I love to fish with the fly. Well, as I sit listening to the moaning of an Idaho blizzard which has brought down a foot of snow in our valleys, I know it means plenty of water and good fishing next summer up north."

A very good letter, and with much truth in it. Salt Lake has a great many high-class anglers—and some of the highest-class fish hogs I ever was so unfortunate as to meet. A good many of them go into Idaho and Montana, as this writer has said. I presume that it is slow or difficult for any man who has been raised out in the Rockies in the exceeding abundance of the old days to realize that that abundance cannot last forever.

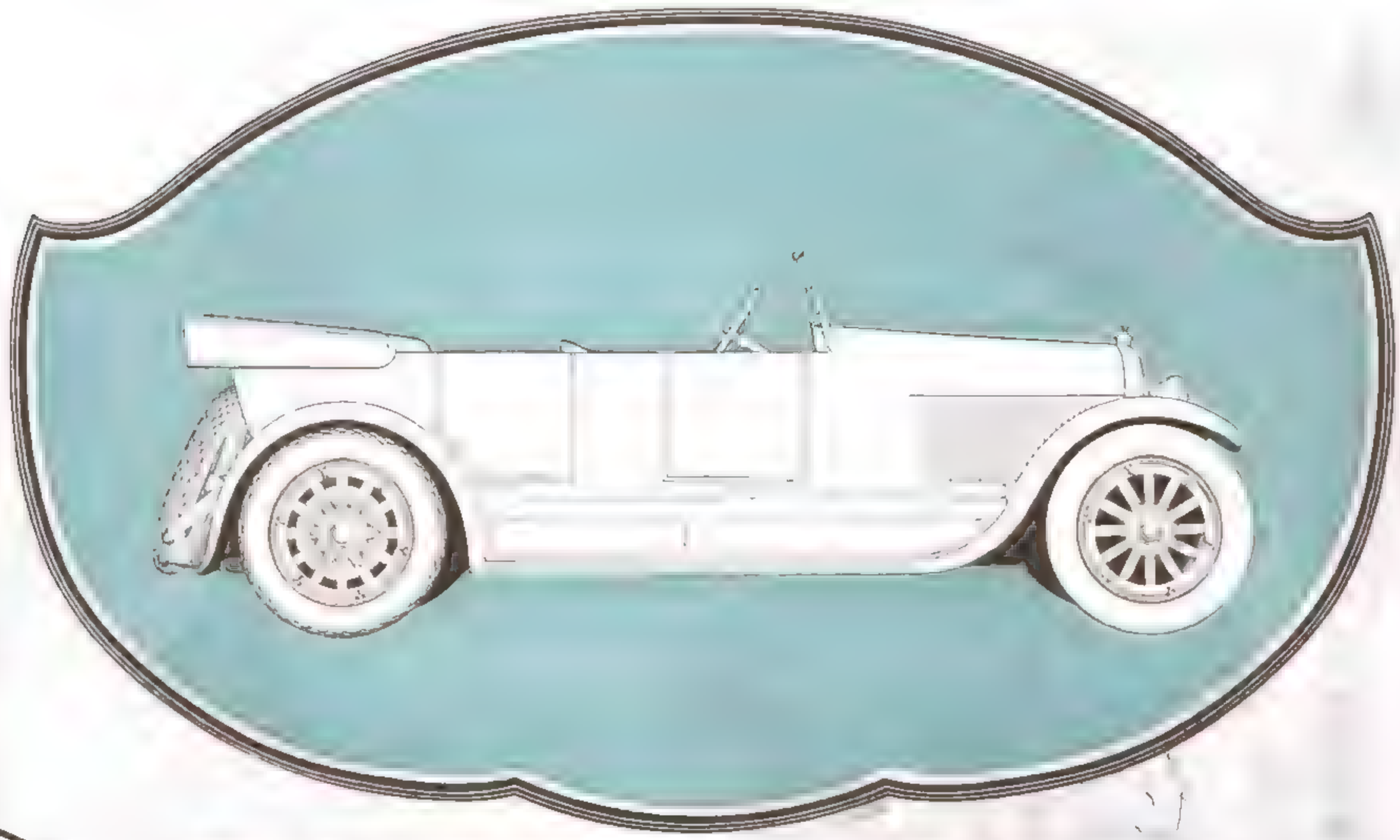
But though there is no use in undertaking to deceive ourselves as to our lessening game, we ought not upon the other hand to be blind as to the growing tendency in America to see the value of wild fish and game. Without any doubt there is a stiffening up all along the line. State laws were changed in forty-four states in the year 1919, and practically without an exception they favor the game and not the shooter more and more. There are more game-law convictions now than ever before.

During the fall of 1919 the water fowl offered better shooting than for years and it is not too much to say that, granted a moderate bag limit per diem, a great many American shooters can have a go at ducks for many years to come. It is true that protection does protect. It is true that sitting hens not shot on their nests do raise chickens.

The state game-refuge idea and the national-refuge idea also seem to be gaining ground. Three states in the West last year acquired lands for refuge purposes. Bird refuges are now made on all school sections in Nebraska and all the remaining state lands in Alabama.

As has been indicated in these columns, more sportsmen went afield in 1919 than ever was known before—probably twice as many as ever went in any one year. Fish and game licenses were snapped up all over the country. In general it is to be said that sport was good. That, however, ought not to raise any false hopes of general and lasting abundance. The shooting on wild buffalo was just about as good in 1883 as in 1873, but in 1884 there were no buffalo at all. As the feeding grounds of game lessen, two tendencies increase: First, the game concentrates; and second, the shooters also concentrate. The result is an increase in dead game, but not an increase in live game all over the country. It is a general supply of fish and game, pretty much all over the country, in at least moderate quantities, which alone can offer the greatest good to the American people. An orgy of slaughter at some new-found point of concentration does not mean so much to you and me and our children as a half dozen birds or fish taken by each of half a

Continued on Page 81



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(Continued from Page 78)

hundred people in half a hundred localities. That is the heritage of America with which all of us old fogies and old croakers really are concerned. It is a general and heartfelt concern, with nothing whatever selfish about it. We are not paid to keep some other fellow from having a good time—it is simply a question of horse sense.

Camp Axes

THE other day the writer concluded some experiments in camp axes and finally thought I settled the matter, to my own satisfaction at least. I wanted to make a little present of an ax to each of some Western friends of mine who admired the camp ax which I had along on a mountain hunt. I tried in all the shops I knew to duplicate my ax, but could not do it. The best I could do was a little trapping ax of fairly good steel and a twenty-inch handle. I sent two of these, but knew that the weight, more than two pounds, put them both out of the running. I tried again in an Eastern town where axes are made, but they sent me fourteen-inch handles instead of sixteen-inch handles, and the weight was still a little more than one and a half pounds, which was my limit. Then I made a picture of my ax head, and a measurement of the butt of the head, and sent that on to an ax-making firm and told them I wanted a handle sixteen inches in the clear, or eighteen inches from the outside edge of the ax head. This time I got the goods.

My new axes weighed just a little more than a pound and a half, but the firm wrote me: "We are shipping two axes as near to your specifications as we can. Our axes are hand forged, and it is impossible to get each ax the same as though they were made by machine. We note that your old ax weighs one and a half pounds with the handle, but as you have used it for several years it is evidently worn somewhat, and would not weigh quite as much as when new."

My friends out West now have three axes each, none of them bad, and in their belief as well as mine the last one is about as near the real thing for a belt ax as we can devise. Too short a handle, say fourteen inches, gives just a little scanty purchase in real chopping. Too long a handle, say twenty inches, makes it awkward to sit down comfortably with the ax on the belt. Too heavy a head makes the ax tiresome to carry. These axes have splendid steel in them. I think that with such specifications one can get the biggest little ax yet devised. There is a world of poor ones on the market, some of them large and clumsy, some of them large and punk, and others small and heavy. We found that my little ax, with its keen edge and a handle sixteen inches in the clear, would put a camp together and keep it going mighty well.

I just offer the tip for anyone feeling around for a practical belt ax. My recollection is that these axes cost me three dollars apiece, but I would not take thirty for mine, because whenever I go hunting in a strange country I must always have an ax, a knife and a match safe hung on me somewhere, and I don't want any of these to pull down any more than is absolutely necessary. Of course a whetstone goes also—carborundum. Any good hunter despises a dull ax or a nicked one.

Rods and Flies

AN INQUIRER writes from Lamar, Missouri: "I have been following your instructions about fishing rods and reels. I have thrown aside a fine-looking rod as useless because too whippy, but I cut off three inches from the top of the middle joint and it works nicely now. I also fitted a cork barrel on my reel.

"Not being an adept at fly tying, perhaps I don't know about bucktails. I ordered some by mail, but they were a cinnamon color, for all the world like fox-squirrel tails. Yet in a sporting catalogue I see bucktails described as snow-white. Can you explain how to make one?"

Most of those white spoonhook bobs are goat hair. The hair of the fox squirrel is quite often used in fly tying, and a fly made of that hair, with a peacock harl body and a red tag, is quite a killer. Squirrel hair mats together more than deer hair when wet. For the real bucktail, either the red, the blue or black hair of the deer tail may be used by the maker. Sometimes the white hair can be used as the body or sometimes a little white and gray hair mixed will do for the wings. There is no fixed rule.

You can't tell a man how to tie a fly—he has to see it done. About all I can say is that you take the fly hook, say Number Six, wax a stout black thread, silk or even linen, wrap the hook up and down with the thread, so the body will not turn on the hook. Begin at the bend of the hook and tie on the small end a small bunch or pinch of the hair, with a couple of half hitches. Wind the hair and thread round and round to make a body, and tie off the head with more half hitches. Don't try to make any hackles.

To make the wings cut a pinch of the hair, say twice as long as your hook, hold the butts of the hairs together at the head of the hook and wrap down tight with the thread and finish off with two or three half hitches. That is all there is about it. You have to dip the head of the fly in shellac or varnish to keep it from coming untied.

Anyone trying to make a bucktail after this direction will probably have something pretty weird, but the rougher these things are the more fish they seem to take.

Most of the commercial bucktails have too much hair, too big a body and wings that stand too straight. The wings ought to lie along the hook almost parallel. That means that sometimes the head runs back on the wings a little bit to hold them down, and makes a rather clumsy-looking fly; but that does not seem to hurt the killing quality. Why do trout eat these things? I'm sure I don't know. In fishing them, as I many times have said, they should be moved through the water in short jerks and kept going, not just allowed to float.

Where the Money Goes

IT COMMONLY is supposed that the enormous sums raised through the sale of fishing and shooting licenses—aggregating millions of dollars annually—are applied by the different states solely for the purpose of protecting and increasing the fish and game. This is by no means the case.

Many states—I cannot offhand say just how many—turn all this license money into the general fund. Some states apply for protection more money than the entire license money comes to, some ostensibly apply all the license fund to protection. In yet others the license money more or less frankly goes to support the state and county warden system, which quite frequently is nothing but a part of the political machine, change of administration meaning a change of local wardens all over the state. Usually that does not make much difference, because a poor or shiftless local game warden may be about as useless a piece of timber as well might be discovered; but the theory of political change is all wrong, since it leaves no incentive to become efficient in the thankless job of game-wardening. No one loves a game warden—except his political boss. There are cases known of men who got their start in politics by the thoroughness of the political organization which they gave to the system of state game wardens.

It is due in good part to practices such as these that fish and game are passing so rapidly in the United States. It absolutely is no one's fault but our own. What is wrong about our shooting and fishing resources is wrong also in our politics. When we begin to realize that all the game wardens, all the sheriffs, all the representatives in the state legislature, all the representatives in Congress, all the bureau chiefs and bureau clerks—are merely our servants and not in the least our masters, we shall begin to have rather better shooting and fishing, and not before. Also, perhaps, we shall have lower costs in our fishing and shooting outfits and in living expenses, and a country far more happy all round. The people govern this country, but the people don't seem to know it.

Imported Game Birds

IF YOU like you can get from the Department of Agriculture a copy of the game laws for the current year. After you have done so, the best thing you can do will be to pay a lawyer a retainer, and to hire a skilled accountant and two or three stenographers who are good at tabulations. Then perhaps you may be able to figure out something applicable to your own case in the conflicting masses of open and closed seasons on this or that game in this or that zone, state or county. There is nothing of which we ought to be proud in the system of American game laws. They represent simply a series of attempts to eat your cake and have it, to prove that you can divide two by five and get away with it. For instance, the county laws of the state of Maryland are very ancient and very conflicting. What you may do in one Southern state you may not do in another adjoining it—and this is not only as to state laws but as to national laws covering migratory fowl.

Among the masses of information which, if you have time, you can find by consultation of our game laws you will find many strange and foreign names applied to game in simple American communities—Hungarian partridges, Mexican quail, ring-neck pheasants, and so on, all are now billeted in our farming states. All of these species have cost you and me money some way or other and at one time or another. Our state game farms hatch some of these birds and turn them down. Then we apply a close season on the new species—which is observed by no one—and then in our report to the governor we tell what we know about the success of the experiment.

I don't know why anyone should want to introduce the Mexican quail into any part of the United States. I never saw one, and never want to, outside of the natural running habitat of that blue sprinter. I have shot bobwhite quail in parts of the Central States where a tradition existed that Hungarian partridges had been planted—nay, have even been cautioned not to go beyond a certain rail fence nigh on to which a bunch of these birds was reported to have its sacred habitat. But I never saw one of them. In Illinois and some Western states you can once in a while see a ring-neck pheasant, and more money has been spent in introducing this bird than any other foreign bird in our list. Reports say that in Pennsylvania it now is more or less abundant—statements bitterly denied by others who would be glad to meet one of these birds on a dark night. It seems to be true that the species has a straggling foothold here and there pretty much across the United States. The results of the Judge Denny experiments in transplanting Mongolian pheasants to the Northwestern States are so widely known that no attention needs to be called to them here.

As to the value of the ring-neck pheasant as a game bird in the Middle West and in the East, opinions differ. It is eminently well suited to the English form of shooting driven game—flocks of the birds being put up by beaters and driven over the blinds. In this country, however, the only approach to that kind of sport which we have is found in duck shooting, either over decoys or on passes. We want a game bird which will lie to the dog in our upland shooting, and practically all our upland shooting is on rising birds, not driven birds. I have seen the ring-neck lie stone close to the dog, and seen many of them killed over points, but the consensus of opinion seems to be that they in no way approach, for use with the sporting dog, our native grouse. Who, for instance, would trade this long-legged runner, head for head, with that splendid bird, the Western prairie chicken, during whose life as a species we had as good bird dogs as the world ever saw? At least here is what one frank-spoken Pennsylvania sportsman says of the imported bird:

"A number of our old grouse and quail hunters complain that the pheasants are nil as a sporting bird, will neither lie nor rise to a dog, meaning a setter or pointer. This I believe absolutely. Some other manner of hunting must be used to get sport or meat from them. They seem entirely too fast on foot, and loath to take wing as long as there is cover, to be hunted in the leisurely manner that makes quail hunting such a gentlemanly sport. The quail have been so scarce in this particular county that I have not shot one here in ten years, and until the winter of 1917 have seen none after the middle of September. The grouse are also gone except in our roughest parts and are now under state protection. Bird dogs are correspondingly few. I know of only three broken dogs owned by acquaintances, and they get one week's work per year on some trip outside."

Shrinking Heads

HAVE you measured your pet bighorn head of late? How long since you last measured it? What will you bet that it is as big to-day as it was last year? The chances are that if it is a fresh head it is nowhere near so big to-day as it was last

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year and especially if you have hung it in a steam-heated city room. Antelope heads shrink somewhat, but the prize shrinker is the mountain sheep. A fine head of the bighorn will shrink at least two inches; so that when we speak of record heads we are speaking in very relative terms. Much depends on when the head was measured.

There is in the University Club at Chicago what I have always believed to be the largest bighorn head in the United States—it has been so declared by many sportsmen and taxidermists who saw it. This head twenty years ago in a sportsmen's show in New York was measured by the Big Game Committee at twenty-two and one-half inches, or at least by two of the committee of three it was so recorded. Theodore Roosevelt was one of that committee, but I do not now recall what his measurement made the head. A taxidermist measured it carefully later on, when he mounted it, after the head was beginning to lose its green stage, in which the first measurements were made, and made the measurement round the base of the horn eighteen and one-half inches. Some time after that I measured the head again and found it just seventeen! Allowing for all discrepancies in measurement—I believe that this head has shrunk at least three inches, perhaps more, though it is even now the most massive head of which I have any knowledge.

Measure up your old sheep head. If it goes fifteen inches you have got a peach of a head. Here is something which I find in one of the sportsmen's journals, Outdoor Life, written by a man who has given the matter attention:

"I have been a professional taxidermist for twenty-eight years and in that time have measured many large heads of all kinds. It was after coming to the West, however, that I first noticed the matter of shrinkage. A friend was telling me of a fine 17½-inch sheep head he had at his ranch. About three months after we were talking of it I was at the ranch and put a tape round the base of the horns, and they showed but 15½ inches. This was about two years after having been killed. Of course he could hardly believe his eyes and measured them over himself with the same result. It looked very much as if he had made a mistake or had been handling the truth a little carelessly. I told him he must have dreamed it and he was a little inclined to believe I was right.

"However, I first woke up to the truth when I bought two large heads, the largest 17¾ inches and the other seventeen. I paid out real money and a good price, and took particular pains to measure them carefully. Owing to so much custom work it was nearly two years before I mounted them, and of course they were measured again. The largest one measured sixteen inches, and the other one 15¼—and I had been bragging over that large head much more than the rancher who was so humiliated.

"I have measured many other sheep heads since those large ones shrunk, and I find that they are due to shrink about two inches in this climate at least, and while I have heard of many large heads the largest I ever measured was my 17¾ inches, except a pair of polished horns, mentioned below.

"Few people would look for a change in the measurements of a moose or elk head, unless they were to be artificially spread. However, I have the figures of one large moose head which shows they do change. When I bought it in Canada it spread fifty-six inches, but it was several months before it was shipped to me, and when it arrived in my place, at Laramie, Wyoming, it only spread fifty-five inches, and when I left there sixteen months ago it spread 53 inches, and I dare say a measurement now would show less. The head has not been mounted yet and the horns are on the skull. To the best of my belief this change in measurement was caused by warping of the skull, which threw the top of the antlers closer together.

"I have heard of some very large sheep-horns in my experience, but not until I got located here in Idaho Falls did I get trace of a real monster, the owner claiming measurements of twenty-eight inches! I asked him to measure again and report. Now I am willing to allow about three inches for actual shrinkage on such a measurement, but if these horns now measure over twenty inches I would mortgage my bed to buy them. But I have actually measured a set of old polished horns which went twenty inches. They were in the possession of Mr. Kimball, a Casper, Wyoming, druggist, and belonged to a Mr. Bullman, of England. I do not know what became of them."

Life in the Far West

MR. GEORGE C. MOORE, of Los Angeles, California, writes at greater length of one of those curious old human documents, the diary of a frontiersman. I venture to quote his letter, because a curious interest attaches to all these rapidly passing original sources of Western history:

"In the spring of 1830 there was a young man by the name of Enos Leonard, who left our little town of Clearfield, Pennsylvania, for a life of adventure in the Great West. His people heard from him at St. Louis, saying that he had joined a trappers' expedition. Nothing was heard of him until he suddenly returned in 1835, by which time all had thought him dead. He had kept a kind of record of his wanderings, and my father, who was the publisher of the local paper, got him to write out the story. It was published serially in the paper, and in 1839 it was put into book form by my father. I have a copy of the old book in my possession to-day—called Enos Leonard's Narrative. It is all told in a very matter-of-fact way, as if what Leonard went through had not been much out of the ordinary.

"The company he joined was organized by Cant and Blackwell, and it went to the Laramie and Sweetwater country, where it failed. Leonard became a free trapper, but he touches only lightly on his hardships and adventures, Indian fights, and so on. He now ran across the old trader, Fitzpatrick, whom he did not like. In the summer of 1833 Captain Bonneville appears, whom you will recall in Irving's book. Leonard went with the Bonneville party, which was sent out under Captain Walker to the Pacific Coast, acting as a clerk or secretary for Walker. What a world of adventure and hardship they had and what a chance that would have been for a more gifted writer than that matter-of-fact one.

"This party kept to the north edge of Salt Lake and crossed the desert to a river which they called the Barren River, which they followed down to where it sank—this meaning of course the Sinks of the Humboldt. Here they had the fight with the Indians which has been regarded as so much a blot on Walker's leadership. They killed a great many of the Indians—Leonard thinks too many. The memory of it, as you know, preyed on Bonneville's mind until his death.

"Leaving the Sinks of the Humboldt they crossed the summit into a valley with hot springs—Carson Valley. They kept up a river to the top of the California mountains, and he describes a lake which must have been Mono Lake. They were nearly starved, killed the poorest of their mules for food, but finally found some acorns, and afterward got some deer. Evidently they were on the north rim of the Yosemite Valley, for Leonard says: 'We looked down over precipices nearly a mile high.' He also speaks of coming to big trees 'sixteen fathoms in circumference.' He tells how they got down off of these mountains by ropes. They came into a beautiful valley—that of the San Joaquin—and finally reached the Pacific near Monterey.

"They spent the winter of 1834 at Monterey, and Leonard tells of the life there. In the spring they started back, taking the trail which ran southwest from Santa Fé. After crossing the summit they went north, very likely into the Owens Valley, finally reaching the place where they had the Indian fight the year previous. Here they heard of a river to the north—the Snake River—which they reached, some of the party recognizing it. They followed up the Snake River to its source, and finally got back to Bonneville. The latter never got over the disappointment of this expedition, which was a failure financially. Leonard remained with Bonneville a year or so before he left.

"He tells of a tribe of Indians—the Crows—who were very friendly to the whites, and stated that there was a colored man there, a kind of a chief, and wonders how that could have happened. I also wonder if this negro could not have been York, the body servant of Clark, of Lewis and Clark's Expedition. You will recall that upon their return to the Missouri River from the Pacific, York disappears and is never heard of again. I will close by

(Continued on Page 85)

Sunshine Biscuits Week

MAY 24—29

THE morning of Monday, May 24th, marks the opening of the nation-wide "Sunshine Biscuits Week." During this week Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company will co-operate with dealers of Sunshine Biscuits in displaying the wide variety.

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AUBURN Beauty-SIX

(Continued from Page 82)

saying that Leonard's people still live in that same section of Pennsylvania, a strong and thrifty family. Leonard himself went back to Missouri and died there."

I must confess that my recollection of the Lewis and Clark journal does not retain any mention of the disappearance of York, the negro servant, and I thought that, of course, he returned to Virginia with the leaders. It is well known that the mulatto, Jim Beckworth, lived for a long time among the Crows as a sort of chief, and the Beckworth narrative is one of the standard volumes of the annals of the West, irreverent as Beckworth's idea of the truth always was.

Fashions in Flies

THE literature of angling is very extensive and very ancient, running centuries into the past, and it is astonishing how slight the changes in the sport have remained—more especially as to the principles rather than the appliances. There has been a very considerable alteration in fly-fishing gear, and curiously enough the new country of America has in fifty years made more improvements in fishing tackle than the Old World had produced in all the centuries since men began to cast fly. Not long ago I was rereading one of the old Waverley Novels, St. Ronan's Well, and found mention there of a fly fisherman so skilled that he could cast a salmon fly twelve yards! That is to say, he was fishing about thirty-six feet, which the merest novice in single-hand fly fishing would call no distance at all to-day. This recalls the statement of our California friend, Mr. Montagu, that in the old times they could scarcely cast more than twice the length of the rod.

I have before me a crude little book printed in 1898 by a Philadelphia tackle maker, giving a mass of curious information. It prints the names of some five hundred artificial flies, with the description of the body, wings, hackle and tail of each. Some of these flies are of patterns that go back perhaps a century or more, all much earlier than the publishing date of this book. Other flies may have had only local popularity. Some of them are familiar to-day, and others are practically unknown to-day. Have you perhaps ever heard of Black Pennel, My Own, Manchester, Silver Horn, Ledger Hackle, Hawthorne, Canada, Webster, Saltoun, Hill Fly, Torbet, Sailor, LaBelle, Cracker, General Hooker, Shoemaker, Yankee Peddler, Georgetown, Poorman's Fly, Hamlin, Needle Brown, Hammond's Adopted, Captain Scott, Chantry, Beaufort, Dark Flaggon, February Red, Frog Hopper, Cunningham, Lake Edward, Harrison, Golden Eye, Gauze Wings, Mikado Teaser, Wackle, Sweeney's Alder, Lady Martha, Maryatt, Gravel Bed, Little Chap, Stebbins, Alice, Hold Hard, Lowry, Francis, Romeyn, Ondawa, Massasaka, Munro, Ethel May, McElhattan, Quaker, Emory, Wert's Choice, Sky Blue, Ben Bent, Esmerelda, Bowman, Cleveland, Green Glade, Cladwell, Templar, Frank Gay, Horicon, Luzerne, Wolf's King, Black Duke, Oquossoc, Mourice, Little Big Horn, Bissett, W. T., Chicago, Premier, Knight Templar, Fitzmaurice, Lady of the Lake, Hummingbird, Oconomowoc, Tipperlinn, Kingdom, Captain Bly, Dew Fly, Hermance, Shain Fly, Sunset, Sheenan, Fiery Dragon, Beatrice, Tycoon, Simpson, No Name, and so forth?

That will do for the list of the unknowns, and I venture to say very few anglers of to-day can offhand identify a tenth of the foregoing. In the descriptions of the dressings I find some duplications, and one or two wrong dressings. There are three dressings given for that very standard and well-known fly called Greenwell's Glory—of which the tradition is that it was invented by a sporting parson in England. The first description is: "Body, dark brown, ribbed with gold tinsel; wings, brown mottled; hackle, natural red; no tail." Another description is: "Body, olive, ribbed with gold tinsel; wings, brown mottled with black; hackle, brown with black root; no tail." The third description of Greenwell's Glory is obviously wrong. It is given as "white body; clay-colored wings; natural red hackle." Just to start something, what is your own idea of the real dressing of Greenwell's Glory?

I have another little book, which also originated in the City of Brotherly Love, round 1888—a crude little volume which purports to tell you how to tie artificial flies. It does give some of the basic principles of that art, though it is very brief and not very exact. Perhaps one can find an idea or two none the less; as, for instance, this item about flies made with bodies of silkworm gut: "A fly made with this material is very durable and attractive. The gut can be colored any shade desired with dyes, after which the body of the fly should be wrapped with silk of the same color as the gut which you intend using. Soak the gut in warm water, tie it in, and wrap it on over the silk body."

There died in Chicago, in 1919, a man who in time would have been well known. His name was Ed Wyman, and he made a specialty of hair flies. Sometimes his bodies were of silk gut. His flies were beautiful and most indestructible. His art and his business died with him.

This little book also tells something about making a stain for mist-colored leaders: "Into an enameled boiler that will hold one pint place as much best quality chip logwood as will go into a teaspoon; fill the boiler with water and let it come to a boil. Allow it to boil for ten minutes, take it off the fire and place in it as much sulphate of iron as you can hold on a ten-cent piece and stir it until dissolved. Now place the gut you desire to color in the liquor one and a half minutes; then if not dark enough insert it again and allow it to stay until it has the desired shade."

We are advised that feathers for tying flies are always better in the natural colors, though sometimes hackles or other parts of the fly must be dyed. The natural oil in all feathers must be removed before the dye will take effect, our author says. "Tie in bunches of one or two dozen at the quill end, make a suds of hot water and soap, wash thoroughly, and rinse in running water, and then use your dyes."

In this small volume the names of a few old-time flies, a part of which remain popular to-day, are given, with a description of the dressings, and the sage remark—which most anglers will think is of absolutely no dependability: "The rule is on a dark day to use light-colored flies and on a bright day dark or more somber colors."

Of making of artificial flies certainly there is no end. I presume that there literally have been thousands of different patterns of artificial flies invented, and that every one of them at one time or another has proved killing. A few of them have come down immemorially to us almost unchanged by time. Angling opinion is divided into schools as to the use of the fly. Some authorities say that two or three patterns of flies, if used all the time, will kill as many trout as two or three thousand; and I am disposed to think that very much truth lies in this, and that the reason we take trout on this or that fly is that that particular fly happens to come above the trout at the time they want to feed. The English school of dry-fly fishing uses the very beautiful imitations of the natural insect, and this is the highest development of the angler's art. Upon the other hand, in this country crudities and monstrosities are often taken avidly by the trout, flies which have no resemblance to anything on earth.

Most of these unknown flies above mentioned are of this type—flies hurriedly thrown together by some novice or some experimenter, which no doubt killed at that particular time and place. Did you, for instance, ever hear of the Jenny Lind fly? It is about as weird and impossible looking a thing as you could imagine. It is dressed with the body of yellow, ribbed with gold tinsel; the wings are either light blue or lavender; the tail light blue or lavender; and the hackles scarlet. The tradition about this fly is that some anglers who were having bad luck up in Canada—I think it was on some New Brunswick or Newfoundland lakes—tied this absurd fly just to vent their spleen on the trout. To their surprise they found that the trout simply ate the fly as fast as it was thrown to them. Eureka! The whole secret of the trout solved at last! Jenny Lind forever!

They told all their friends and all their friends went and had Jenny Lind flies tied up by the dozens. They all went back to that same place, and to every other place where they ever fished and so far as known nobody from that day to this has ever caught another trout on the Jenny Lind fly. I have tried myself sometimes to break the hoodoo. Just to start something—did you ever hear of anybody who ever caught a trout on a Jenny Lind fly? I may have asked this question before, and I never had

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TO DEALERS:—If you are unable to obtain PLANTERS PENNANT PEANUTS write to us at once, giving name and address of your jobber, and we will advise you how to obtain them promptly.

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an answer in the affirmative, though very likely the name goes back to the time of P. T. Barnum and the Swedish Nightingale. Those trout may have been Scandinavian.

Something More About Beds

NOT long ago I camped out in the mountains with a forest ranger, and we both slept in his bed. He had a feather blanket which he said he had bought somewhere in Seattle, whose contents I don't know, but I can testify that it was too warm for comfort most of the night. I should say it was about three inches thick, quilted lightly, and in the bed roll it compressed within reasonable dimensions. I don't know what sort of feathers were inside of it.

Have a look at the officer's bed now on the market, with its kapok mattress. I never tried one, but it looks as if it ought to work pretty well. Have a look also at some of these army blankets which are now going on the market from the quartermaster stores here or there over the country. There is a double reason for this—maybe you can buy a blanket and maybe you can buy an overcoat. At the beginning of the war our Government, during the shortage of the regulation khaki wool blankets, bought up about all the heavy Scotch worsted it could get hold of. Some of the finest overcoat material you ever saw in your life thus went into the blankets for the doughboys. They looked a little irregular, but they were mighty warm. The Army now is offering these blankets, some of them ninety inches in length, at five dollars the pair; the Navy, I believe, gets $8.25 for its blankets. I bought a few of these things the other day, and as soon as I have saved money to propitiate a tailor I am going to have a real overcoat made. Of course no one can afford an overcoat of real imported worsteds in these days, for your tailor will charge you anywhere from ten to twenty dollars a yard for such materials. I know one friend who bought enough blankets to make him six overcoats, and he says he doesn't care now whether school ever keeps or not. Of course all these blankets will do excellently for camp blankets—indeed, there is a great deal of army material which ought to be salvaged by the sportsmen of the country.

Wrinkles

AMONG the pleasantest forms of entertainment offered by the sporting journals, commend us in general to the columns telling the hints, tips and points devised by many ingenious-minded men. Thus I note one pleasant writer's aggregate, in which he mentions making a mirror by putting a rubber blanket into a pan of water. Have you not often seen a pretty girl look at her reflection in a show window as she passed along the street? That was because there was a dark background beyond the glass. Same way about the pan of water—only you can't set it up on edge.

Of course we have the usual learned instructions on how to make a fire without matches. The only real answer to these matchless-fire things is: Don't leave your matches at home, and don't let them get wet. But here is something which this same writer brings to mind, of which you probably never heard before. In the dry country, where wood is scarce, he takes a kerosene can and a porous brick. Result: A camp fire in a minute, whether there is wood or not. He does not mention the little folding cooking grate with legs, which might be added to this combination. Brick, kerosene, cooking grate—there you are, whether it rains or snows, whether you have wood or not. This is especially desirable when one has a flivver to carry him across the desert. Of course, desert country or not, every good sporting outfit ought to include at least one desert water bottle. If you don't get thirsty at least your flivver will.

Duck Hunting de Luxe

TIME was when we hardy duck hunters or canoemen or marsh men could row a boat, paddle a boat or run a boat with a push pole. Nowadays we have changed all that. We take a nice vacuum bottle full of hot coffee, wrap ourselves up in lamb's wool and chamois leather, seat ourselves on a nicely cushioned boat seat, and then turn on the motor, which carries us without exertion to the place where we want to go. Sometimes the hardy duck shooter will have an electric foot warmer in his blind. Most of the pain and discomfort have been removed from the uncomfortable sport of duck shooting by means of these appliances, chiefest among which is the handy little outboard motor which carries us without labor across the four or five miles of water which would require otherwise a couple of toilsome hours.

But beware this same labor-saving device, the motor boat. A gentleman has just written that recently he got in jail out in Montana, all because he went to his duck blind in a motor boat and pursued a few cripples and chased up a few ducks. In Idaho, Montana and other states several arrests have followed for this same infraction of state and Federal laws. It is now illegal to use the motor boat in hunting wild fowl even on the Great Lakes, a regulation under the Migratory Wild Fowl Law having been announced, covering the entire country. Never mind what your state law is, the Federal law will catch you, anyhow, if you shoot at a duck or pursue a duck for that purpose in any boat run by a gasoline device. Trust only that propeller made up out of ash or spruce and your own good right arm. This law is even wider in its application than the not infrequent state laws which make it unlawful to shoot from a motor car. So you may see that a flivver in sport has grown so strong as already to need modifications and restraints.

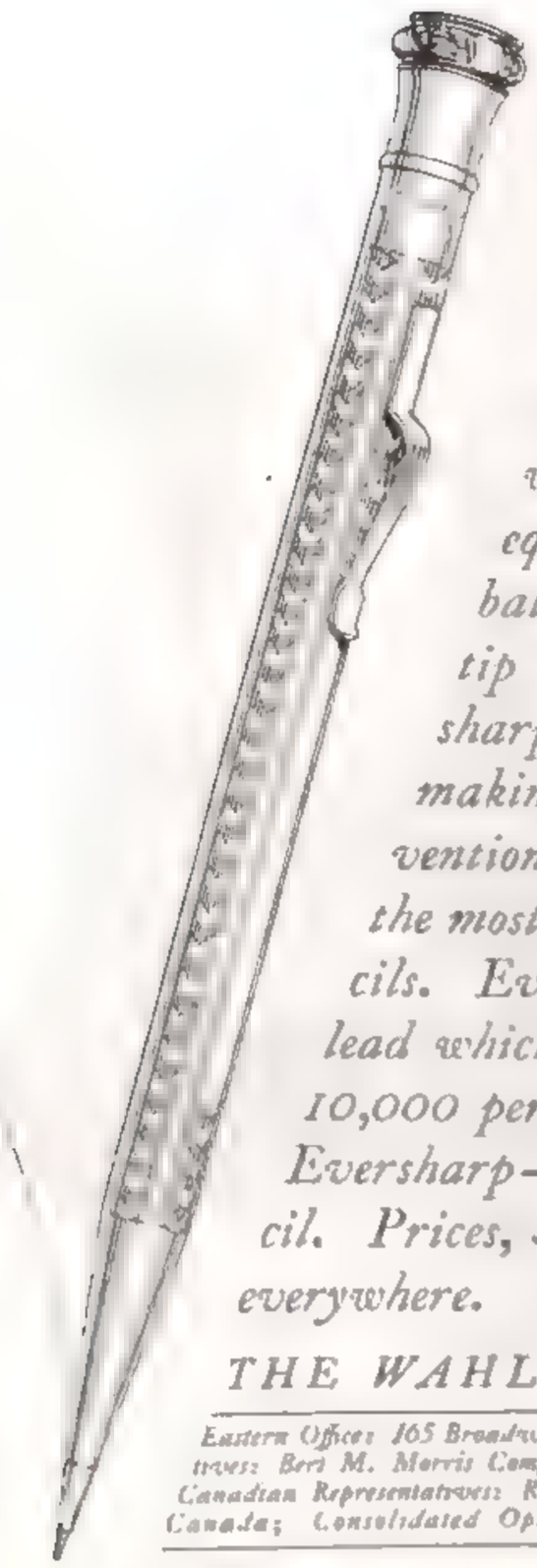
Stringing Shot

A YOUNG man who is just beginning to sit up and take notice of the shotgun idea asked me what kind of a gun to buy for all-round shooting. There is no such animal as this all-round gun in actual fact. The tendency is toward specialization. Many a man has quit quail shooting in disgust because he was trying to kill them with a close-bored gun; and many a man has failed to stop big ducks and geese which he could have bagged had his gun shot just a little closer. He needed two guns. As to the two faults, too close and too open, the former is the more common in the commercial firearms of to-day.

The stereotyped advice for the field gun is right barrel cylinder, left barrel modified choke, though as a matter of fact you hardly can get an American maker to build you that kind of gun, which will not seem to him close-shooting enough. Just the same, the open gun will kill a lot more game than you might think and, as I have more than once remarked, you must always remember that the pattern a gun makes on a piece of paper in no way represents its pattern in the air. The cylinder strings its shot a little more than the choke bore, hence the shot keep on coming up and hitting a bird as it flies through the wider pattern. I believe I may also have mentioned that a man once patterned his shotgun on a baseball thrown for him, and was surprised to find that he had hit the baseball a good deal more than half the way round.

This will explain the theory of stringing shot perfectly well, and will show why the cylinder sometimes does better in the air than it does on paper. In general, the English guns are more open than ours, have a more even distribution and are shot with a straighter stock.

Usually the longer a man shoots the straighter his shotgun stock will grow; and I believe that the average shotgun stock in America to-day is much straighter than it was twenty-five years ago. The typical American shotgun of that and earlier dates had a crooked stock, a heavy muzzle and a vast avoirdupois. I can remember the breechloader of my boyhood days—ten gauge, with four or six drams of black powder and sometimes an ounce and a half of shot. You hardly could find one of those guns to-day in actual use. Each year we build our American guns classier and classier. After a time, methinks, we shall begin to build them opener and opener. This is heresy, of course; for the use of the choke bore in trap shooting is now pretty much the first thing thought of in the factory and in the advertising columns.



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EVERSHARP

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MADAME PATSY, THE GUSHER QUEEN

(Continued from Page 11

life in his household went on as usual. That is to say, madame was continually reproaching him for his recklessness in having speculated in oil and he was countering with jeers at her sudden passion for art. In truth, madame's enthusiastic support of the art association and its exhibition had rather astonished me, too, for during all the years I had known her she had never evinced even a passing interest in either painting or sculpture. Yet now she headed every local movement toward rousing our business-engrossed citizenship to a taste for the higher things of life. However, when my wife explained to me that all the ladies had taken up art this year I began to understand. Nevertheless it seemed regrettable that rivalry for social leadership between Mesdames Hicks and Field should threaten to create a schism in the ranks of the devotees to culture.

"That woman hadn't ought to be at large," she declared vehemently one night at dinner. "She just don't belong—that's all."

"What's the matter now?"

"Why, the hussy went and told Miz Turner yesterday that my picture ought to be called The Dry Hole instead of Rebecca at the Well. She's mad because I got it before she did."

Constant clashes occurred between the two. So long as M'sieu Sam Field had been merely a struggling lawyer, his wife and Madame Patsy had been close friends; but when some oil leases M'sieu Sam took in part payment of a bad debt made him a millionaire overnight trouble started. Madame Field began to assert her independence of Madame Patsy.

Oui; she refused to remain in the rôle of humble follower of the rich and dashing younger woman, and launched out on a social campaign of her own which eclipsed anything the residents of the Bluff had ever witnessed. First, a new three-hundred-thousand-dollar house and about a dozen expensive motor cars.

"Humph!" was Madame Patsy's sneering comment. "She's like the state of Kansas—got four automobiles to every bathtub."

Mutual friends saw to it that Madame Field should hear this remark, and from that moment the two became deadly enemies.

Her next move was to throw herself heart and soul into preparations for the art exhibition, but in this Madame Patsy forestalled her, and it was mainly due to their fiery competition that so many paintings and bits of sculpture found a sale. Then Miz Field took one of the best maids in the Hicks household, and the feud passed beyond reconciliation. Madame Patsy retaliated by bribing her rival's first chauffeur with an increase in wages of fifty dollars a month.

"Well," she announced, entering one afternoon with a tragic air, "I reckon it's all off now. No matter how much we raise wages it won't hold them any more."

"Cheer up," said her husband. "What's the trouble to-day?"

"That Field woman," answered Madame Patsy in a voice shaking with anger—"that Field woman has gone and bought a sedan for her cook. Ain't that just like an oil millionaire? Easy come, easy go! They're just ruining servants for the rest of us."

To which my partner replied jovially: "Never you mind, honey! Just wait a while and you'll be a gusher queen too. And then you can buy a closed car for every dog-gone one of 'em down to the washerwoman and the furnace man."

"I suppose that Little Phœbe stock you bought from Sally will do it, hey?" she sneered.

"You said it! That's what I mean."

"Well, you might just as well kiss that money good-by, Joe Hicks. She saw you were an easy mark and took advantage of you. By rights I hadn't ought to let you out of my sight. You're as helpless as a baby if I ain't round."

My partner winked at me but made no reply. This alleged helplessness was not exactly a new argument from either Madame Patsy or Madame Giraud, so we escaped as soon as possible to play rummy in his library.

A few days later M'sieu Hicks received news that revived interest in his speculation.

Reports from the well being dug by the Little Phœbe Company indicated that the driller had found oil showings and was right on top of the sand.

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed his wife when my partner mentioned the matter at table. "They always say something like that just to get you to put in more. Don't you do it!"

"The stock's quoted at three for one today," he retorted.

"Maybe so. But it'll be quoted at a cent on the dollar a month from now. I declare, a man of your age being that easy! You couldn't get me to put a dollar into an oil well if you showed me a stream of oil as thick as my arm."

"Who's askin' you to? I give you your chance and you wouldn't take it. So don't come whinin' round me after the well comes in, for it won't do you no good."

Madame Patsy immediately bridled. She was an imperious woman, like many another whose every whim has been indulged by a complaisant husband.

"I reckon I could buy some of that stock if I had a mind to," she said, tucking her chin.

"You do, hey? Try it and see!"

"Mister Hicks!" she cried.

My partner realized that he had gone too far, and glanced lugubriously at me.

"Oh, come on, Henree! Let's drift!" And we did so.

Next day was the meeting of the executive committee of the art association, called to devise ways and means of purchasing several paintings and pieces of sculpture which had been much admired at the recent exhibition. Madame Patsy returned from it in a thoughtful mood.

"Hear anything from the Little Phœbe?" was her first question at dinner.

"Uh-uh! Why?"

"That Field Woman," Answered Madame Patsy in a Voice Shaking With Anger—"That Field Woman Has Gone and Bought a Sedan for Her Cook. Ain't That Just Like an Oil Millionaire? Easy Come, Easy Go!"

"Well, Miz Turner was at the meeting to-day and she says Mr. Turner thinks the well has splendid prospects. She says Mr. Turner says if they strike oil the stock would be worth fifty for one."

M'sieu Joe grunted in amusement.

"I could have told you that myself. It's only what I been tryin' to tell you for the past month, but you wouldn't listen."

His wife affected not to hear.

"The association," she continued evenly, "needs eight thousand dollars to buy those pictures and that girl with the fawn, and all we've got is two thousand. So the committee decided it would be a fine thing to buy some of the Little Phœbe stock and then sell it when it goes up."

My partner burst into loud laughter.

"I'll say it's a good system," he acknowledged.

"Joe, don't laugh that horrible, commercial laugh! It gives me the shudders."

"It's the only laugh I got, and it's mighty seldom I git a chance to use it round these diggin's," he responded resentfully.

"There you go again—you poor downtrodden thing, you! I treat you like a dog, I suppose!"

"I wish you did," replied M'sieu Hicks.

"Well, anyway," snapped his wife, "we decided to buy Little Phœbe stock, and the committee asked me to tell you so."

"What've I got to do with it? None of mine's for sale. You can buy some on the exchanges or at one of the hotels out at Wichita, I reckon. A wire'll do it. But it'll cost you round four for one now."

Madame Patsy paused with her fork halfway to her mouth and eyed him in astonishment. "Four for one? You don't mean to say you expect us to pay four hundred dollars for a hundred-dollar share, do you?"

"I don't know how else you'll git it."

His wife took a deep breath and straightened.

"Well, of all things!" she murmured, and stared at the unfortunate M'sieu Joe as though endeavoring for the first time to make out what manner of animal she had married. He bore the scrutiny with seeming good humor and nonchalance, but it was obvious to me that he was uneasy.

"You don't know how we'll get it?" she repeated. "Why, we aim to buy twenty shares from you."

"I done told you once already, Patsy, that none of mine is for sale. Besides, you haven't got enough money. Twenty shares would cost you eight thousand dollars, and your committee've got only two—you said so yourself."

"Yes, if we pay four for one. But of course we don't intend to do that. The very idea! You paid only a hundred dollars a share, didn't you? And now you want to charge us four hundred! Joe Hicks, if I hadn't heard it from your own lips I'd never have believed it possible!"

"But listen, Patsy—listen here! When I bought that stock nobody knowed whether it was worth anything. That's how come I got it so cheap. But now it has gone up in value. You don't suppose for a minute, do you, that I'll turn over twenty shares to your art association for what it cost me?"

"I certainly told the committee that you would," she replied firmly. "I didn't know then that I was married to such a hard, grasping, utterly unfeeling man. You admit yourself that you paid a hundred dollars a share for your Little Phœbe stock, and yet you want to charge us four hundred! And you've had it less'n two months. Of all the mean, stingy—talk about profiteers! You're the worst I ever heard about, Joe Hicks. It's the truth and you know it."

My worthy partner flapped his hands in helpless resignation and turned despairingly to me.

"What do you know about that, Henree? Wouldn't that make a Bolshevik out of a saint?"

"You needn't try to sneak out of it by dragging poor Henree in," Madame continued. "Besides, I don't care what Henree thinks. It's like he's just as mean as you are. Men always stick together anyhow."

(Continued on Page 91)

Splendid for Children

Each Bottle Now packed in a Carton

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Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating women use

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ASK any member of the A. E. F. what this sign meant in France. Practically all water supplies in the combat zone were either polluted by refuse or poisoned by Germans. Disobedience meant disease, death, defeat.

"Water, *water*, WATER!" Cries of the wounded, torment of exhausted fighters!

Our Allies had tried to solve the problem. The Americans did solve it. On great motor trucks which could follow the troops under fire they mounted a complete testing laboratory, a purification plant, a gasoline engine and a Goulds Pump. Like oases in the desert these units served our men from poisoned sources with clean, pure, fresh water.

The Goulds Pumps, so vital to this service, were not specially built—thousands like them worked for victory at home as well as abroad.

Meanwhile other types of Goulds Pumps operated night and day throughout the war in khaki mills, food-packing plants, oil fields, refineries, gas-mask factories, chemical plants. Submarine chasers were equipped with them. Forty thousand of them on field water carts carried fresh water on grueling marches.

Today Goulds Pumps are working just as efficiently for peace, health and prosperity of America and the world, performing a multitude of operations, handling every kind of liquid and semi-liquid used in industry, commerce and agriculture—from coal-tar dyes to milk, mud, insect-spray, bread-dough and paraffin.

The services of Goulds Hydraulic Engineers are always available for the solution of pumping problems.

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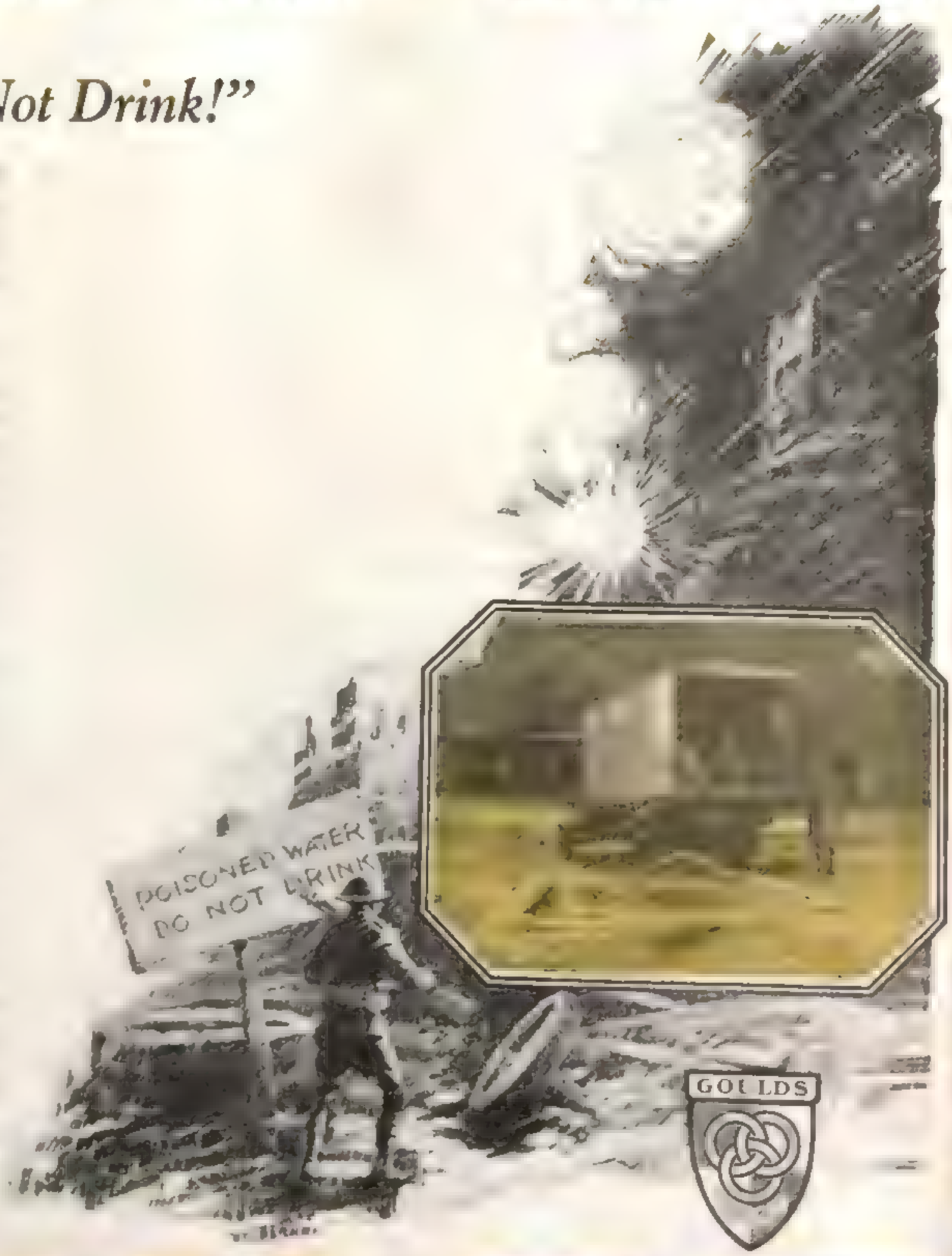


GOULDS

(Continued from Page 88)

"Well, you don't git it, and that's final," declared M'sieu Joe emphatically.

"And what am I going to tell the committee?" wailed his wife.

"Tell 'em anything you please. It ain't my funeral."

Madame Patsy assumed a look of high determination.

"But I promised them I'd buy twenty shares from you for two thousand dollars, and I've just got to do it," she pleaded. "I promised right out before everybody. They all heard me. What could I say if I didn't get it?"

"Just say an art association's got no right to speculate with funds raised to buy paintin's and things," rejoined her husband.

"I won't!" she replied, her lips tightening in a straight line. "I won't do any such of a thing! You've got to sell me that stock, Joe! You simply got to! Why, I could never hold up my head again! Think of what Miz Field would say! They'd talk about me all over town."

A mental picture of Madame Field gloating over her discomfiture so upset Madame Patsy that she dissolved in tears. As for me, I seized the earliest opportunity to steal away. There are moments in domestic life when even the closest friend is *de trop*.

You are a married man yourself, m'sieu, and therefore you will not be unduly surprised when I tell you that my partner confessed next morning, with a very shamefaced air, that he had let madame have the twenty shares at a hundred dollars a share.

"I sold her ten more for her own account," he added, gazing ruefully through the window.

"For how much?" I inquired.

"A thousand dollars. She said that's all I'd paid. And of course, the way they look at it that's only fair, Henree."

"Thank heaven!" I exclaimed piously. "Thank heaven that Madame Giraud is not interested in business!"

Sensations crowded thick and fast from the oil fields during the following weeks. A farmer who had mortgaged his mules the previous year to buy canned goods for his family suddenly became one of the largest taxpayers in the state, his income tax running at the rate of more than a hundred thousand dollars a month. A colored cook sold out her royalties in a tract she had inherited from one of her earliest husbands for two millions. And a man who was on the verge of bankruptcy and owed fifty thousand dollars more than he could pay, due to wildcat ventures, pawned his diamond pin and two rings belonging to his wife, drilled a few feet deeper, exploded a shot, and brought in a ten-thousand-barrel well, thereby becoming a multimillionaire.

The entire country was now oil mad. Farming grew to be too slow a process to a competence, despite the high prices of farm products; a man found it almost impossible to till the soil in the shadow of the derricks when beset by the itching hope that untold wealth lay beneath his feet only waiting to be tapped. And when a bank clerk who had accommodated a speculator in divers small ways realized a hundred for one on a block of stock which the oil gambler donated to him, and a department store employee abruptly threw up his job and bought one of the most pretentious mansions on the Bluff, there ensued a veritable stampede to grab a share of this easy wealth.

Nobody wanted to stick to the dull, slow routine of his work. Sound paying businesses were neglected while the owners and managers chased the elusive rainbows of the spraying gushers. Everybody was seized with the desire to get rich quickly by speculation. Throughout the length and breadth of three states a unanimous desire displayed itself to live off the other fellow.

Every day bankers and capitalists were besieged by would-be borrowers who wanted money to take a flyer in oil or who had a wonderful real-estate speculation which would net them a fortune, provided they could raise five hundred dollars to make the initial payment. Meanwhile they lost thousands from neglect of their everyday business and affairs, and prices of all commodities climbed ever skyward. In a word, there was an orgy of speculation based on nothing more substantial than hope.

"Don't it beat the Dutch?" cried M'sieu Hicks in exasperation. "I swan it makes me mad sometimes to see guys gittin' rich overnight like they do. In my day a man had to work for his money."

"Unless he found a copper mine," remarked Madame Patsy significantly.

"There you go agin! But I worked, I'm tellin' you. I reckon you don't count all those years of slavery and livin' on sowbelly and beans when I was a prospector, hey?"

In the midst of the excitement, of wild rumors and hearsay reports represented as inside official information came news that the Little Phœbe Number One had been brought in with an initial flow of twenty-seven hundred barrels. Wealthy as he was, my excellent partner could not contain himself when he heard it, but flung his hat to the ceiling and caught a train for the new field.

The first message we received from him read:

"Road to well impassable account of heavy rains. Expect to go out to-morrow. Scouts report well flowing better than two thousand barrels by heads. Stock quoted here at twenty for one. Tell Patsy to sell."

On madame's return from a meeting of the executive committee of the art association I communicated this information and advice. To my amazement she coolly scoffed at it.

"No, indeed we won't sell! Miz Turner says Mr. Turner says that if the well makes two thousand barrels, or even one thousand barrels, the stock ought to fetch fifty for one, so we aim to hang on to it a while."

"But supposing it does not?" I protested. "Supposing, as often happens, that there has been a mistake, or that the well suddenly blows out and goes salt, your stock would be worthless then, madame. Why not take this handsome profit while you can? Your art association will have forty thousand dollars to buy pictures and sculptures. That is magnificent!"

But she would not listen. The oil fever had her in its grip and she pooh-poohed my well-meant counsel.

"Shucks, what do you know about oil, Henree?" she cried. "You never saw any except when it was poured into your motor. You couldn't tell the difference between eighteen-per-cent specific gravity and forty-two."

"And I suppose, madame, you could," I rejoined bitterly.

Her reply was serene.

"I've learned a thing or two about it," she said. "You men don't know everything there is to know."

Judge of my consternation the next evening, my friend, when Madame Patsy called at our house and calmly informed me, "Miz Turner and the other ladies and I have been talking it over, Henree, and we've come to the conclusion that it ain't right to speculate with the association's money."

I waited. Though this announcement was eminently satisfactory, something told me that there was more to come.

"So we've decided," continued madame evenly, "that the members of the committee will take the Little Phœbe stock off the association's hands. We each put up a thousand dollars, which will make the eight thousand the association needs, and took over the risk."

"But, madame," I exclaimed in horror, "what of the profits? The profits belong to the association. This is not right or legal."

"There you go—I knew you'd say that! It's just what Joe would say, and men're all alike. Didn't I tell you we have paid in eight thousand dollars to the association? Don't you call six thousand dollars a good profit? If you don't, I do. And that's all the association wants. Then why should we risk its money?"

"But the profits are thirty-eight thousand," I pointed out.

To which she answered placidly, "There ain't any profits at all yet, Henree. We don't aim to sell now. We just bought the stock to hold it, and we paid eight thousand to the association so it wouldn't risk anything."

I perceived instantly that argument would be wasted, m'sieu. As the great Napoleon said: A man ought never to quarrel with a woman; he should hear her unreason in silence.

My only comment was a query:

"Who, may I ask, suggested this step?"

Madame Patsy hesitated.

"Well, Miz Turner spoke of it first," she admitted reluctantly. "But I'd thought of it before she ever said a word, and all the ladies saw right away how reasonable it was."

"We will wait and see what M'sieu Hicks, your husband, has to say," I rejoined sternly.

"Ho, indeed! As if that li'l' half portion could make us do any different! You make me tired, Henree. You're so old-fashioned and behind the times."

It rather astonished me to see my partner's composed, not to say dejected, air when he returned home from the oil field.

"Well?" exclaimed madame and I in one breath.

"There ain't any well. And it looks like there won't ever be one neither. It's flowin' water now, and salt water at that," he replied sadly.

"What does that mean?" asked madame sharply.

"It means we're holdin' the bag. The stock's dropped already from two thousand dollars a share to sixty-five. Next it'll be down to fifty cents, or we can use the certificates for wall paper."

I perceived a strange glint in Madame Patsy's eyes. "Are you trying to tell me we've lost our money, Joe Hicks?"

"That's about it, honey," he returned gently.

"We'll see about that," retorted madame in a menacing tone. "Dropped to sixty-five, has it? Then there's skullduggery somewhere. I'll vow there is! I bet you knew all along the stock was no good! It wouldn't surprise me in the least."

Her husband made a weary gesture.

"Oh, don't talk foolishness, Patsy! I'm all tired out. Leave me be."

"But what am I to do? And what're all them other ladies going to do?"

"Well, for one thing, they'll have to put up some more money. That's the first thing they can do. We held a meeting and the stockholders decided to make an assessment of twenty dollars a share so as to go on with the well and see if they can't case off the water. The driller thinks maybe it's leaked in and he can go below it and find oil."

"In other words," madame cried bitterly, "you want us to put up four hundred dollars more. That's it, isn't it? Throw good money after bad! And if we don't I reckon we'll lose our interest, hey?"

"Well, it's our only chance, Patsy. It'll cost me three thousand. You and the committee're gittin' off light."

Madame Patsy nodded her head knowingly, half closed her eyes, and remarking, "We'll see about that. We'll see if we're going to be done out of our money this way," ordered her car and drove away.

"I wonder what's the idea, anyhow?" said her husband reflectively.

He was not left long in doubt. Madame returned in a couple of hours, and it was patent from her manner as she ascended the wide marble steps that she had come to an irrevocable decision. Entering as we were hastily putting the cards away—Madame Patsy despised rummy and such other games as M'sieu Joe had a weakness for—she came straight to the point:

"Well, we've just had a meeting of the committee. Miz Field called them together—an emergency meeting, it was. And we've decided to sell our stock."

"Fine! The only question now is, who's a-goin' to buy it? Hey?"

"No, that's settled too," answered his wife. "You are!"

My partner surveyed her a full minute in doubt, then exploded into one of his commercial guffaws, slapping his thigh with delight. As for me, I did not laugh, m'sieu. *Mais non!* For I had a presentiment.

"Dad-gum, if that ain't rich! So I'm elected, am I? I suppose all that committee's got to do is git together and decide on a thing, and that settles it. Great! How does your outfit stand on the peace treaty? I'd like to wire some of them bonehead Democrats about it."

Over Madame Patsy's beautiful face flitted a pitying, superior smile.

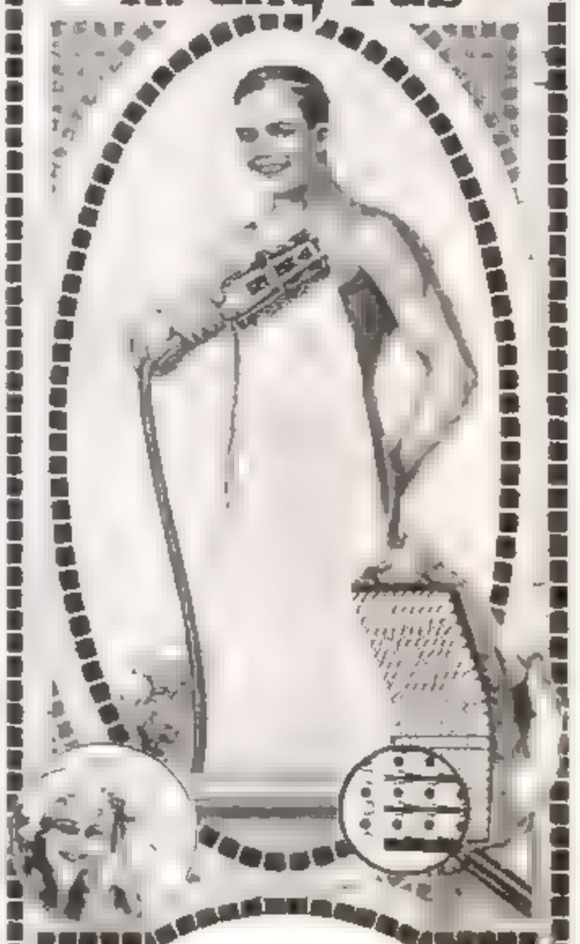
"When you're quite through, Mister Hicks, I'll explain," was all she said.

And explain she did. It appeared that her associates on the committee were unanimous in their determination to sell the stock, and since they had bought it on M'sieu Joe's recommendation it seemed only fair to them that he should now buy it back.

"On my recommendation?" he cried aghast. "How come'"

Continued on Page 93

A Shower Bath in any Tub



KNICKERBOCKER

Shower Bath-Brush

[illegible]

Bathe in Clean Running Water

Do you realize how unsanitary it is to [illegible] in a tub full of unclean water? [illegible] now on bathe the modern way. Use "Knickerbocker" your daily [illegible]

Fits Any Faucet

[illegible] children—*everybody*. It's quick—no waiting for tub to fill. No cleaning of tub afterwards.

Unequaled for Shampooing

[illegible] Clean running water washes away every atom of soap, dirt and dandruff

Seven Sizes, $2.50, $3, $3.50, $4.50; Combination Sets, $5 and $6. De Luxe Set, $7.

The $5, $6 and $7 Sets include a special round Shampoo Brush, as illustrated in package.

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For sale [illegible] Drug, Hardware and Dept [illegible] Wear fully guaranteed.

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Look for this package in your Drug, Hardware or Dept store

"Of course we can make it in a day— it's only 300 miles."

THE FRANKLIN SEDAN

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation
(National Averages)

THE confidence with which Franklin owners undertake long distances in a day is based on the same principles which give them their records of economy.

Light weight and flexibility give comfort, safety and ease of control. Any Franklin dealer will explain fully and demonstrate all these advantages.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Franklin Sedan Features:

Wide Observation Windows, allowing unobstructed outlook—
Two Wide Doors, giving easy access to a roomy interior—
Slanting V-shaped Windshield, permitting broadest driving vision—
and Sloping French-style Hood.

Woman Owner of Enclosed Franklin Writes:

"200 of the 406.3 miles were over rough roads. Made entire distance in 12 hours with three other passengers in the car. Averaged 33.8 miles per hour. No trouble of any kind was experienced."

(Continued from Page 91)

"Now don't try to back out at this late date! That's just like a man! Didn't you tell me if I didn't get in when I had the chance that I'd regret it? Didn't you?"

"Yes, but that was away back before —"

"There you go, trying to wiggle out of it! You did advise me to buy some, Joe Hicks, so don't try to deny it! And after all the things you had told me, how can you blame the committee if they took your advice?

"And Miz Turner and Miz Grady and a couple of others went and bought a whole lot of things they needed, because they thought there'd be such big profits. Why, Miz Grady owes more'n seven hundred dollars for some dresses and things, and you know how hard up they always are. Mr. Grady will have a fit. Oh, all right; laugh all you've a mind to! But the stock was supposed to be worth forty thousand, wasn't it? Your own telegram to Henree said so. I suppose you'll try to sneak out of that next! Then how can you blame them for buying a few things they needed when all of them thought they were rich? Besides, if we don't pay up the eight thousand we promised the art association there'll be a lot of talk—a scandal, Miz Turner says. She and the others all said they couldn't pay their thousand unless we sold the stock for more than that."

Her husband grew alert in an instant.

"What eight thousand's this? Why do the members of your committee have to put up a thousand each? What've you been doing anyhow?"

As serenely as she would have recounted a successful afternoon at bridge Madame Patsy told him all about the step the committee had taken in purchasing the Little Phœbe stock for themselves. It had been my intention to do so, but I had found it difficult to begin. M'sieu Hicks listened with a grave face.

"So," he said, "that's it!" And he began to pace up and down the room.

"Stop that!" commanded madame. "You make me nervous."

He halted in front of her.

"Child," he said, "don't you see what you and those other women've done? You've stolen the art association's money!"

"What do you mean by that? How dare you say that to my face? We didn't do any such of a thing!"

"It amounts to the same thing. When you thought the stock was worth twenty for one you took it over from the association whose two thousand had bought it, without even a by your leave, at one-fifth what it was worth then. Why, dog-gone it, Patsy," he burst out, "many a feller has gone to jail for just that!"

The only reply madame vouchsafed was to toss up her arms in a gesture of despair over his density as she started angrily from her chair.

"Now take it easy!" he cautioned. "You're in a tighter fix than you know about, and havin' a fit won't git you out. That's a good enough line in a family argument, but it don't fetch results in a case like this here."

"Don't you talk to me like that!" she cried in a fury now. "Do you take me for a child?"

"No-o," he answered softly. "Sometimes you can reason with a child."

Madame Patsy turned so white with anger that for a moment I feared she was going to faint. Willingly would I have escaped, but no chance presented itself.

"Go on," she said, resuming her seat and folding her arms. "Go on and say what you've got to say. Insult me all you want to. I can stand it. I'm used to it."

But despite her expression of martyrdom I had forebodings as I watched the restless swaying of her foot.

M'sieu Hicks continued slowly, like a lawyer summing up the facts:

"As near as I can figure out, the situation's about like this: You and them other ladies're pledged to pay the art association eight thousand dollars. Unless you sell your twenty shares of Little Phœbe for that amount none of you—or not more than a couple anyhow—can pay up. And if you don't pay up there'll be a scandal, and the art association will want to know what you've been doin' with their money. They'll want to know what you wildcatted it for, won't they? And Miz Field will talk, and people'll say my wife tried to do the art association out'n its profits and then when the stock blowed up went and tried to crawl out. Ain't them the facts?"

"Go on! Go on! Insult me all you want to! I can stand it. I'm used to it," she replied in a voice choked with tears.

"And now for a question. How do you propose to raise eight thousand dollars on twenty shares of stock when the stock is sellin' right now at sixty-five dollars a share? That would be only thirteen hundred dollars."

"But we don't intend to sell it for sixty-five dollars a share," she exclaimed triumphantly, leaning forward to thump her knee with one tiny fist. "Smarty! You see! You always think you know it all, don't you?"

"Then what do you intend to sell it for?" he inquired, puzzled.

"For eight thousand dollars – that's what we intend to sell it for. All of them agreed on that. They said it was only fair since you had got us into this. The committee appointed me to fix it up with you."

To my dying day I shall remember the consternation on my partner's face.

"You can sit there and have the nerve to propose I should pay four hundred dollars a share for stuff that's sellin' at less'n sixty-five?" he demanded thickly. "Quick, Henree! Fan me!"

"But don't you see? It's so plain that even Henree here could understand it. We would never have bought the stock only for you. You led us into it. And unless you act like a man and do the honest thing all those ladies will be in trouble they'll never be able to live down. I declare, Joe Hicks, I never thought you would do me like this! I knew you could be mean, but at least I was able to hold up my head—I always thought my husband was honest."

Somewhat to my surprise M'sieu Hicks permitted this thrust to pass unnoticed. He appeared to be thinking about something else.

"Patsy," he said briskly in the abrupt way he frequently employed when tilting a jackpot, "I'm a-goin' to buy that stock from you ladies, and for eight thousand dollars. What's more, I'll buy the ten shares you own personally, but at par. But I want you-all to understand why I'm doin' it. The pure and simple reason is that I don't want my wife to go to jail or git talked about all round town. And believe me, li'l' one, they wouldn't leave you a rag to your back if this thing ever got out."

Much as she resented the last remark, madame was too good a general to press her victory. She merely said in a mollified tone, "I thought you'd see what was right," and went immediately to the telephone to acquaint Miz Turner and her other associates with the success of her mission.

Alors, the art association's treasury benefited by six thousand dollars, which would enable them to buy all the dancing nymphs in forest glades they had planned to acquire and to add a few fauns to their collection of sculptures. And it was given out that the money for this purpose had been donated by the members of the executive committee. Not a word of their flyer in oil! Not so much as a whisper of Little Phœbe! Was it not prodigious?

This affair did not blow over, however, without a certain amount of talk. Madame Patsy emerged from it without a mark, but so close had been her escape from an impossible situation that she felt her prestige had suffered. And you may well imagine that the Field woman made the most of her advantage.

To regain the ground she had lost by her venture into finance madame now planned a coup which promised to put her rival in the shade for all time.

"She's good on that rough stuff—I'll admit that," Madame Hicks observed in broaching the subject to us. "When it comes to a jazz party or a reception committee for the milkman in the morning, that Field woman is there, all right, all right. But the minute she tries a higher plane she's lost—just can't make the grade—away out of her depth and comin' up for air. So this thing'll knock her cold."

The affair to which she alluded—the thing which was calculated to give Madame Field the rigors—was no less than a reception to M'sieu Augustus Bobolink, the illustrious author of The Blue Jay and other works, who was on a lecture tour of the country and was scheduled to appear in our city on the fifteenth of the next month. Madame Patsy had come to an agreement with his manager by wire that M. Bobolink should appear at an afternoon tea in her house on the Bluff, mingle

Old Kentucky Chats:

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This same mellow, fragrant Owl Cigar can be found in every State. The price is the same everywhere and the mellow fragrance never changes. Why? Because all Owl leaf is cured by experts for from one to two years. This mellowing process is guaranteed by the $3,000,000 leaf reserve which the General Cigar Co., Inc., has always curing for your pleasure.

For a fragrant, never-varying, every-day cigar we recommend the Owl—Owl Brand with the Brown Band.

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with her guests and read one of his unpublished poems. What the consideration may have been I don't pretend to know. I do know, however, that M'sieu Joe raised a great to-do about it, loudly contending that he could have hired a whole vaudeville team for less; but madame squelched him by the simple request that he comport himself less like a roughneck and more like a gentleman, if he knew what she meant, and went calmly ahead with her plans.

Having made every arrangement for a large tea with the efficiency and eye for details which distinguished madame in this direction she had only to decide upon the list of guests. This task brought her a peculiar, not to say savage, pleasure. For it was her intention to leave Madame Field off the list, and every other woman of her acquaintance who had displayed a tendency to follow the Field leadership.

All society was agog when news of madame's approaching fête leaked out. It was rightly felt that participation in such an affair would put the stamp of culture on one's social status, so to speak, and Madame Patsy was besieged with attentions. Then the invitations were issued, and there followed rejoicings and heartburnings.

As for Madame Field, I had it from my wife that she laughed. Oui, m'sieu; the hardened woman merely snorted when she learned that she was not to be included among the litterateurs, and remarked that she knew a trick worth two of that. It was now Madame Patsy's turn to laugh, and she went triumphantly forward with her preparations.

"Did you hear about Miz Field?" inquired my wife, the night before the reception to M'sieu Bobolink. "She sent out a lot of invitations by telephone late this afternoon for some sort of party at her house. I wonder what she's up to! I'm uneasy on Patsy's account."

"Nonsense, my dear!" I remonstrated. "The woman is merely beside herself with envy and spite. She is trying to capture Madame Patsy's guests, an impossible task at this late hour and with such an attraction as M'sieu Bobolink on hand."

"I don't know about that," returned my wife musingly. "Miz Field is an awfully resourceful woman. To tell the truth, I'm worried."

And well she had reason to be, my friend. For would you believe it? Not two score of the several hundred guests bidden to Madame Hicks',tea came to it. Those who did come were of the hopelessly literary or artistic kind with whom it is impossible to mingle on a human basis, I find. Neither my partner nor madame had anything in common with them, and as for their presence furnishing social éclat, it was unthinkable.

And as for M'sieu Bobolink, he proved to be unspeakably dreary. He could not even speak English; it fell to me to translate for him, a sufficiently difficult undertaking when the thoughts he wished to transmit were of matters pertaining to nothing which contacted life.

I will draw a veil over that affair, the most humiliating in Madame Patsy's entire career. The crowning insult was reserved for the last. Her guests had to pass the new and magnificent mansion of Madame Field on their return, and behold, it was crowded with the youth and fashion, the middle-aged and the elderly rounders of local society! An orchestra was jazzing furiously with roll of drum and clash of cymbals, and colored waiters in white jackets were dashing hither and yon with loaded trays. What a commentary on our civilization!

"Dog-gone, we missed it!" groaned M'sieu Turner, to whom we were giving a lift. "I heard she'd bought ol' Colonel Swift's cellar after he died, but I couldn't believe it." Turning to his wife he added bitterly, "You would come!"

Madame Patsy took to her bed and denied herself to visitors. Many came out of curiosity to hear what she would say and to see how she bore defeat, but they were turned away. It happened that the flu had assumed the proportions of an epidemic, so she found a plausible excuse to hand.

The first day she felt strong enough to face her world again M'sieu Hicks returned home with wonderful news. Little Phœbe had been brought in and was flowing over the derrick; the driller had succeeded in casing off the salt water which had leaked in and was now eight feet in the sand. But as this information was not in terms of dollars it meant practically nothing to madame and drew from her only a wan smile.

For others, however, it held more significance. Next morning it became noised throughout the city that M'sieu Hicks had refused seven hundred thousand dollars for his holdings, and that afternoon the entire executive committee of the art association waited upon him at his house.

Was it true the stock was now worth fifty for one, and might even go to a hundred? He could not deny it; he had refused fifty for one. Then they wanted their shares back! Madame Turner was spokeswoman, and she informed M'sieu Joe that the committee had decided to buy back the twenty shares from him at the price he had paid them—eight thousand dollars.

To my stupefaction my partner was curiously patient under this demand. Did they wish this stock for the art association, he asked, or was it for their individual accounts? Madame Turner announced that the ladies with her wished to buy it for themselves. They had raised all the money the association needed, but they felt that they had been led into a too hasty sale of the shares they owned, and so they had decided to buy them back from M'sieu Hicks at the price he had paid them.

"But those twenty shares are worth a hundred thousand at the market price," he protested.

"That's just it," cried Madame Turner. "We sold it when we shouldn't have sold it, because you told us the well was no good. So now we feel you ought to sell it back to us." The other ladies of the delegation nodded approvingly.

"Excuse me just a minute, ladies," murmured M'sieu Joe politely, and made his exit. I followed him.

My friend, M'sieu Hicks never returned to that room. He did not. He hopped into a car and told the chauffeur to drive like hell, and when the chauffeur had burned up the road for eleven miles and evinced curiosity as to our destination my partner ordered him to swing round and convey us to the Rod and Gun Club lake, a full twenty miles from the city. There we spent the night.

"Git rid of them any way you like," he told Madame Patsy over the long distance. "What? They're still there? Then let 'em stay there and starve to death for all I care. No, I won't! I've been hornswoggled all I aim to be. I wouldn't sell any of those highbinders a share of Li'l' Phœbe for all the money in the United States Treasury. So git busy and explain how the land lays. Huh? Not much, we won't! Me and Henree'll stay down here ontil this thing's fixed up. It's either me or them, Patsy! Take your pick!"

Eh bien, madame chose to retain her husband, and the ladies of the executive committee were obliged to retire in discomfiture.

How she got rid of them I have never learned. But to this day whenever the subject of oil is mentioned they break out into fierce denunciation of M'sieu Joe and his wife and assert that only for the schemes of that swindling husband of Madame Hicks they would all be rich.

"Henree," said my partner as we sat comfortably over our dominoes at the club, "I mind sayin' to you a while back that women don't know nothin' about business. May heaven forgive me!"

SENSE AND NONSENSE

No Danger

DURING his last few years as baseball pitcher Clark Griffith's arm went back on him so that he had practically no speed at all—couldn't break a pane of glass, as he expressed it. He was so skilled and clever, though, that he managed to win games by having more wit than the batter. But always he lamented his lack of speed.

One day a batter kept trying to annoy Griffith by crowding the plate, sticking his head directly over the rubber.

A coacher suddenly interrupted the game by running from the bench out to the pitcher's box.

"If he does that again," he said to Griffith, "bean him—knock his head off!"

Griffith dropped the ball and looked at the man in astonishment.

"For the love of Mike," he finally exclaimed in disgust, "what with?"

Still, a Sword's a Sword

MAJOR E. ORMONDE POWER, U. S. A., says the most embarrassing moment of his army life was in Havana when he was a lieutenant, in 1898. The United States had just taken control in Cuba and Lieutenant Power was sent to Havana to see about taking over some property. While in a restaurant he saw four Cuban officers, immaculately garbed. In true Latin manner they rose, bowed ceremoniously and invited him to sit at their table.

"Sir," said one of the officers, rising, "it gives us the honor very distinguished to have an American officer join us to have the valiant Americans in control of our country. My feeling is so great that I beg of you to give me the honor of accepting my sword."

With that he whipped out his beautiful Toledo blade, made of a steel the like of which no American ever possessed. As the young American lieutenant awkwardly waited the Cuban stuck the point of his Toledo blade in the center of the table, bent it double, and as it whipped back into shape graciously handed it to Power.

Feeling it up to him also to do something gracious Lieutenant Power begged that the Cuban accept his sword to establish relations further. With that he whipped out his ten-dollar blade, bought from a department store on the East Side in New York. Imitating the Cuban he stuck the point in the middle of the table, bent it double—and it stayed bent!

Without a tremor Lieutenant Power calmly handed the blade, now bent like a pretzel, to the Cuban, and made him a sweeping bow.

One Inquiry Enough

WHILE the New York and Brooklyn baseball clubs were in Florida playing exhibition games a party of the accompanying correspondents met Irvin S. Cobb, who was lecturing in Miami.

Looking the picture of health Cobb joked with the newspaper men about the extent of his newly found appetite. Immediately it occurred to them that Babe Ruth, the ball player, had boasted that he could outeat anybody in the world. A challenge was promptly issued to the author for a contest—at catch weights.

"All right," agreed Cobb. "I will enter on the condition that you allow me to ask Mr. Ruth, or his eating manager, just one question. You see I know nothing of his record."

"Certainly," agreed the matchmaker, and called a New York stock broker, who had nominated himself Ruth's second.

"I don't want any advantage," said Cobb, "but for a basis of understanding I would like to know just how many hams Mr. Ruth can eat."

Diamond Cut Diamond

A WELL-KNOWN Philadelphia sporting writer, a giant in stature but with a stammer in his speech, of which he often jests, joined the Athletics on their spring training trip. This writer is known for seeking odd, human-interest stories and for writing them entertainingly.

"Say," some of the veteran ball players said to him, "there is a new player over there called Bigtoe, the most interesting character you ever met. Talk to him and he can give you a column of stuff."

The writer introduced himself to the new player and asked many questions, but the best answer he got was a hesitant "Uh-huh" or "Uhm." After a while this got on the interviewer's nerve and he told the player that if he didn't want to talk to go fish.

"Who is that dub, anyway?" he asked of the players. "So far as I'm concerned he can stay a busher." All of which was said in a hesitant stammer, due to his peevishness.

"And," says this writer, telling the story on himself, "I didn't know until two days later that the veteran players had framed the whole thing up on me. The poor fellow stammers worse than I do, and he was afraid that if he tried to answer me I would think he was mocking me and might hit him in the nose."

The Psychological Moment

A GROUP of Republican politicians in a Western State decided to start a presidential favorite-son boom for one of their number.

After many deliberations and much scheming the group leaders decided that it would be good psychology to withhold the name of their candidate until an auspicious moment, believing that by keeping the name of the candidate veiled in secrecy they would not only rouse throughout the state more curiosity than could otherwise be worked up but also keep the Democrats on the anxious seat.

In accordance with their plan they caused to appear on billboards and in the newspapers large-type advertisements announcing that the next President would be a native son and staunch Republican, but that his name would not be announced until a given date.

The venture proved to be a success. The mysterious candidate became almost the sole topic of conversation, and on the night set for the announcement the capacious hall engaged by the Republicans was filled to capacity.

The preliminary speeches, which were intentionally drawn out unduly, served their purpose of rousing the audience to a high degree of curiosity, and when the chief speaker of the evening finally appeared he was vociferously greeted by shouts of approval, interspersed with cries such as "Who is he?" "Name him first and speak afterward."

The speaker proceeded with marked deliberation, first setting forth the merits of Republicans and the shortcomings of Democrats, and then gradually led up to the name of the mysterious favorite son, whom he praised extravagantly.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," roared the speaker, prodigal of gesture, "I come to the name of this remarkable man. I have mentioned in detail the rare qualities with which he is endowed — comprehensive knowledge of the country and its needs; love for his fellow man; kindness toward all, malice toward none.

"So, my esteemed fellow citizens, prepare yourselves to receive the name of the man I have in mind for the highest office on earth; the only man known to you who has all the qualities I have mentioned; the only person who, if nominated, can carry our party to victory in November. Now, then, who is he?"

"Santa Claus!" shouted a Democrat in the back of the hall.

No Fair Stealing Stuff

AT A RECENT benefit in New York in which many theatrical stars agreed to appear for charity purposes a well-known knockabout song-and-dance man, none too well versed in letters, was to go on at nine o'clock so as to get back to the roof for his regular stunt at eleven that night.

As he waited in the wings the comedian noticed a heavy-set man walking to and fro, with an air of impatience, on the other side of the stage.

"Who is that guy over there?" he asked of the stage manager.

"Why"—the manager looked surprised—"why, that is Caruso."

"Does he go on here to-night?"

"Sure," he does. "He is going to sing a couple of songs."

"Well," said the knockabout man a little sourly, "tell him to sing anything he likes but to lay off The Strutters' Ball. I use that for an opener and I don't want it crabbed."

Fresh from Sunshine and Pure Air

An Appetizing Suggestion

A Council Meat Market on your pantry shelf furnishes a select variety of the finest cooked meats to choose from—an ever-available supply of the finest meals—ready to serve—hot or cold.

For the dainty afternoon spread—or a regular meal—you need only a few minutes in which to prepare a savory, satisfying treat that will both surprise and delight with its delicious goodness.

"Appetizing Suggestions"—a little cook book we will gladly send you without charge—shows how many delightful surprises Council Meats make

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Over

TRADE MARK REG.

Stam

STAMINA is the power to suffer blows without succumbing—the ability to endure punishment because of unyielding backbone and a stout heart.

The greater a car's stamina, the greater its serviceability. The Overland, on the new *Triplex* Springs, has lasting strength and staying powers because it has in-built stamina.

A Year's Abuse in Seven Days

On March 3, 1920, a stock Overland car finished a test run of seven days and seven nights over frozen Indiana country roads. It had traveled 5,452 miles in 168 hours continuously. Its engine had made 17,062,729 revolutions, its ignition system had registered 34,125,458 spark impulses. Yet under this ceaseless pounding it had never failed or faltered. And at the close of its record-breaking run it was ready to run the gauntlet again.

Blazing the Trail for the Army

From July 7 to September 6, 1919, three stock Overland cars blazed the trail for the U. S. Army Engineers in their famous cross-continent drive. Driver Webb's sedan covered 4,387 miles; Driver Schell's touring car went 4,743 miles; Driver Brown's touring car covered 5,055 miles. These cars covered almost impassable roads while searching out safe roads for the huge army trucks in all kinds of weather and in all altitudes. They proved again the marvelous stamina of the Overland, the modern light car.

Willys-Overland Limited, Toronto, Canada

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Sedans, Coupes,

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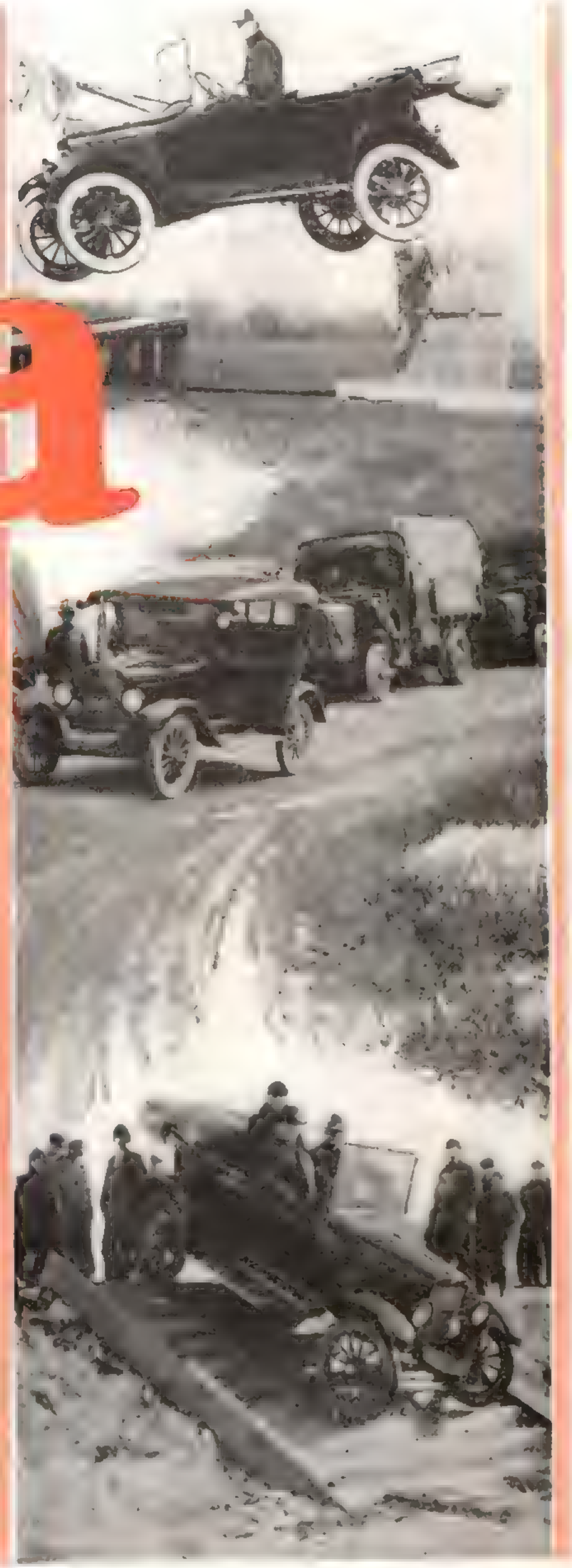

42,104 Foot-Pounds Blow on Springs

Daily at every performance of the last annual Stock and Horse Show at Denver, Colorado, a stock Overland leaped through the air eighteen feet, clearing a five-foot hurdle. In landing it sustained a blow of 42,104 foot-pounds on its spring system. On *Triplex* Springs designed to ward off the jolts and jars of the roughest roads, the Overland took this terrific punishment daily and took it with a grin. It emerged from the racking test with not so much as a cracked shackle bolt.

Races 25,000 Miles in Pursuit of Speeders

The Houston, Texas, Police Department uses an Overland day and night in pursuing "speeders." The car has been in service since October, 1919, and has covered more than 25,000 miles, much of it at 35 to 45 miles an hour. And in that time there has been absolutely no expense for mechanical upkeep. Because this car has never failed its drivers, six more Overlands have been purchased for similar arduous work.

YOU never would want to put your car through such punishment, but it is gratifying to know you *could*. Power plant and body are cradled upon the marvelous *Triplex* Springs.

Triplex Springs create riding qualities undreamed of in a light car. They lower upkeep costs. They guarantee Overland Serviceability.

NC., TOLEDO, OHIO The John N. Willys Export Corp., New York
Cars and Roadsters

RIT

Cake, Flaked and Powdered

Silk sweaters, lingerie, frocks, even curtains, may enjoy the latest charm of the season's newest shades. Simply wash them with RIT, and all the magic is done. RIT makes possible perfect color harmonies throughout your entire costume.

Fashion's Every Demand For Colorful Lingerie May Be Gratified

Never have the shops been so ablaze with color. Every last detail of milady's apparel is gorgeous with pinks, blues, yellows and reds. To be in fashion one simply must be in color. Yet, so much of one's wardrobe in the past has been in white. These white pieces—they too may be given the subtle touch of charming color effects.

That dainty camisole, that demure night dress, that shimmery blouse, may be washed any color of your heart's desire. A rare bit of magic it may seem—yet with RIT you may revel in the colors so in vogue among women who first reflect the subtle charm of Paris.

And the beauty of it is, RIT is so convenient to use.

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Rose	*Taupe*
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Salmon Pink	*Lavender*
Red	*Light Blue*
Yellow	*Dark Blue*
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UNSCRAMBLING THE DEPARTMENTS

Continued from Page 17

Many of these independent agencies—no one seems to know authoritatively just how many, the number is undoubtedly on the decrease because of the abolishment of war-time agencies, but estimates still range as high as forty—are designed to report directly to the White House. Obviously, then, were there no departments at all, these independent agencies, with appropriations during the last fiscal years almost as great as the total cost of operating the Government before the war, would more than overtax the administrative facilities of the White House, which has no legislative authority, except temporarily just now under the Overman Act, to adjust these agencies one to another or to the departments. In Great Britain and other countries where strong efforts are necessarily being made to keep government from breaking down in the face of tremendously increased burdens, the tendency is toward fewer and fewer ministers and cabineteers.

The only semblance in Washington to anything like the administrative agencies of modern corporations is not the White House, which has no authority, say, for taking a bureau out of one department or putting an independent agency therein, but, closer analysis makes clear, the Congress, which is the only force that has dominion over the Government's machine as a whole, or at least the only force that exercises that dominion. But Congress is busy. It must operate through statutes, which jerk and haw and at best move slowly, no matter that the way of the taxpayer meanwhile is very, very hard. Moreover, not only do present results show with disturbing eloquence that Congress as an administrative agency in the sense that such agencies function in corporations has quite failed in this rôle, but one can readily see what a catch-as-catch-can game is any attempt at any considerable reorganization of any considerable part of the governmental machine. Nevertheless the engineers of the country and their allies for efficiency in and out of Congress insist: "The tremendous and increasing variety of activities now carried on by the Government and the disposition toward fewer instead of more consolidations of agencies make all the more imperative some determined attempt at rigorous concentration of governmental functions along the line of function."

The Way to Begin

They are accustomed to saying that nothing is impossible though some things are not practicable. They say now that a beginning in the reorganization of the Government's machine is practicable.

"We must begin," they insist, "with function."

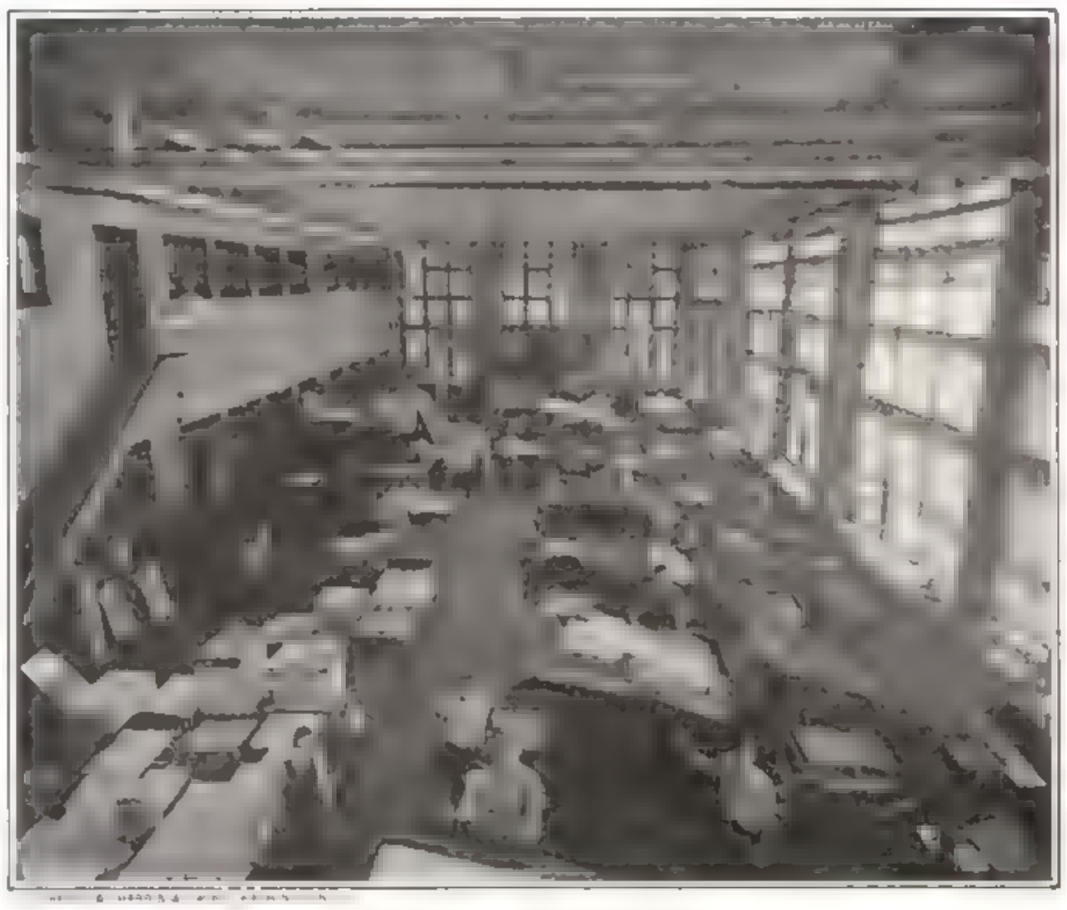
"'Function,'" they argue, "ought to be stamped on every American dollar."

And that at once, now of all times in the history of America and the world.

Why?

"One of the reasons why," observes Congressman Frank Reavis, of Nebraska, one of the sponsors of the Jones-Reavis Bill to establish the Department of Public Works in the place of the Department of the Interior and to regroup there agencies having to do with engineering, construction and public-works functions of various kinds, "makes it look as if the millennium had come."

He explains: "You see, the American people have for many years paid the expenses of their Government with taxes collected indirectly, in the form of a protective tariff, liquor taxes, and so on. They hardly realized they were paying for the operation of the Government's machinery and consequently did not care how



Press Room, Geological Survey

that machinery was run. The pork-barrel and the pork-barrel congressman resulted."

"And then?"

"Then came the war, and the expenses of government were enormously increased. There was a time, when we had only about four millions of population, when the expenses of government amounted to only about twelve cents per capita a year, but now the expenses of the Government approximate more than forty dollars per capita a year, and analysis will demonstrate that the huge estimate of nearly five billions sent by the Secretary of the Treasury to Congress for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1921, cannot be very much diminished, without reorganization of the Government's methods of doing business, for four or five years to come. Therefore Congress must resort to direct taxes, and these, in reaching into the jeans and check books of people, are bringing painfully home to them the disturbing fact that they are paying, in unheard-of sums, for the expenses of their Government. They are rising up in their wrath to demand, 'Where does our money go from here?' In short, the very forces that before the war exalted the pork barrel and the pork-barrel congressman and bureau chief or cabinet member are now turned against them. Why, I know one congressman who came here and worked like a Trojan to get the biggest possible appropriation for an expensive historical memorial in his home town. The town took a year off and had a hand in sending him back for more.

"Now when he goes home not one constituent but a dozen or so, as if one were not enough, put it up to him, 'In heaven's name, why did you get that white elephant started here? We didn't need it, and now we've got to help pay for it. Isn't it enough we've got to pay for these days?'"

The congressman, who has read, checked and approved this article in its entirety, concludes: "I tell you, the pork-barrel congressman has passed into history. But the pork-barrel bureau chief? Well, the more ambitious, the more efficient, the more intelligent he is, the more he is apt to be working against the Government."

"Meaning the people?"

"Yes."

Executives of the Bureau of Mines

There are other reasons why the philosophy and the necessity of reorganization of the governmental machinery are at once imperative: As a matter of necessity; we are getting vastly less than we pay for, and we haven't enough to pay for what we get. Then too, as a matter of national safety; much of the unrest in this country and in the world, Nicholas Murray Butler explained, is due to the contentions in some quarters and the growing suspicion in many quarters that government in general, and especially in Great Britain, Italy and the United States, is breaking down—is top-heavy, unbusinesslike, unresponsive, when private organizations are far more than ever functionalized, efficient and easily controlled.

Mr. Taft's Efforts

Accordingly, then, the question at once arises: Why not at once reorganize the whole governmental machine?

Mr. Taft tried. On January 12, 1912, he sent a special message to Congress in which he said: "This vast organization has never been studied in detail as one piece of administrative mechanism. Never have the functions been laid for a thorough consideration of the relation of all its parts. No comprehensive effort has been made to list all its multifarious activities or to group them in such a way as to present a clear picture of what the Government is doing. Never has a complete description been given of the agencies through which these activities are performed. At no time has the attempt been made to study all these activities and agencies with a view to the assignment of each activity to the agency best fitted for its performance, to the avoidance of duplication of plant and work, to the integration of all administrative agencies of the Government, so far as may be practicable, into a unified organization for the most effective and economical dispatch of public business."

He went at length into questions of plan, of personnel, of wasteful usages of public property, unnecessary cost of insurance, lack of specifications, the need of better methods of purchase, accounting, duplication and the need of a national budget. Congress appropriated exactly $260,000 for the use of his Commission on Economy and Efficiency.

Then, to make a long story short, after more than two years of work not only did the work of this commission come to naught, not only did it embitter Congress and the bureau and cabinet heads, but the whole movement looking toward national reform, with all the momentum it gained through latitudinous promise and publicity, was thrown back a dozen years at a cost to taxpayers, it may be imagined, amounting to billions of dollars.

The engineers of the country, Senator Jones, of Washington, Senator Smoot—albeit he has introduced a joint resolution looking to the creation of a joint Committee on the Reorganization of the Administrative Branch of the Government, to grapple with the whole situation—Congressman Reavis, many others, discerned the logic thus in beginning the reorganization of the Government's machinery with one department rather than with all the departments and other agencies. They know that Congress would be averse, because it always is averse, to tackling any measure so ponderous as that looking to complete reorganization. They said that so huge a project instead of helping might defeat the progress made toward the achievement of a national budget, whereas the regrouping of units having to do with one

Continued on Page 10

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(Continued from Page 99)

major function of government—notably with construction and related problems—would facilitate the adoption of a budget. Also they know that an attempt at a complete reorganization might defeat the success of the report just sent to Congress by the Congressional Commission on Reclassification of Government Personnel.

"Altogether, thus," one of them explained, "the wise thing to do is to begin with one function, with one department, make progress with that, establish a precedent and a principle with that. You must do that with each function, each department in the end; and the Department of the Interior now lends itself best to the attempt."

Thus they point out that a large part, probably most, of the constructural, engineering and public-works functions of the Government normally are performed by the Department of the Interior, through entities that logically ought to be retained in that department. Then, too, the appropriations for the nonmilitary engineering, architectural and related functions of the Government amounted in 1920 to $647,210,568, and the estimates for the present fiscal year look to $788,816,229—a little less than our national debt before the war, a little less than three-fourths of the total cost of operating the Federal Government before the war and not very much less than the total gathered in by the last income taxes.

Moreover, it is pointed out, not only did the engineers and architects and civilian builders win complete faith in their ability during the war, but the functions they professionally are concerned with, and the Department of Public Works would be concerned with, are strictly business or essentially business functions that in their very nature have no intangible, hazy, sociological or indefinite aspects, but are above all others specific and suitable for exemplification of what profitable results a regrouping of agencies naturally related might achieve.

Such a regrouping of these agencies would be concerned with public works of the first order, and all would be concerned with civil as distinguished from military work. It would have one plant and, since most engineering and constructional work is seasonal, that would constitute an advantage and an economy in peace and in war. It would not destroy or hamper such excellencies as organizations like the Bureau of Standards and the Geological Survey and the Bureau of Mines now have.

It would afford, as Governor Lowden points out from his own experience in Illinois, not only the opportunity for the nation to get the advantages from many civilian advisers who will lend their services without pay, but in itself it would afford opportunities for distinct careers. It could accomplish a vast deal more by mere departmental order than Congress can accomplish by statute. It could, without confusion and sacrifice, bring about standardization of specifications, of accounts, of effort, make economy possible in the handling of bids and contracts and do much in addition to establishing a precedent that would doubtless prove valuable.

Few Changes Necessary

Accordingly the Jones-Reavis Bill creates, to replace the Department of the Interior as it is now constituted, a Department of Public Works. It provides for the transfer from the Department of the Interior of all eleemosynary and other functions that do not relate substantially to construction, engineering, architecture, other public-works functions, and gathers into the Department of Public Works all civil work related thereto.

To accomplish the establishment of the Department of Public Works surprisingly few changes are necessary. Thus the Jones-Reavis Bill looks to the transfer of the Patent Office to the Department of Commerce, the Bureau of Pensions to the Treasury, the Bureau of Education to the Department of Labor, which has a large participation in social matters, and though retaining the engineering and constructional and surveying functions of the Board of Indian Commissioners, transfers that board and the Bureau of Indian Affairs also to the Department of Labor. It transfers St. Elizabeth's Hospital for the Insane and the Freedmen's Hospital to the Public Health Service, and the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Howard University to the Bureau of Education.

In this wise the bill provides for clearance in the Department of Public Works for such major constructural, engineering and related work as does not already exist in the Department of the Interior. To the new department the bill transfers from the Treasury Department the Supervising Architect's Office. It transfers from the War Department the Construction Division, which was born during the war, as this is written is hanging in air, has been and is almost entirely manned by civilians. It transfers from the War Department the Corps of Engineers, Rivers and Harbors, in order, it is pointed out, to permit that corps to devote itself to military matters and in order to gather into one place all hydraulic work. It puts the Mississippi River Commission and the California Débris Commission, which also are in the War Department, into the Department of Public Works. It transfers from the Department of Commerce the Coast and Geodetic Survey and the Bureau of Standards, and from the Department of Agriculture the Bureau of Public Roads and the Forest Service. It provides for a secretary and four assistant secretaries, all of whom, after the expiration of tenure of the present Secretary of the Interior, shall be specialists. Thus one assistant secretary is to have jurisdiction over all matters of engineering construction and design, one over all architectural construction and design, one over all scientific work and surveys, one over all land and legal matters. These five, moreover, are removed from politics and hold office as long as their conduct and efficiency are not at fault.

Old-Fashioned Virtues Needed

Back of this bill, insist the National Public Works Department Association and its allies in Congress and out, is every reason of organization, science, economy, expediency and efficiency. Flatly in favor of it not only are many senators and congressmen but many governors of states as different as Massachusetts and Illinois Thus Governor Lowden points out: "The expenses of government have so increased and taxes have become so burdensome that they enter into and influence every activity of our national life. They have reached the point where private initiative is discouraged, where industrial progress is threatened and our future prosperity menaced. Waste and extravagance mark all expenditures, public and private. Economy is a despised and forgotten thing. There must be a return to the old-fashioned virtues if we would avert disaster. Where can we begin as effectively as here, with the Government itself?"

The answer is easy; but even the proposed change, simple as it may seem to those who do not know Washington, is almost insuperably difficult.

In the War Department, to illustrate, when the war came the Quartermaster's Department was charged with construction of quarters for soldiers and like tasks. "That department," Secretary Baker then told the writer, "had long been a department of fixed examples. Its task was to feed and clothe the Army." Partly as a consequence of its inability, with duties and personnel expanding in size and number literally a thousandfold, when the calling of the National Army and intense prosecution of the war was held up, the ponderous task of building the cantonments, storehouses, warehouses, shell-filling plants and many other structures needed in America was taken out of the Quartermaster's Department and given, not to the Corps of Engineers, whose officers since have testified that the corps could have done the job even better than it was done, but whose more vital duties were in advanced areas, but to a new entity headed up to the office of the secretary.

This new entity was the Construction Division, which with few exceptions was made up entirely of civilians of wide experience in construction work. The record that division made, notably in building the cantonments in ninety days, after the War College had said the job couldn't be done in time at all, is well known. Many of the civilians remaining in that division, according to testimony given before Congress, will resign if it is subordinated to the Engineers. Meanwhile, as this is written, the Construction Division hangs in "the fortuitous concourse of unrelated prejudices" by which engineers and others describe Washington.

The struggle over it is interesting, though it does not conclusively dispose of the

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Construction Division, because it illustrates the opposition that may always be apprehended when any move is made to transfer any government agency from its moorings; also it suggests the vastly more powerful opposition that undoubtedly will arise in various subtle ways upon improvements on rivers and harbors, which work generations ago was lodged with the Corps of Engineers, because there was no other governmental agency qualified to do it, and when West Point was not only a preeminent school of engineers but almost the only school, whereas now West Point is, in relation to many technical schools, hardly considered to be an engineering school at all.

Only in an effort to interpret the views of those who support the Jones-Reavis Bill, since the effort to cite all approaches to and all aspects of the situation would be to write a book, it is perhaps worth pointing out that they insist that many of the most prominent and supposedly accomplished engineers in the Army were replaced by civilians during the war and "gave no military engineering service," for the reason that their experience, largely with rivers-and-harbors work, when combined with the changed nature of war, more or less disqualified them.

On this score General W. W. Atterbury, operating vice president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who for many years had been in charge of the engineering work of that railroad and during the war was in charge of transportation of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, says: "From the standpoint of the Army it is a mistake to take the cream off the jar of milk and put it into the Engineering Corps. Then you send these men off to a school, after which the engineers are put on civil work. The result is you have produced neither engineers nor soldiers. This is perhaps a little exaggerated, but I say that they are not engineers, because when out on general work their work is done by civilians. The work ordinarily done by the Corps of Engineers—buildings and river-and-harbor work—should be done by a civilian organization under a civilian department. The military engineering work should be under the Corps of Engineers."

General Goethals, the builder of the Panama Canal, probably the best-known of army engineers before the war, who was detailed to a business man's job during the war, also subscribes to the Department of Public Works. It is said, in fact—though this writer is only trying to interpret one side of the situation—that many of the individual officers of the Engineering Corps and the General Staff of the Army want the corps rid of river-and-harbor work, which invites all manner of criticisms anent pork-barrel rolling, and the like, and requires an annual appropriation of about $50,000,000.

General Marshall's Statement

By inference at least, General Marshall, who was the head of the Construction Division when it was making its record, tells many of the reasons why all civil work of constructural, architectural and like kind should be headed up to one department in the following statement.

"It is fundamental," he says, "that in all construction work there are certain elements more or less identical. Certainly there are a large number of operations which can be standardized and which should not be subject to the whim or opinion of some individual who for reasons of his own desires to depart from the fundamentals of common practice. For instance, there is no tenable reason why a standard specification covering the quality of cement or of stone or of roofing material should vary materially because it happens to be required for work under different government departments. There should be no basis for uncertainty in the mind of the contractor when he bids upon a specification as to what the text of the specification means; and yet, because of the varied language in which even the most commonplace building operations are described, the personal equation of the engineers in the many government offices writing the specifications necessarily enters very largely into the contractor's estimate of cost, if he is going to protect himself against such a varying contingency. A standard specification, whose meaning is definite and understood, eliminates the expensive hazard of guesswork.

"The contractor's experience on work for one department or bureau of the Government is of little value to him when he bids for work for another, for no two have the same specifications, nor do any two interpret those they have alike. Instead of having one client and that client the Government, with a fixed standard, he is confronted with sixty-two clients, all of whom want the same thing but make their wants known in the most varied manner.

"The importance and value of time, which is the prime thought in the mind of the business man paying interest on unproductive capital, is lost sight of on government work. Up until the war we were accustomed to see government projects drag through an interminable period. Buildings which would be completed for a commercial client within six months or a year required two or three years, largely because of the minutiæ of the specifications and the details of procedure which had to be satisfied in order to pass a government inspector and secure payment. The contractor, knowing this, was forced to include in his bid an allowance to cover possible advances in wages and material costs between the beginning and the completion of his work and for the overhead of his office. It sometimes happened that appropriations authorized for certain work became totally inadequate before the job was well under way and additional appropriations involving resubmission to Congress were necessary."

Dilatory Methods

"Time is the working capital of both the contractor and the Government. For every extra day of delay two days are lost. The contractor loses a day's use of his organization and the Government loses a day's profit and the use which would be derived from the completed job. Standard plans and specifications and centralized control of the work through a single government department would undoubtedly save both time and money for all concerned.

"Standard accounting methods are just as important.

"If government work ever is to be done at a cost comparable with that of commercial construction, the methods of handling it must be kept apace with those in commercial life.

"When I think of the delay, the extra cost, the many mistakes and the lack of coördination that would have resulted had the 589 jobs under the jurisdiction of the Construction Division during the war been attempted without standardized specifications and the centralized control, I know that, instead of many of them being made ready ahead of schedule time, as many of them were, short as the time was, they would not be finished to this day. The vast cost of separate designing organizations at each one of these projects was reduced to that of one organization in Washington, which insured uniform methods, eliminated poor design, permitted quantity purchase, coordinated the designer, the field engineer and the contractor, made structural safety certain, predetermined quantities of material, so that the question of buying for any project resolved itself into little more than the adding up of the totals of the smaller units required to meet any need.

"A single contract and a single specification eliminated thousands of disputes over details. The same question arising on many jobs was answered once and for all. Assume that at each of the sixteen National Army camps a constructing quartermaster had attempted to set up an organization to produce a tailor-made design for his city accommodating 40,000 men—what a diversity of plans there would have been, and what delay, when the selective draft was held up pending completion of those camps. Then, too, there would have been sixteen overhead costs versus one; sixteen separate designs for the structures, with sixteen strain sheets, sixteen schedules, detail contracts, specifications and legal work, an equal number of separate plans for the utilities; sixteen sets of account and cost records, none of which would be made on the same basis; sixteen separate kinds of everything else, all as against one standard plan; and finally a total cost which, by reason of these differences, would have been far in excess of that which resulted from construction based on the best and most thoroughly coordinated ideas."

The contrast suggested by General Marshall between the traditional methods of government business and those employed in the commercial world undoubtedly holds, with substantial accuracy, in any comparison between the methods pursued by the Government in general and those pursued by private enterprise, though the Government is exercising that delicate function called public service and is therefore using public funds. It is agreed, it seems, by all the many civilian business men who served with the Government during the war that the Government must put its house in order, and the engineers and professional organizers especially insist that there can be no order as long as the standards of one governmental agency so differ from those of another and the standards of one high priest of extravagance differ so vastly from those of another high priest that vast numbers of contractors and builders and manufacturers traditionally have refused to deal with the Government at all.

It is no wonder, then, that the organized engineers of the country, who professionally are more concerned than any other great group with cost accounting, find in specifications emanating from a hundred or so different sources—specifications that are complex, contradictory, involved, wasteful or absurd—proof that something is wrong on the Potomac. Nor is it any wonder that when they demonstrate that the Government is paying a huge and unnecessary bill for its engineering and other related constructural work—a bill that foots up huge multiplications in loss of time, high bids, a confusion of tongues worse than that which stopped man's most ambitious and daring building scheme—that business men generally demand reform.

"For I tell you this," concluded General Marshall, "we've got a babel of tongues in Washington, and though we all know that the Tower of Babel might never have reached high heaven, probably its progress chart would have shown better than five per cent if that famous confusion of tongues over specifications had not occurred."

Then comes Marshall O. Leighton, who is a consulting engineer, was for years a bureau official and is now chairman of the National Public Works Department Association, which includes probably nine-tenths of the technical abilities of the country and for months has been accumulating such a mass of information about the failure and the impossibility of the Government as it is constituted quickly and economically to function that when you strike into this evidence, albeit you are only a very humble taxpayer, your inclination is to seek cause why you should be required to pay any taxes at all.

No Coördination

"You see," he said, in an interview carefully read, checked and approved, along with the rest of this article, "as the family of Federal function has grown during the past century, its house has been increased in size. A lean-to has been added here, a gable has been added there, now a bay window, now another door. The Government's house has grown and grown, not by reason of any deliberate and well-directed plan but merely by accretion and additions made quite fortuitously, until at last the house is a maze of massive size that affords neither comfort, convenience nor structural unity.

"Over in the Department of Commerce the Census Office works with the Bureau of Fisheries, while the weights, measures, concrete and photometry in the Bureau of Standards have their chambers right alongside the foghorns of the Lighthouse Service. In the Treasury Department the Public Health Service and the Supervising Architect, the Director of the Mint, the War Risk Bureau and the Coast Guard lie down, as it were, together. In the Department of Agriculture the Forest Service, the Bureau of Entomology, Public Roads and the Biological Survey are neighbors subject to the same departmental regulations. And in the Department of the Interior, to go no farther, you find the Pension Office getting along somehow with the Alaska Engineering Commission, the Bureau of Education pulling in harness with St. Elizabeth's Hospital for the Insane, the Geological Survey eating the departmental diet given Freedmen's Hospital.

"These incongruities are by no means all, but they suggest the lack of coördination of aims and purposes in the Government and suggest how inelastic the whole departmental make-up is and how it cannot possibly adapt itself to quick adjustments and quick changes in conditions.

"The man does not live who can, by standards obtaining in the business world, give wise and efficient administration to some of the departments as they are now constituted. Picture to yourself, thus, the Secretary of the Interior.

"The secretary goes to his office almost any morning in the year and the following is a good specimen of what may be his morning's routine:

"The Director of the Bureau of Mines is there and wants the secretary to approve, let us say, a new formula for explosives to be used in coal mines. Next comes the president of Howard University, of which the secretary is patron ex officio. Then a flat-footed indignant Western homesteader who has a grievance against the Reclamation Service. Then a bureau head who brings for approval the location and general plans for an Indian school in New Mexico. Then a member of Congress to protest against the unjust treatment given by the Pension Office, he says, to a constituent veteran of the Civil War. Then the secretary is reminded that he must review a report on alternative routes to be used by the Alaskan Railroad. There is much correspondence also, but the director of the Geological Survey nevertheless needs to have approval of a request to be sent to Congress for a deficiency appropriation to conduct an investigation of pre-Cambrian fossils. The director of National Parks wants to know whether the secretary has yet decided to allow motor cars to use some road in the Yosemite. Also there is a cabinet meeting to be attended, and the secretary must appear before the Senate Committee on Appropriations to argue for or against a proposed reduction in the number of surveyor-generals in the Land Office."

Confusion of Tongues

"Again, these incongruities are chronic; no individual is to be blamed for them, for the simple reason that they have come to be during the years while bureaucracy has grown—grown with a major premise that is faulty. That major premise is the jug-handled proposition to the effect that it is never necessary for one's house to be put in order.

"There are thirty-nine separate governmental agencies handling engineering, architectural and public-works functions of related kinds.

"There are twenty-six governmental agencies engaged continuously, or now and then, with surveying or map making.

"There are twenty-seven separate and distinct agencies with authority to build, and the estimates for 1921 call for $27,000,000 for public-building operations alone.

"There are sixteen agencies authorized to build roads.

"There are nineteen engaged with hydraulic construction.

"There are sixteen doing work on rivers.

"There are ten on public-land functions.

"There are fifteen doing chemical investigation connected with public-works operations.

"There are twenty-two doing engineering and research."

The results of this confusion of tongues in Washington are no less eloquent.

"Take the matter of river gauging, to determine the volume of water and the heights of the floods," Mr. Leighton resumes. "That work is performed by the Geological Survey in some places, by the Weather Bureau in other places, by the Corps of Engineers, by the Mississippi River Commission, by the Reclamation Service; in some cases by the Indian agencies and also by the Forest Service. The standards of work are different in all cases. The results obtained are different. Except in the case of the Geological Survey, in each case the work is authorized for a special purpose and consequently the agents of the bureau concerned do not go beyond that purpose. In other words, we have in the country a large number of agencies maintained at great expense, while all but those of the Geological Survey have limited application.

"Or take the very important matter of river control. The Corps of Engineers in the War Department have control over the Lower Colorado River for purposes of navigation. There is no navigation there and probably never will be. The Reclamation Service has jurisdiction over the river for purposes of irrigation, and there is a great deal of irrigation work to be done. One of the efforts of the Reclamation Service is permanently to prevent the overflow of water onto the Salton Basin in Lower California. The water broke through ten years

(Continued on Page 106)

Prince Albert passes out such joy'us smokesport you're keen to run up your jimmy pipe colors!

Stop this on the first bounce! You've spread a barrel of the cheeriest smokenews that ever broke out of the tobacco belt when you flash P. A.'s tidy red tin! To all men, to the world, that sunny sign is universal short-hand-stuff that you've rounded up pipe peace!

Every-ten-fingered job you ever held down looks like a sleeping doll compared with such dividends of content as you collect slipping a load of Prince Albert into your jimmy pipe every little old now and again!

What Prince Albert passes out to you this minute it duplicates every day in the year—whether you draw your smokerations at Portland, Oregon, or Portland, Maine! P. A. *is always P. A.* in quality, in flavor, in coolness! And, as joy'usly good first thing you do next after you kick-the-covers in the a. m. as it is until you ring-up "all's well"—and slip between the sheets!

With P. A. you beat up pipe sport to the last notch! You make all the smoke records you ever hung high look like 2-spots—because, P. A. is as free from bite and parch as a piazza pillow! Both are cut out by our exclusive patented process!

The sport you'll get out of P. A. and a pipe will make you wish you'd been born double so you could get forty-eight hours' smoking out of every twenty-four!

TOPPY red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Copyright 1920
by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

The actual photograph shows the start of the 1-13 1-2 mile Sheepshead Bay race, won in record time by Gaston Chevrolet on Goodyear Cord Tires

GOODYEAR

The Laboratory of the Fleeting Miles

IN its several years' association with automobile racing on American speedways and road courses, this Company has served as both teacher and student.

Through the rugged excellence of its product it has been able to provide racing cars a means of greater speed and distance than the world had previously seen.

It has in turn exacted something far more valuable than victories, though its victories include all important speed-marks from one to six hundred miles.

Not even our last season's record of winning every official race of more than 50 miles, approaches in value the practical teachings of this experience.

The sum of the speedway's instruction, so far as it anywhere relates to better tire performance, is embodied without stint in today's Goodyear Cord Tires.

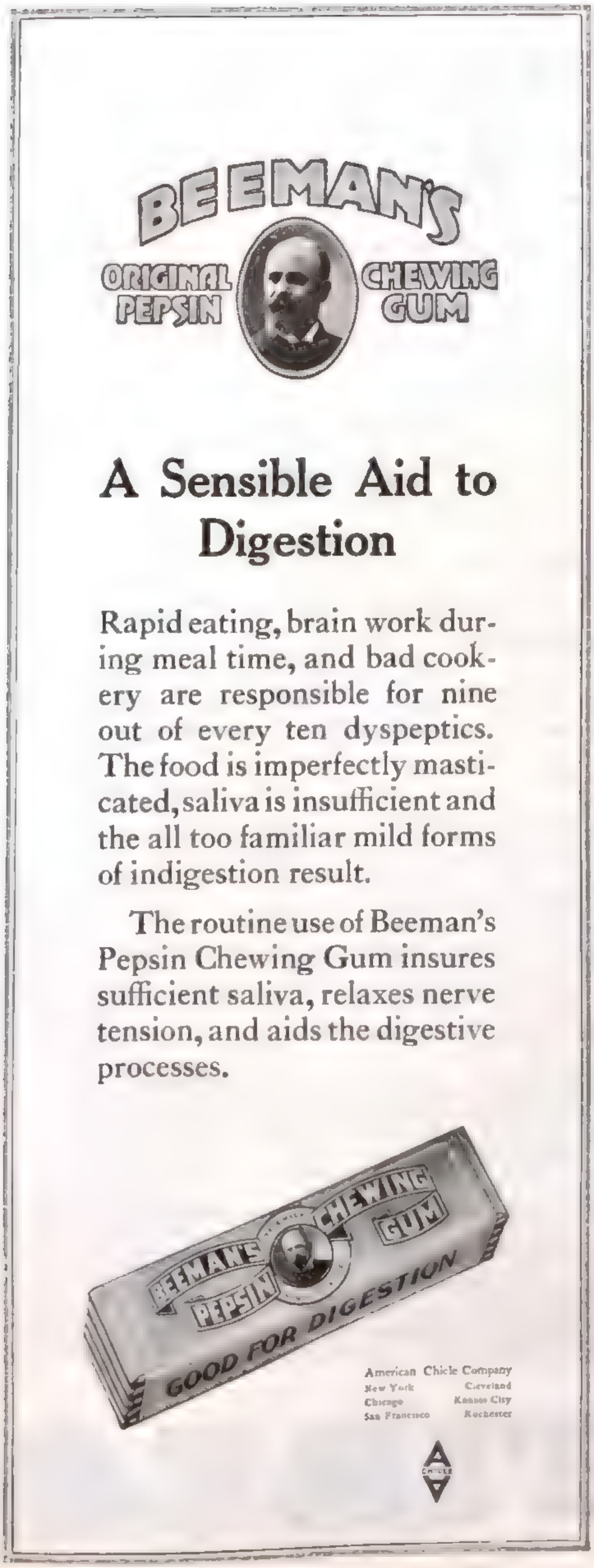
The lessons from this, as from every like experimental work we follow, are faithfully translated into that quality in our products which protects our good name.

The fruits of all such endeavor are evident unmistakably in the fine and reliable manner in which Goodyear Cord Tires perform under every condition of use.

Because Goodyear Tires and the sincere conservation service behind them afford uncommon satisfaction, more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Offices Throughout the World

CORD TIRES


BEEMAN'S
ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM
A Sensible Aid to Digestion
Rapid eating, brain work during meal time, and bad cookery are responsible for nine out of every ten dyspeptics. The food is imperfectly masticated, saliva is insufficient and the all too familiar mild forms of indigestion result.
The routine use of Beeman's Pepsin Chewing Gum insures sufficient saliva, relaxes nerve tension, and aids the digestive processes.
BEEMANS PEPSIN CHEWING GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION
American Chicle Company
New York Cleveland
Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Rochester

(Continued from Page 102)

ago and took up its course into that basin instead of into the Gulf of California and was diverted back to its course only after the most heroic and expensive efforts. The surface of the river is about 270 feet above the lowest level of the Salton Basin and the lowest surface of the basin is about the same distance below sea level. Accordingly, if the river permanently overflooded the basin, it would form a leak and inundate a country which is now producing more than $50,000,000 worth of foodstuffs every year and ultimately will produce, probably, five or six times that much. Now I think the one and only feasible way to prevent the overflowing of the basin is to hold back the Colorado River floods in reservoirs. The War Department claims control by reason of the fact that the river is said to be navigable. The Interior Department claims control inasmuch as the flood water stored in reservoirs would be used on arid lands. And meanwhile the project is not aggressively considered because the two departments cannot get together, and all the while the California River is 200 feet above the heads of the people who live in the Salton Basin.

"Or, to choose almost at random, take the matter of maps. The General Land Office makes maps to locate land lines on which the whole system of public land administration is based. It is a relatively simple though expensive process, for which the Land Office has a corps and in each of the states concerned has a surveyor-general. The Geological Survey's maps are of standard form and cover the public-land areas under the Land Office. The location of the land lines on these standard topographic maps of the survey would be a small addition to the work of the Survey in the field. Moreover, the Reclamation Service also makes maps, though it does not duplicate any of the areas covered by the survey. The Forest Service makes maps, and there are twenty-two other agencies authorized to make maps, and though it may be argued that it is conceivable that you cannot in all cases concentrate all map making in one agency, still no one would insist that Congress has economy and efficiency of effort in view when it authorizes so many to do the work."

Duplications and Confusions

"To illustrate, the Geodetic Survey makes hydrographic maps of the coasts. It has an organization that is a little more than a century old. Exactly the same work that it does on the coasts is done on the Great Lakes by the Great Lakes Survey, which is attached to the Corps of Engineers. But the same kind of work is done, in waters beyond the three-mile limit, by the Hydrographic Office of the Navy. It is the same kind of work, done with the same fundamental principles."

Mr. Leighton could fill a book with such illustrations, and no less than five members of Congress, including two senators, agreed that he "knows exactly what he is talking about."

"Right in the District of Columbia," he points out, "there are plenty of illustrations, right under the nose of Uncle Sam. The State, War and Navy Building, the temporary buildings in Potomac Park and on the Mall"—whole acres of buildings—"are under a special organization known as the State, War and Navy Buildings. Certain other Federal structures are under the Office of Public Buildings and Grounds, attached to the War Department. But the Capitol and the Library and certain other public buildings are under the Secretary of the Interior, while the District of Columbia buildings, such as the municipal buildings, are under the engineering department of the District of Columbia, whose commissioners report directly to the White House."

But these are by no means all of the duplications and confusions of effort by the Government—to get them all you might almost start compounding day by day all the multifarious agencies of the Government and blaze away in arithmetical progression until you reach your weary limit. You might observe, as you work along, that the greatest possible number of duplications are diminished, or extenuated, by efforts at cooperation, by shortage of funds, other factors, and that, withal, while the activities of the Government have increased, so too, to some extent, have the efforts toward methods not repugnant to economy and common sense. You might observe, also, as you work along, that when the Assistant Secretary of War, Benedict Crowell, an engineer by training, set out to count the number of agencies having in one way or another to do with aviation, he counted as far as seventeen, he says, and then was all worn out! And, running your lines out to land's end, you would discover that if, in far-away Alaska, you would shoot a fox, you must apply to the Department of Agriculture for a permit, whereas if you would trap the said fox you must apply to the Department of Commerce; and, whereas the brown Kadiak bear ofttimes has black cubs, if you would shoot a brown one you must deal with one department and if you would shoot a black one you must deal with another department.

With these pictures in mind we are apt to admire the marksmanship of Herbert Hoover when he says, as one of the many authoritative spokesmen for the engineers of the country: "To minds charged with the primary necessity of advance planning, coördination, provision for synchronizing parts in an organization, our hit-or-miss governmental methods are repugnant."

Mr. Hoover's Comments

He adds: "Our joint engineering committees have examined with a good deal of care into the organization of and our expenditures on public works and technical services. These committees report that there is great waste because of the lack of a national policy of coördination, in overlapping by different departments, competition with each other in the purchase of supplies and materials and the support of many engineering staffs.

"Out of the strain of war, weaknesses have become more evident in our administrative organization and in our legislative machinery. Our Federal Government is still overcentralized, for we have upon the hands of our Government enormous industrial activities which have yet to be demobilized. We are swamped with debt and burdened with taxation. Credit is woefully inflated; speculation and waste are rampant. Our own productivity is decreasing; our industrial population is crying for remedies to the increasing cost of living. These are but part of the problems with which we must deal.

"Our committees recommend the solution that almost every other civilized government long since has adopted in respect to engineering, construction and related activities—that is, the coördination of these measures into one department under which all such undertakings should be conducted and controlled. As a measure practicable to our Government, they have advocated that all agencies having to do with these activities should be transferred to the Interior Department and all the bureaus not relating to these matters should be transferred from the Interior Department to other departments. It is believed that no properly organized and directed saving in public works can be made until such a regrouping and consolidation is carried out and that all the paring that normally goes on now in the honest effort of Congressional committees to control departmental expenditure is but a tithe of that which could be effected if there were some concentration of administration along the lines long since demonstrated as necessary to the success of private business."

Turning back to the other side of the picture, it is worth noting that, in good humor, Secretary Payne cheerfully admitted, on cross-examination, that he was not technically qualified to run an insane asylum. But he now has one in his province—a big one, St. Elizabeth's, with 1093 persons, according to figures for February fifteenth, on its pay roll. Also he has in his province the territory of Alaska, which is almost exactly one-fifth as large as these United States, and 1875 persons employed by the Department of the Interior to handle its problems. Incidentally Senator Kendrick adds that his state, Wyoming, and eight or nine others, are almost wholly within the province of the department because their areas almost wholly consist of public lands. Nevertheless the Secretary of the Interior also controls Freedman's Hospital, for negroes, which has a staff of 111, in the District of Columbia; and, along with more or less limited control over other eleemosynary institutions, supervises Howard University.

Under him also is the General Land Office, the biggest real-estate organization in the world, with approximately half a

(Concluded on Page 108)

Wilson dependable MOTOR TRUCKS

Wilson—
That's Haul

Wilson 3½ Ton Truck, Owned and Operated by Jones & Burr, Columbus, Ohio
Sold by John E. Horch, Pres. Central Ohio Motor Sales Co., Wilson Truck Distributors, at Columbus, Ohio

Inter-State Haulage Made Easy With Wilsons

Your deliveries can be made with better than express train expedition when Wilson trucks are used to carry your merchandise.

The truck shown above makes regular trips between Columbus, Ohio, and Frankfort, Michigan, a round trip of 848 miles, carrying every class of materials. Its low cost of operation, its dependability under every road condition, its ability to get there and back on schedule time, is making truck history along this route.

The 8-year record of Wilson trucks in urban traffic and for short hauls is well known. It is proving equally satisfactory in solving the newer long haul freight problems.

No matter if you haul feathers or pig iron, millinery or machinery, there is a Wilson truck adapted to your precise needs.

Send for free booklet "Money in Motor Trucks"

1½—2½—3½ and 5 Ton—All Worm Drive
Bodies of All Styles

J. C. WILSON COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

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37th Year

COMMERCIAL VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS

Young America Safety First Club

Bulletin

The Club is helping thousands of young folks. It is helping them to take care of their bodies and to save their limbs, that they may grow up to be strong men and women.

Everybody in America, it seems, is interested in Safety First.

Members are interested from Alaska to Florida, from Maine to California. Some little friends in the Canal zone are joining.

We have a pitiful letter from a little boy who tells us that if he had practiced Safety First, he would now have his leg, which he had lost under a freight train.

Another child, only seven years old coasted down a hill on her sled and ran right into the path of a street car, with the result that this pretty little girl must use crutches all the rest of her life.

Boys, think. A fellow with one arm is not wanted on a baseball team. He is handicapped all his life.

Girls who are crippled by accident do not make graceful dancers. Half the future enjoyment of life is lost when one's limbs are lost.

The Club teaches you how to care for your body. It helps you to save yourself and others, too.

Remember, membership in the Club is *absolutely free.* It costs you nothing to join and there are no dues.

Principals of schools all over the country are very much interested in the Young America Safety First Club. One school sent in 248 applications for membership. Another school, in the country, enrolled its entire membership.

The school teachers, above all others, know that children must be taught to take care of themselves and are taking advantage of the opportunity which the Club offers to tell their pupils the lessons the Club teaches.

Send in the coupon today. Get the free button and free pamphlet.

Be a "Safety Firster." Help to save lives.

Yours for Safety First

Stanley C. Wilson, *President*
Young America Safety First Club

MEMBERSHIP COUPON

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15th and Warren Avenues
Detroit, Michigan

I hereby apply for free membership in the Young America Safety First Club. Please send me the free button and free pamphlet. It is understood that there is no expense to me in becoming a member. No dues and no fees.

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There are just two kinds of men

Yes, in all the world just two kinds—

Those who think about doing a thing, and those who do it. This makes the whole difference between successful men and all the others.

Your own good sense and your experience as a smoker tell you the immense advantage, both physical and mental, of a mild full-flavored real Havana smoke like the Girard cigar.

You know the business value of a satisfying smoke and how the atmosphere of enjoyment promotes a keen, active, smooth-working mentality.

In a word, you have made up your mind to switch to Girards. You know what happens to a train that jumps the switch. Why wait till tomorrow?

For goodness sake and pleasure's sake, why not switch to Girards *today?*

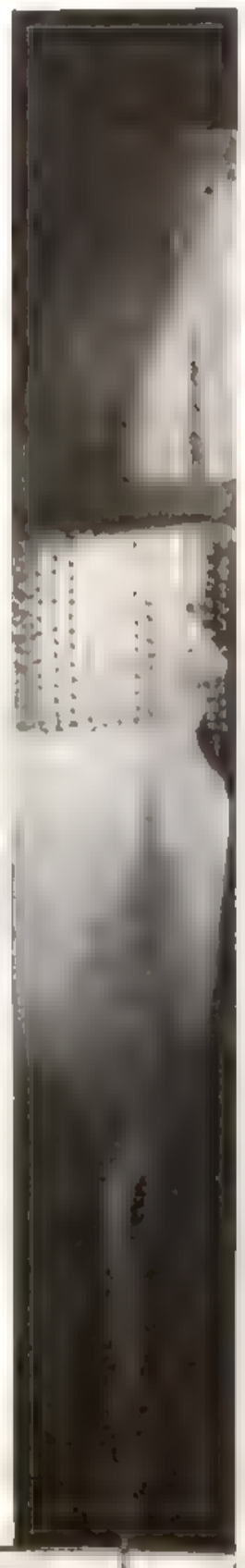
Sold by progressive dealers everywhere.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Philadelphia
Established 49 years

The "Benefactor" size is a particular favorite.

GIRARD

Never gets on your nerves



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billion acres of land on its hands and 505 workers in Washington and 809 in the field. Also the Bureau of Education, with a personnel list of 457 and vital responsibilities at a time when Americanism is confounded more or less by agitation and when the average rural school-teacher is paid less than it costs to keep a prisoner in the Philadelphia County Jail, according to the United States Commissioner of Education. Likewise in the Department of the Interior, which is frequently referred to as The Old Curiosity Shop, is the Patent Office, which has 970 workers and has filled, for one reason or another, whole volumes with its reputed inadequacies. Yet if all these interests were not enough for one secretary, albeit he has been counsel for the Railroad Administration, mayor of a little town, judge in a big one, a lawyer, with a lawyer's versatility, and president of the South Park Board, in Chicago, there is added the Reclamation Service, which has a working force of 3177, the supervision of Hawaii and about 7,000,000 of acres of national parks, one of America's great potentialities in the development of national pride. Then you must add the Pension Office, with 852 employees. And the care of the Indians, who are more in numbers than they have been in half a century, and more perhaps, Mr. Lane said, than in the day of Columbus. Add also the Geological Survey, with 910 employees as varied in their technical abilities probably as any group in America. Add also the Bureau of Mines. And then sit back and conclude that there can be no wonder why the Department of the Interior is often dubbed The Old Curiosity Shop.

It has 18,060 employees. Way back in 1848, when it was formed, shortly after the Mexican War and the acquisition of vast areas in the interior—meaning everything west of the Appalachians—the Patent Office was transferred to it from the State Department, the Land Office and Census from the Treasury, Indian Affairs from the War Department, Pensions from the supervision of the Secretaries of War and Navy, some ado was made over the venturesomeness of its secretary in hiring, on his own responsibility, six extra clerks!

Since those beautiful days when the hiring of six clerks was of more moment than the hiring of six thousand now, the Department of the Interior has been a kind of catchall for unrelated activities. That is why Mr. Lane, who favors the conversion of the Department of the Interior into a Department of Public Works, insisted, over and over, that the title of the department carries no special meaning.

"For," he argues, "we as a nation are quickly passing out of the rough-and-ready period of our national life, in which we dealt wholesale with men and things, into a period of more intensive development in which we must seek to find the special qualities of the individual unit, whether that unit be an acre of desert, a barrel of oil, a mountain cañon, the flow of a river or the capacity of the humblest of men."

In other words, it is patent to everyone, it seems, that the time long since has passed when the "Home Department," as it was originally often called, or Department of the Interior, can be presumed to be able to handle about everything in the interior.

"Altogether," Senator Jones said, "a scientific reorganization of governmental agencies would enable us to reduce the running expenses of government at least a quarter of a billion dollars a year and, I am convinced after twenty years of experience here, add fifty per cent to our national efficiency. We've got to begin. Now is the propitious and imperative time to begin; the establishment in the place of the Department of the Interior of a Department of Public Works is the propitious way. The establishment of such a department would make it easy to effect the reorganization of the other governmental agencies."

And Senator Smoot, who has for years been arguing for and insisting upon effective adjustments in the Government's machine and is withal commonly said to be the best-informed man in Congress when such problems come to the fore, who read this article, checked and approved and commended it, concludes:

"There isn't any doubt about it—we've got to begin; and the reorganization of the Department of the Interior is the way to begin. The bill, now before the Senate Committee on Public Lands, ought to be passed as quickly as possible. I recognize, and the engineers do, that there are minor amendments that must be made, but these in no way involve the principle of the bill."

Then he adds, what the country might as well square off and accept as inevitable, that when he asked for reports on the bill from all the departments of the Government affected by it, all, except the Department of the Interior, are found to be averse.

"But you cannot ever get any department or bureau or division of the Government to release any power conferred upon it with its consent," the senator remarks.

"There is, then, only one way: The Congress must take hold of the whole subject and carry it into legislation. If the Congress doesn't do it, it never will be done."

AS THE SPIRIT MOVES

(Continued from Page 9

long ago he or she may have lived. Only the other night, for instance, someone suggested that Aunt Bertha summon Noah Webster's spirit, and in scarcely less time than it takes to tell it, there he was talking to her on the ouija board, as large as life. His spelling wasn't all that it used to be, but otherwise he seemed to be getting along splendidly.

Again, just to show you what she can do when she sets her mind to it, she was asked to try her luck at getting connected with the spirit of Disraeli—we used up Napoleon and Cleopatra and Julius Cæsar and all the other stock characters the very first week that Aunt Bertha began to work the ouija board, and we had to go in pretty deep to think up new ones. The planchette started to move the minute that Aunt Bertha put her hands on it, if you will believe me, and when she asked, "Is this Disraeli?" it immediately spelled out, "This is him." I tell you, I saw it with my own eyes. Uncanny, it really was.

There seems to be nobody whom Aunt Bertha cannot make answer her on the ouija board. There is even a pretty strong chance that she may be able to get Central, after she has had a little more practice.

Mrs. Crouch, too, has been having some pleasant chats with the spirits. And it is only natural that they should treat her as practically one of the family, for she has been doing propaganda work for the Other Side for years. I often think that one of the big undertaking corporations is overlooking a great little advance agent in Mrs. Crouch. She has a way of asking you how you feel that would make you swear you could smell lilies.

Mrs. Crouch frequently states that she takes but little interest in the things of this world, and she dresses the part. There is a quaint style about her which lends to everything that she wears an air of its having been bequeathed to her by some dear one who went over round 1889.

There is a certain snap to her conversation, too, for which she is noted among our set. Perhaps her favorite line is the one about in the midst of life, which she has been getting off for so long that she has come to take an author's pride in it. You never saw anyone so clever as Mrs. Crouch is at tracing resemblances to close friends of hers who passed on at what she calls, in round numbers, an early age; you would be surprised at the number of persons with whom she comes in contact who have just that same look round the eyes. In fact, you might call Mrs. Crouch the original Glad Girl, and not be much out of the way

So the ouija-board operations have been right along in her line. Scarcely a day passes, she tells me, that she does not receive a message from at least one of her large circle of spirit friends saying that everything is fine, and how is she getting on, herself? It has really been just like Old Home Week for Mrs. Crouch ever since she got her ouija board

Miss Trill is another of our girls who has made good with the spirits. Spiritualism is no novelty to her; she has been a follower of it, as she says, almost all her life, and by now she has fairly well caught up with it. In her case, also, it is no surprise to find her so talented with the ouija board. She has always been of a markedly

(Concluded on Page 111)

COLUMBIA

ONE-PIECE-HOUSING

AXLES

At the moment of TORSION!

WHEN a thundering train sweeps into view at a grade-crossing, or a wagon ambles out upon the highway from a hidden road half-way down a hill, and with all the power of arm and leg you jam on emergency and foot-brake—that is the moment of torsion.

("Thank heaven!" you cry, "the brakes hold!")

Yes, the brakes held, but that was not all—the *axle* held. For it was the axle that held the brakes—the axle on which was loaded not only the weight of the car but thousands of extra pounds due to momentum.

It is for such supreme torsion moments, when a headlong impetus is suddenly halted by the terrific counter-force of the brakes which try to twist brake drums from axle, axle from torque rods, torque rods from frame — for such moments the Columbia One-piece Housing Rear Axle is built.

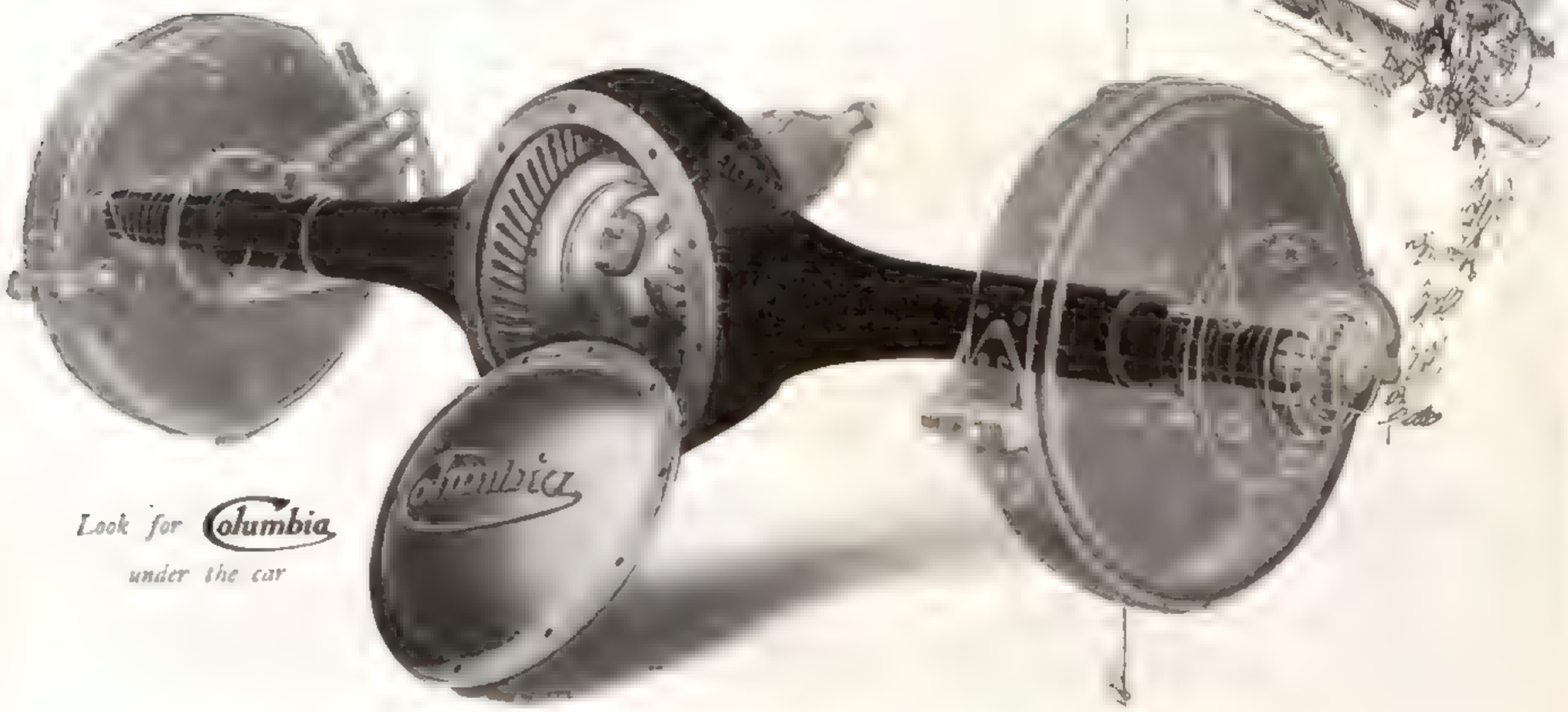
Such emergencies are constantly before our minds here in this factory. They keep fresh the realization that upon us lies a heavy responsibility. And we build accordingly we build nothing but axles. The Columbia Axle is built to sustain far greater strains than you will ever be likely to subject it to.

Columbia Axle Company
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

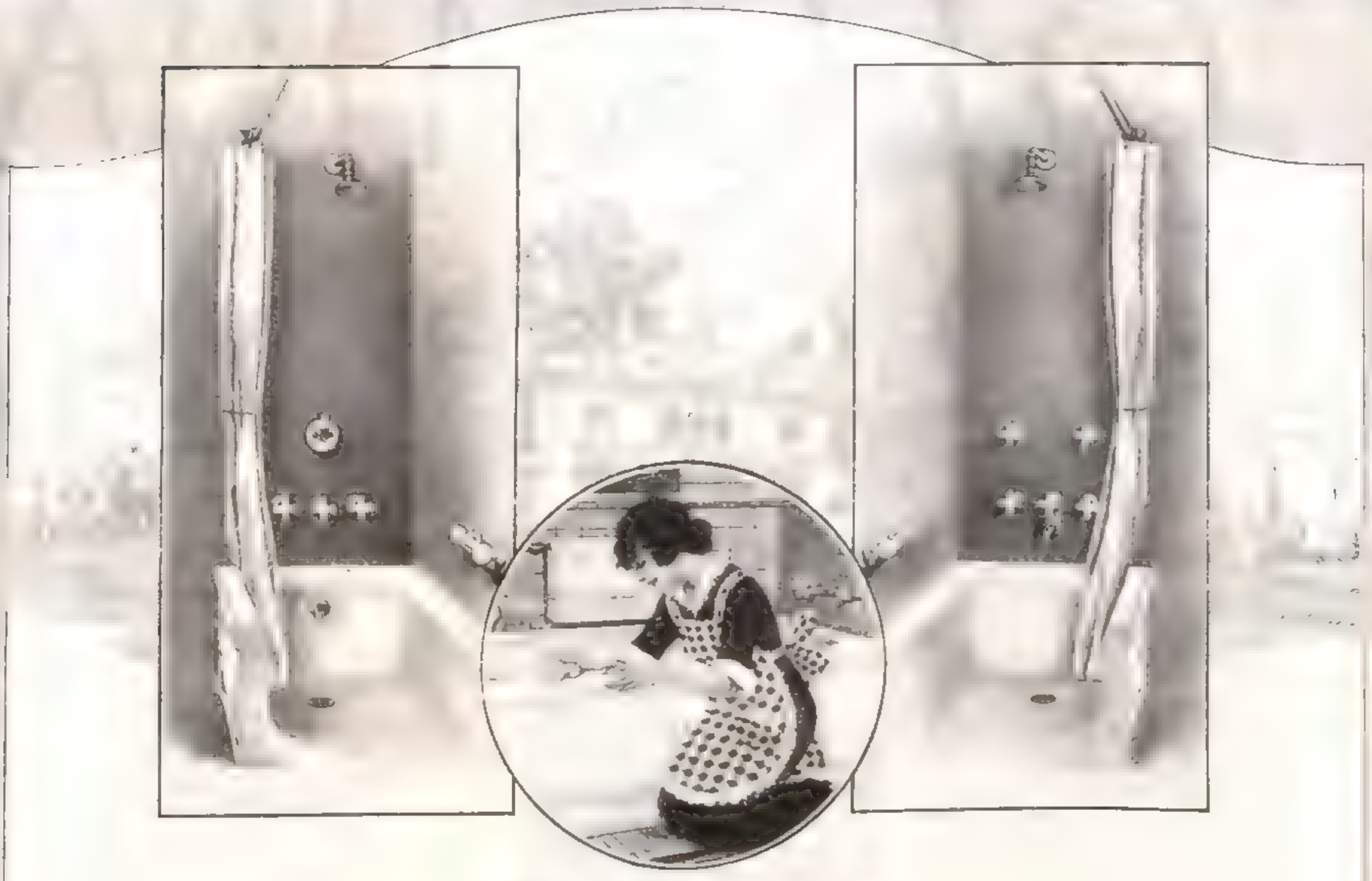
The COLUMBIA
Rear Axle Housing

is built in one piece with one weld, which our tests show adds 50% to its torsional strength. Extra large brake drums, ring gears, bearings, and driving shafts complete the distinctive margins of strength and safety of the Axle as a whole.

Columbia Front Axles are equally strong and safe.



Look for Columbia
under the car



All-Clay "TEPECO" Fixtures Plumbing

WERE it possible for you to cut through a section of an All-Clay "Tepeco" Porcelain Bath you would quickly realize why this product is so generally acknowledged to be the best and most sanitary plumbing fixture material. You would see a solid body of clay. You would see how the intensity of the firing had caused the glaze to seep into and become a part of the clay body itself. With what results?

Scrub and rub, with any toilet or cleansing preparations that you mind to use, you cannot wear down the surface of a "Tepeco" Bath. It will always be just as smooth, just as white, just as clean as the day installed. So hard and impenetrable is the glaze on an All-Clay "Tepeco" Porcelain Bath that a dampened cloth will remove any trace of stain or soil. And instead of having to remove your tub, after a few years, buy another, pay the plumber's labor again, you have a permanent investment.

There's another point also worthy of mention. Porcelain is a heat resistant material, practically a non-conductor of heat or cold. Instead of having your nice hot bath become luke-warm from heat transmission through the sides, your "Tepeco" Porcelain Bath helps retain the temperature you wished.

"Tepeco" Plumbing fixtures lighten housework, create more sanitary conditions, inspire pride of ownership and are ultimately economical. Its cost does not increase the total plumbing bill more than 10% at the most. There is a "Tepeco" Plumbing Fixture for every place and purpose. It pays.

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY, MAIN OFFICE AND PLANTS TRENTON, N. J.

BOSTON NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

If you intend to build or renovate your plumbing, write for our instructive book, "Bathrooms of Character."

World's largest manufacturers of genuine All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures. Makers of the Silent Si-wel-clo Water Closet

TEPECO

(Concluded from Page 108)

mediumistic turn of mind—there are even strong indications of clairvoyant powers. Time and time again Miss Thill has had the experience of walking along the street thinking of some friend of hers, and whom will she meet, not two hours afterward, but that very same friend! As she says, you cannot explain such things away by calling them mere coincidence. Sometimes it really almost frightens Miss Thill to think about it.

You would know that Miss Thill was of a spiritualistic trend only to look at her. She has a way of suddenly becoming oblivious of all that is going on about her and of looking far off into space, with an intent expression, as of one seeking, seeking; materialists, at their first sight of her in this condition, are apt to think that she is trying to remember whether she really did turn off the hot water before leaving home. Her very attire is suggestive of the occult influence. What she saves on corsets she lavishes on necklaces of synthetic jade, carved with mystic signs, which I'll wager have no good meaning behind them if the truth were known.

Miss Thill is a pretty logical candidate for the head of the local branch of the Ouija Board Workers of the World. She has an appreciable edge on the other contestants in that she once attended a lecture given by Sir Oliver Lodge himself. Unfortunately she chose rather an off day; Sir Oliver was setting them right as to the family life of the atom, and it went right on over Miss Thill's head; she couldn't even jump for it. There were none of those little homy touches about Sir Oliver's intimacies with the spirits which Miss Thill had been so eager to hear, and I believe that there was quite a little bitterness on her part about it. She has never felt really the same toward Sir Oliver since. So far as she is concerned he can turn right round and go back to England—back to his old haunts, as you might put it.

Hardened Husbands

By means of her ouija board Miss Thill, as might have been expected, has worked her way right into the highest intellectual circles of spirit society. As if recognizing an equal some of the greatest celebrities of the Great Beyond have taken her up. It seems that it is no uncommon occurrence for her to talk to such people as Tennyson and Sir Walter Scott on the ouija board; she has come to think scarcely anything of it. I hear that she has been receiving several messages from Shakspere only lately. His spirit is not what a person could call really chatty, as I understand it; he doesn't seem to be one to do much talking about himself. Miss Thill has to help him out a good deal. She asks him one of her typically intellectual questions, such as what he thinks of the modern drama, and all he has to do to answer her is to guide the planchette to either "Yes" or "No"; or, at most, both. Still, his spirit is almost an entire stranger to her, when you stop to think of it, so you really cannot expect anything of a more inside nature just yet, anyway.

Unfortunately several of the husbands among our little circle have been markedly out of sympathy with the spirit movement. They have adopted a humorous attitude toward it which has seemed to be almost coarse to the more enthusiastic of the women workers. They use the ouija board only to ask it such frivolous questions as "Where is the nearest place where you can still get it?"—which is particularly trying to those who realize the true seriousness of the thing. It is small wonder that they get no answer from the spirits when they go about it that way; no spirit is going to stand for that sort of stuff. There are too many demands on the spirits' time for them to bother about calls which are not absolutely necessary.

Attempts to convince the more hardened husbands of the supernatural powers of the ouija board have ended in nothing. Some of them when told, by way of positive proof, of the amazing messages which their own wives have received from the board, have even made open accusations of pushing, which have almost led to an even division of the children, and a parting of the ways. Not since the dance craze came in has there been so much really notable matrimonial friction as there is over this matter of spirit communication. The ouija board is not without—or, in fact, is with, if you do not mind plain speaking—its somber side.

Too Much is Enough

Personally I find that I am rather out of things at the neighborhood social festivals. When the others gather round to exchange bright sayings of their ouija boards I am left nowhere as regards adding anything to the general revelry. The spirits have not done the right thing by me; I can never get any action on the ouija board. It isn't as if I had not given the spirits a fair chance. No one was any readier than I to be one of the boys; the flesh was willing, but the spirits weakened, if you could put it that way. There I was, so anxious to make friends with them, and find out how all the folks were, and if they were still with the same people, and how they liked their work. And they would never even say so much as "Haven't we had a poisonous winter?" to me. So if that is the way they are going to be about it—why, all right. I can take a hint as well as the next one.

As for the community ouija boards, any time the research workers want to store them away in the spare bedrooms with the rest of the bird's-eye-maple furniture it will be quite all right for me. I am willing to call it a day and give the spirits a rest any time that the others are. I am not fanatical about the ouija board; I am perfectly able to take it or let it alone. In fact, I think that a reasonable amount of daily exercise on it is a good thing. It is not the actual manual labor that I object to—it is the unexpurgated accounts of all the messages received and their meanings, if any.

Sometimes I even feel that I could moil along through life if I never had to hear another discourse on the quaint things that some local ouija board has said. To put it in so many words—at a rough estimate—I am just about all through.

In fact, if I thought that you would stand for it I would even go so far as to say that I am ouija bored.

Which supper would you like best?

Wheat bubbles or bread?

Millions of children now get Puffed Wheat in their milk dish.

They get whole wheat, with every grain a tidbit. The grains are toasted bubbles, thin and flimsy, puffed to eight times normal size. The taste is like airy nut-meats.

Every food cell is exploded, so digestion is easy and complete. It is better liked and better for them than any other form of wheat.

Three grains are steam exploded

Prof. Anderson has found a way to puff wheat, rice and corn hearts. All are steam exploded, all shot from guns.

So these three grains are at your service in this ideal form.

Serve all of them, and often. Not for breakfast only, but all day long.

Use in every bowl of milk. Use as nut-meats on ice cream, as wafers in your soups. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children after school.

Puffed to 8 times normal size

Keep all three kinds on hand. These are the best-cooked grain foods in existence and the most delightful.

Mix with strawberries

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs makes a delightful blend. The texture is flimsy, the taste like nuts.

They add what crust adds to shortcake, tarts and pies. They add as much as the sugar or the cream.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

The finest pancakes ever tasted

Now we make a pancake flour mixed with ground Puffed Rice. The exploded food cells make the pancakes fluffy, the flavor gives a nut-like taste. You have never tasted pancakes like those made with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. It is self-raising—try it.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

To the Children of America:

From the Land of Long Ago we bring you Quaker Quakies— Good Spirits of the Corn!

Dear boys and girls:—Now the Quaker Oats Co. brings just for you a breakfast of splendid romance!

You know, what grown-ups sometimes forget, that everywhere about us live Good Spirits, Elves, and Pixies.

Long, long ago when the Quakers first came to America the cruel winter came upon them and caught them without food

Then the Indians, whom the Quakers had befriended, brought them corn to stay their hunger. And this is the story the Indians told the Quakers when they taught them why the corn was good.

In the corn, the Indians said, the Great Spirit had caused to dwell the Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth—the Spirit of Strength, the Spirit of Courage, and the Spirit of Truth.

And into him who ate the corn entered these Three Good Spirits, and he became strong and brave and true.

Now we have caught for you these Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth—caught them in fairy flakes of corn.

We have named them Quaker Quakies.

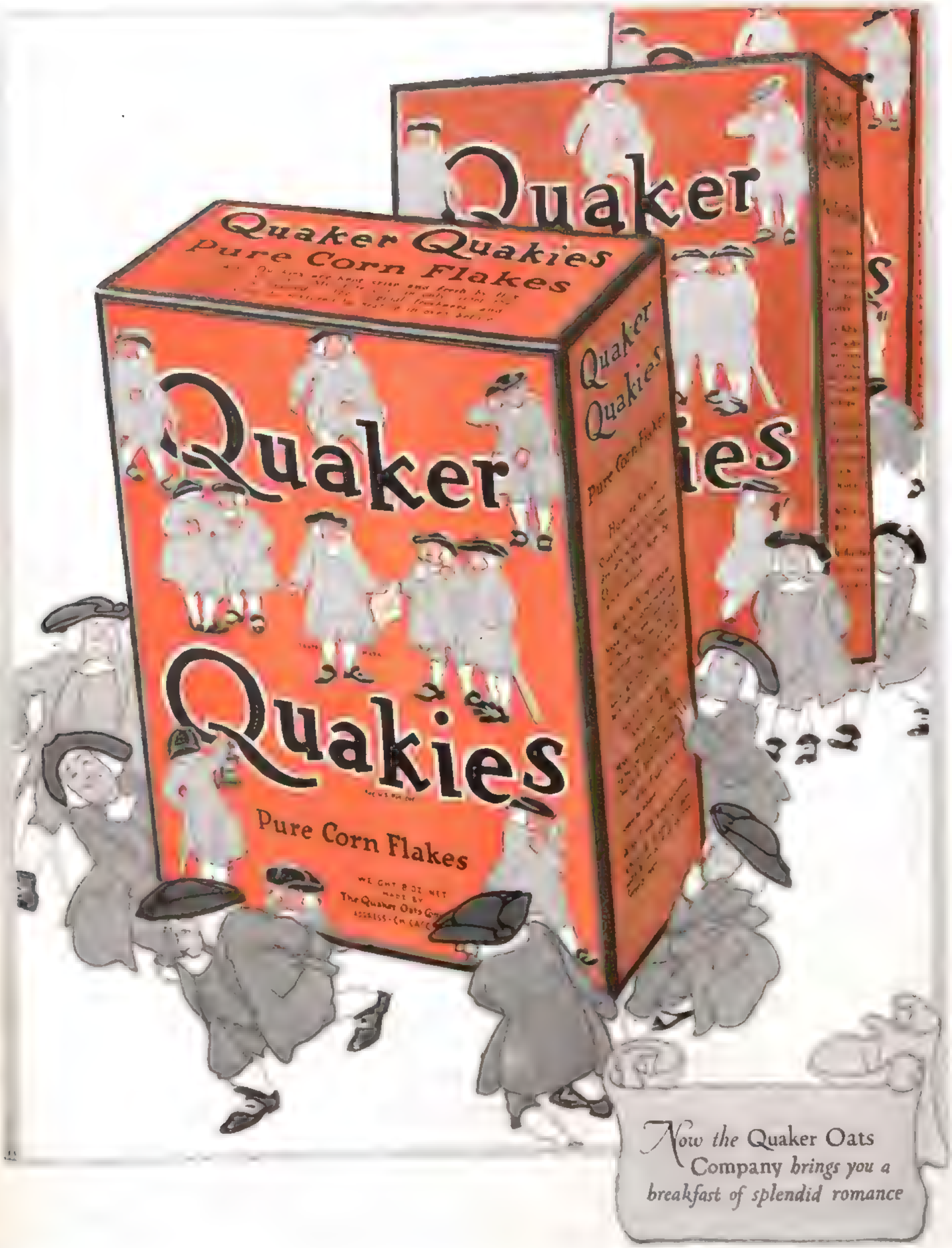
The warm spring rains have sweetened them as they do the maple tree; the summer suns have colored them a golden brown; and the autumn winds have crisped them to a new deliciousness.

Around the corner, at your grocer's, these Three Good Spirits dwell, in a fairy box of this new kind of corn flakes like the one shown in the picture.

And when mother fills your bowl with Quaker Quakies tomorrow morning you, too, like the little Quaker and Indian boys and girls, can become strong and brave and true from these Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth.

The Quaker Oats Company, 1055 Railway Exchange Building, Chicago, U. S. A.

The Quaker Oats Company


Quaker
Quaker Quakies
Pure Corn Flakes
Quaker
Quakies
Pure Corn Flakes
Quaker
Quakies
Now the Quaker Oats Company brings you a breakfast of splendid romance

FOR five years Pierce-Arrow cars have been equipped with American Hammered Piston Rings. They have helped build the splendid Pierce-Arrow reputation. They are *still being used—exclusively*—on all Pierce-Arrow passenger cars and trucks.

For the buyers of piston rings, we cannot conceive of a more convincing message than this endorsement. Yet the makers of thirty-five other nationally known cars, trucks, tractors, and motors also have chosen and are installing American Hammered Piston Rings.

For replacement, in your motor car—whatever make—you can now obtain these rings, made to exactly the same high standards which these manufacturers demand. ASK YOUR GARAGE MAN.

The Chief Engineer of the PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY *wrote:*

"We feel that a concentric ring is the proper one to use, and that this ring should be peened (hammered) in order to give uniform pressure around its circumference. We naturally would not use your rings unless we thought they were the best that could be secured."

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

American Hammered Piston Rings

WHEREFORE ART THOU ROMEO?

(Continued from Page 15)

"It might," he agreed. "Just step out on the lot and find a place where you won't disturb anybody. All set now? Camera!"

The scene was on. Young Romeo came stealing into the orchard of his dangerous father-in-law-elect, and though his every gesture, every facial expression, was responsive to the bawling of a director's megaphone, yet he moved in a trance, self-intoxicated as a lover should be. For him the inconstant moon of Verona shone in the volcanic glare which came on simultaneously with the cranking of the camera; and like the swooning note of an Italian nightingale there fell upon his ears Mr. Higginson's version of Romeo's lament, which the able director bellowed:

"Come on, you Romeo! Slow, now! Quiet! Sneak in! Keep in the picture! Look round now to see that the old man ain't looking—that's the stuff! Now! Register emotion! Come on, you Juliet! Look up, Romeo—you see her! Use your hands, can't you? Register passion! Now you're swearing by the moon—up there, see? Keep in the picture! Right. Keep on swearing by the moon—the moon's pretty good, but it ain't a patch on Juliet. You've loved her ever since she was a baby—get some life into it! Here you, Juliet! Register longing, fear, passion! You're crazy 'bout him, see, but your old man won't let you. See what Romeo's doing! He wants to be a glove on your hand—that makes a big hit with you. Tell him so! Come on! Don't be stingy! Tell him so! Romeo, what are you there for? Register surprise, delight, ecstasy! She's said something!"

And so on to the impassioned climax where Romeo has scaled the vines and kissed his fatal good night. He finished amidst a storm of applause from Capulets and Montagues alike. In his heart, now swollen to the bursting point, Bob had a feeling that he had done justice to the part at which many a great tragedian has failed. He had been the true Romeo for that brief ten minutes. His life, his every hope of life, the image of his ardor and his youth returned had leaned beautiful and adoring from her balcony, drinking in his adoration.

As the amateur troupe was flocking away toward the corner where the next scene was set a brawny Capulet slapped him on the back and said, "Bully work, Bob! I didn't think you could pull that romantic stuff!"

Only the director was unmoved.

"I kept telling you not to stand so close to the balcony," was his only reward for the inspired Romeo. "Fifty feet of film nothing but a blur. We'll have to shoot that scene again. You've got the idea all right," he conceded, "and if you'll put the same amount of pash into it next time—and pay attention—it ought to be a hit. Try it again to-morrow at two. Friar Laurence, Juliet, this way please!"

Bob Harrigan's love and hate moved together toward the board-and-canvas cell which workmen had just finished daubing with fresh paint.

Bob didn't wait for Sadie, but drove home alone, the wheels of his car scarce touching the road, it seemed, so airy was its driver's mood. Romeo and Juliet! He wondered if the ghostly bard hadn't taken the enchantment under his personal management. Verona's orchard had never viewed a hotter love. To part them now would mean death. Even through the horrid cosmetics he had seen the look which proclaimed her decision. Girls who look that way don't go off and marry just because their mothers want them to.

"After all, I'm only thirty-nine," thought young Mr. Harrigan as he turned his car recklessly into the Coast Highway.

Because he had nothing else to do but to wait upon the return of Sadie Tallinger, Bob Harrigan was a very busy man until six o'clock. He busied himself in the hotel library, taking out books, glancing at Chapter One and asking why people wrote such rot. He busied himself composing business letters, which he never put on paper because he could think of nothing worth saying. He busied himself in his room going over the details of his rather expensive wardrobe.

This last occupation somewhat engaged his mind. He had conceived a great fondness for that wardrobe, since it furnished for him the livery of youth. Outing suits, lounging suits, flannels, riding costumes—he had them all made for him before his departure for California. Since tailoring nowadays is the luxury of the profiteer, Bob had hesitated before so expensive a purchase. But his tailor, a conscientious soul even for a Scot, had had Bob on his mind for many a day.

"Meester Harrigan," he had said, "ye've been makin' yersel' meedle-aged before yer time. A wee touch o' color and a bit plaidie'll do ye no harm. Ye'll be young but once, Meester Harrigan, do ye mind, and ye still have the figure of twenty."

Up in his room Bob Harrigan went over the youthful splendors which his tailor had provided. Each moment of inspection broadened his smile. It was not so much the sportive shade and pattern of the materials—old men too go in for plaids and fancy flannels—as it was the very quality of youngness which the garments expressed, even when they dangled in the closet. Bob gloated pleasantly and blessed them all. How much of the boldness which had won for him in this Parnassian enterprise had been due to the clothes he wore?

Sadie had called him a boy this morning—yes. But at that instant there came to him a less pleasing memory. She had said something else—"I should hate to take you just as you aren't." What had she meant by that? Had she suspected him of subterfuge? And yet he had done his best to tell her everything. Why had that poor dolt, Lonnie Wayle, come along just then? Could he ever tell her now?

Bob looked again upon his magnificent wardrobe. Every garment seemed to bow politely, anxious to lend itself to the figure of twenty. But on a hanger at the far end of the closet he found a suit of melancholy brown: a suit he had worn almost threadbare in the days when he had begun to think that youth was for the young, none else. He unhooked the hanger from its peg and examined the rust-colored material with a morbid interest.

"I'd look about forty in that, I guess," he said in conclusion, and slammed the door, resolved to hand that suit over to the Japanese servant to-morrow morning.

Out on the veranda he saw three old men sitting huddled together like three moth-eaten penguins on the lea of an iceberg; their heads were close together and they were talking, talking, talking as they always did, day in and day out. By name they were Colonel Thrasher, Judge Dade and Mr. Hornblower. The colonel had sagging cheeks, pessimistic eyes and a cruel mouth. The judge was a little purple man with bulging jowls, no neck at all and a perfectly bald head on which he preferred to perch a cloth hat much too small for him. Mr. Hornblower's face was wizened, hawk-beaked and entirely dominated by a fierce white mustache whose roots seemed to sprout all the way from the sides of his nose to the spaces under his ears. They wore square-toed shoes of vici kid, did these old men, and broadcloth trousers with seedy spots over the knees. One at least of them had on a seersucker coat.

"That's what it is to be out of it," thought Bob with a shudder as he passed and repassed them in his restless walk. "Between them they could buy up Santa Barbara—perhaps they have. And there they sit, sans teeth, sans pep, sans anything."

He had worked himself up into quite a state by the time of Miss Tallinger's return. She came back with her mother in the latter's sedan; doubtless Mrs. Tallinger, in the rôle of matchmaker, had seen to it that Sadie should not be left too long unattended. Bright as a peony, demure as a nun, the girl followed her mother's sedate progress up the steps. Mrs. Tallinger, pausing, bowed to Colonel Thrasher, Judge Dade and Mr. Hornblower. Miss Tallinger also bowed to Colonel Thrasher, Judge Dade and Mr. Hornblower. Never a look had they for the anxious Romeo lurking in the shadows as they passed on toward the interior of the hotel.

Bob's heart gave a sickly lurch. Very dutifully the sweet Miss Tallinger opened a screen door for her mother, but an instant after the great lady had passed within the screen door was closed softly from the outside and Sadie came gliding over to the spot where Bob stood neglected.

"Why didn't you wait for us?" she asked, looking up with Juliet's eyes.

"I had a lot of letters to answer," he replied through the rosy haze. "And then I had a feeling I hadn't done so very well."

"Bob!"

She touched his sleeve and they began, as by mutual consent, walking away toward the sea. Neither spoke for a long space. He was perfectly certain now what her decision would be.

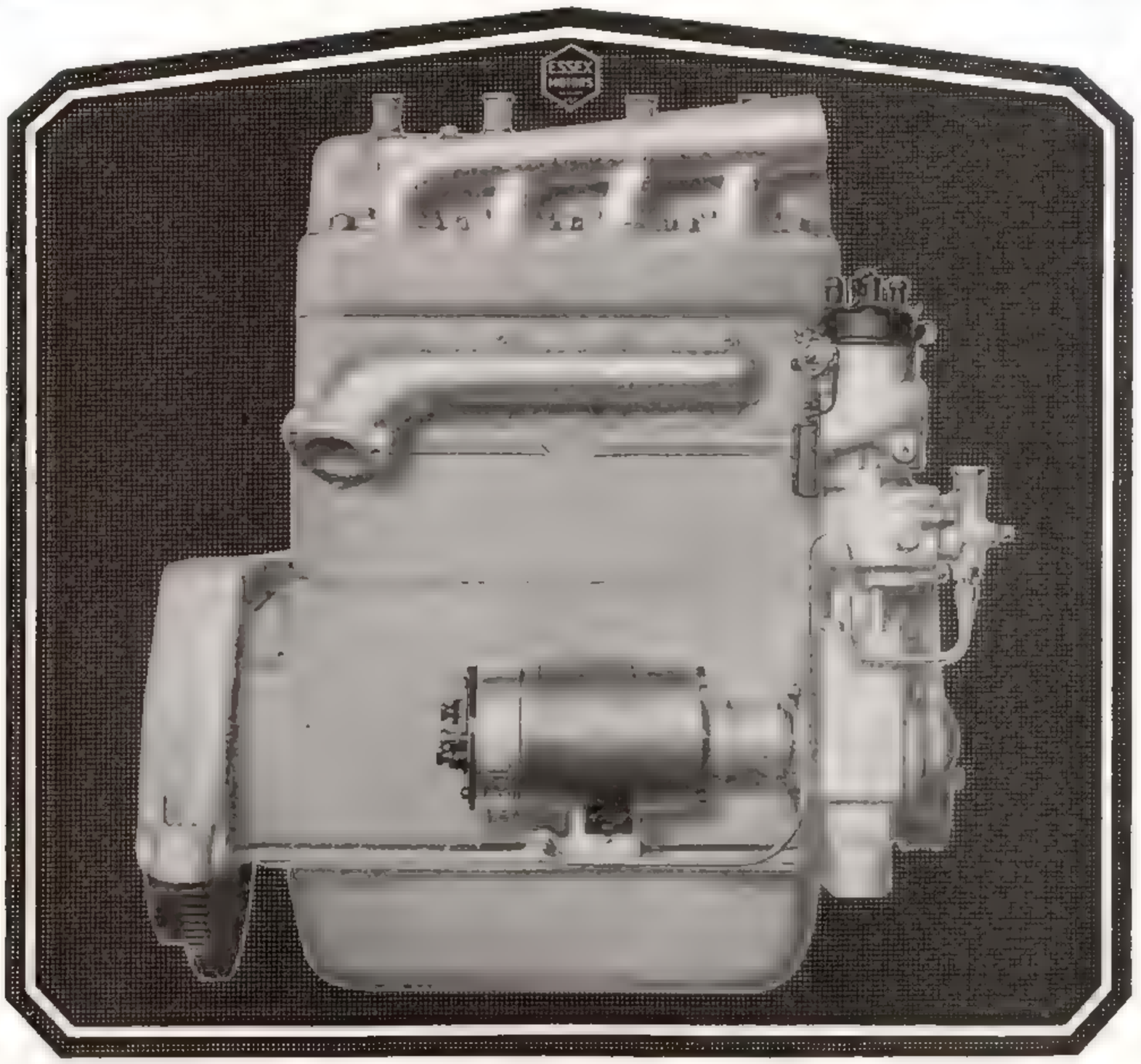
"You were wonderful!" he heard her say. "Everybody thought so—even Mr. Higginson. I didn't know you could act like that."

"I wasn't acting. Sadie, I was saying the things I've wanted to say to you; just the feeling that I loved you so and that you were listening to me—that seemed to give me power. Sadie, if I lost you now

(Continued on Page 118)

"How Like an Old Grandfather You're Talking!"

Both Motors—Essex and



The Essex Motor Also is Patented

Were it not for patents, the Essex Motor, we believe, would soon become the ruling type for small cars.

The conventional motor of its size develops 18 horse-power. But Essex is nearly three times more efficient for it gives 55 horse-power.

And the Essex is a small motor, being approximately the same in size as the motor of the world's most widely used automobile.

So you see why the Essex out-performs larger and costlier cars.

This Performance With Economy

The Essex is economical in fuel, oil and tires, qualities which constitute the principal appeal of light weight cars.

But it also has endurance, which means freedom from much repair and maintenance expense. A stock chassis set the world's long distance endurance record by travelling 3037 miles in 50 hours. Thus Essex has performance that fits it for any service. It has dependability and long life.

Many regard the Essex as a smaller, lighter, less costly Hudson in all the qualities of performance and endurance for which the Super-Six is noted.

In many details they are identical.

The same engineers designed them. The same factory organization builds them. Both cars are backed by the same ideals in construction. They stand on the same foundation and enjoy equal prestige with all who know their respective qualities.

The Essex will not satisfy all who understand the Super-Six. But it does meet the requirements of those who want performance with light weight. It makes it unnecessary to have a large costly car for performances that light cars are not expected to give.

More than $35,000,000 was paid for Essex cars in the first year, a sales record. Daily sales now approximate a quarter of a million dollars and limited production is all that prevents their being greater.

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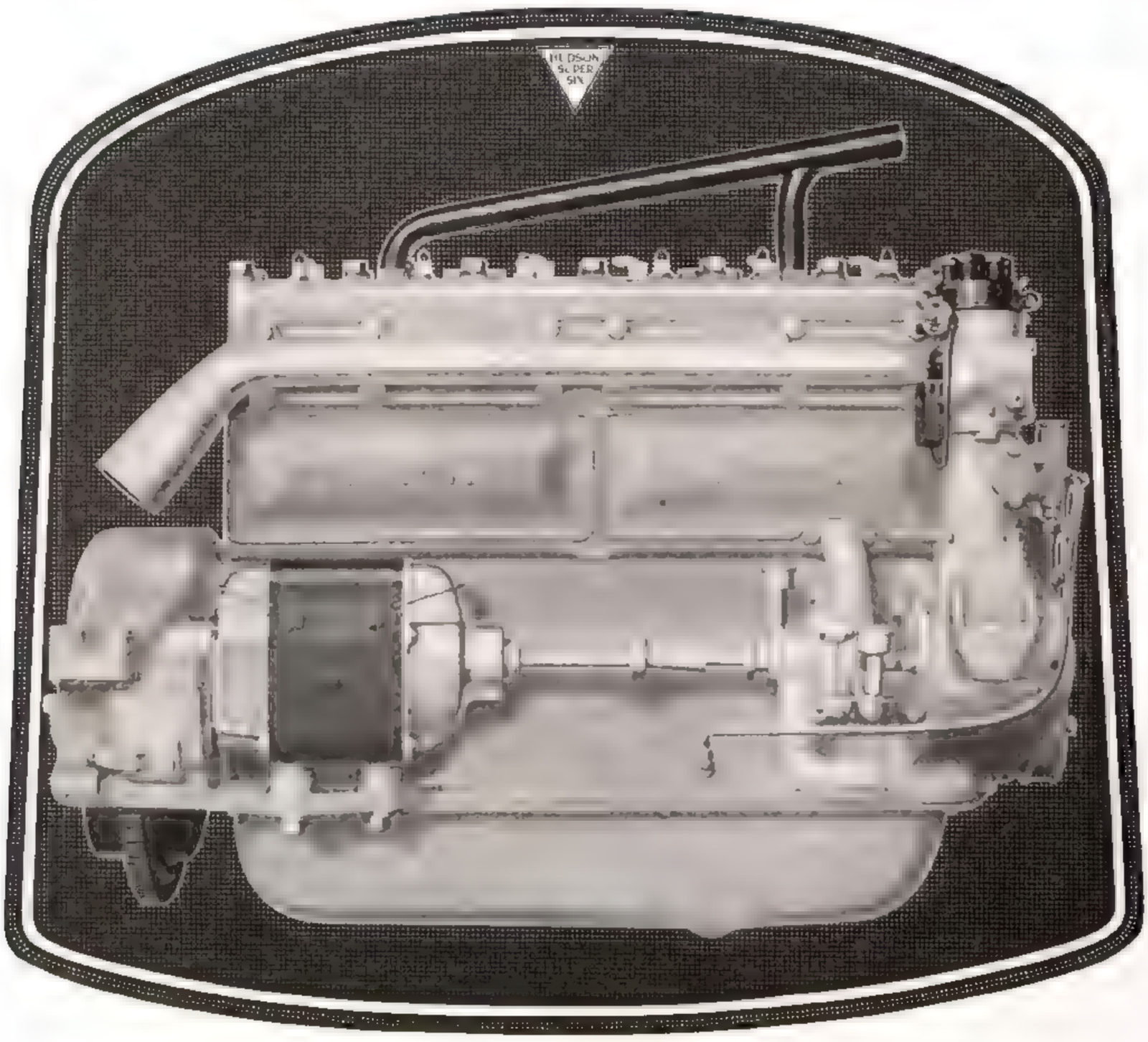
Hudson are Exclusive



Why Super-Six Records Stand Unequalled

Now close to one hundred thousand owners hold the Hudson Super-Six to be the greatest endurance car that is built.

Official records first established its proof. The 24 hour run excelled the best previous record by 347 miles.

The run of a seven passenger Super-Six from San Francisco to New York and back gave it a distinction no other car ever held. It set and holds every worth-while stock car record for speed acceleration, hill climbing and endurance.

It is not speed alone that counts in such tests. It is the ability to keep going without motor attention. In championship speedway contests, the principle was proved again and again. In the long races of 300 to 500 miles, the Super-Six specials kept going while faster and costlier cars were forced to stop. And that is the main reason why Hudson is the largest selling fine car. Month after month, for nearly five years, it has out-sold all fine cars.

Note the Hudsons that year after year have set the vogue. Many new body types had their origin with the Super-Six.

Also in Style, It Leads the Field

In beauty of detail, in real smartness without freakishness, theirs is a recognized distinction. Even without the patented Super-Six motor, Hudson would still be the preferred car with thousands who demand distinction, quality and comfort.

But they get velvet-like performance, freedom from mechanical worries and enjoy absolute confidence in the reliability of their cars. Hudson holds a monopoly in its Super-Six motor. A year after Hudson models are out you may find others approaching them in some particulars. But none can use its motor. In that Hudson is supreme.

(3072)

(Continued from Page 115)

I think it would kill me. I don't want to rush things. I'll wait patiently, if you haven't made up your mind. I'll follow you round like a little dog ——"

What else Bob Harrigan would have done to show the singleness of his devotion was never explained, for a snake came hissing into paradise. Indeed it hissed so persistently and politely that the lovers turned, at first annoyed, then astonished.

"Mister Har-r-r-igan, pleez-z-z!"

A white-coated Japanese man, hissing like an adder and bowing like a marionette, presented a yellow envelope on a silver tray. A telegram!

"In a terrible hurry, aren't they?" growled Bob Harrigan, tearing away the flap.

"Yes, pleez-z-z!" agreed the hisser.

"How many times have I told the clerk—how many times ——"

Bob's protest trailed away into a series of puffs, and as he read his eyes widened, his mouth sagged—Bob Harrigan, as I have heretofore explained, possessed a face unsuitable to poker.

"Not bad news, I hope," said Sadie, impressed no doubt by the atmosphere of doom.

"Oh, no! Splendid news," replied Bob, folding away the scrap of paper.

His entire manner had changed. There was hardness in his smile; his eyes had become somewhat glassy. He stood now as far from her as Arctic from Antarctic.

"If you'll excuse me," he was mumbling, beginning to shuffle toward the hotel. "Important business—awful nuisance—fix it right away ——"

He who had just received such splendid news seemed only bent on avoiding her blank, reproachful glance. It was a cowardly retreat he made. Halfway down the walk his pace had quickened to something very like a trot. It was only inside the office that he stopped at last to glare insanely at the clerk.

"Telegraph blank!" he barked.

And after he had scratched a few words upon the pad and hurled it at the astonished man behind the counter he resumed his flight until he had reached his room upstairs.

His room! A place of desolation so unsocial that by comparison Friar Laurence's fabled cell looked like a dinner dance. Seating himself on the edge of his bed he stared into the open closet at the array of silly boyish clothes which little more than an hour ago had charmed his soul. Pretty trifles for him now, weren't they? He ran his hand frantically through his hair, and was astonished at its luxurious abundance. Why should he have any hair? Soon his hair, like his teeth, would drop away.

Somewhere out on the lawn, he remembered, stood Juliet, stunned no doubt by the manner of his rude departure. What would she be thinking of him? It didn't matter. Nothing would matter from now on.

II

BOB HARRIGAN came down late for dinner. Though he compelled the head waiter to change his place to a table set obscurely in a corner by the pantry door, yet people stared as he entered and walked gloomily down the aisle.

The stare was quite forgivable. Had he appeared in homespun knickerbockers, flannels or light tweeds he would have drawn no more than the usual friendly glance from tables here and there. In a hotel which prides itself on its fashionable informality it is the rule rather than the exception for men to dine in the type of clothes they have been wearing during the afternoon. But the sight of Harrigan transformed caused a silent ripple of curiosity from the large table by the door, where Senator Breeze fed his large family, to the exiled place behind a pillar, where the poetic spinster, Miss Greyley, dined sparingly alone, a fork in one hand, a book in the other.

The rusty-brown coat which Harrigan wore, his audience remarked, was not only of poor cut and material; it was shabby as well. His trousers, a trifle shiny at the knees, were all too plainly in need of pressing. What was the matter with his collar? And what in the world had he been doing to his hair?

Indeed, Bob Harrigan's toilet had caused him much pain before his dramatic entrance into the dining room. After putting on the shabby brown suit he had gone about it fastidiously choosing accessories to complete the effect. Among other castaways on a top shelf he had found a necktie long despised; it was one of those shapeless strips of dreary gray which haberdashers hand out to old gentlemen who pay well for their clothes and don't care how they look in them. He had been grieved at first to think that he had no soft-leather, square-toed shoes such as Colonel Thrasher and his friends always wore. He had even hesitated upon the point of borrowing a pair from the colonel, but had been lucky enough to exhume two solemn black bluchers which had never looked well on his feet. He had pawed over his laundry to discover a half dozen misfit collars which had been sent to him under the mysterious exchange system peculiar to American laundries. One of them had been exactly to his taste. A size and a half too large for him, it encircled his neck loosely, a melancholy strip suggesting celluloid.

Sitting alone at his table, Bob Harrigan felt his ears tingle—a not unpleasant sensation. Let them talk about him if it did them any good; it gave him a crusty satisfaction as he frowned into his soup. Between courses he snatched an old copy of the New York Tribune out of his pocket, and by preference consulted the financial columns.

Only once did he shoot a glance across the room to the table where the Tallingers sat. That, of course, was weakness.

They were giving a small party. He recalled that in the days of his youth—something like two hours ago—Sadie had mentioned dancing at the country club and had hinted that Bob—accidentally on purpose—might happen in on the festivities. The Tallinger table seemed young and frivolous. Bob frowned again. Sadie always looked lovely in that shade of die-away pink. He studied Mrs. Tallinger's imposing gray coiffure, splendid with brilliants, and for an instant he nursed the unworthy thought that he should in all decency be making love to Mrs. Tallinger instead of her daughter. Lonnie Wayle, royally overdressed, was sparing no effort to fascinate Sadie.

Sadie was bored, apparently, for she looked away. Bob Harrigan's elderly heart fluttered when he saw her eyes rest upon the table which he had habitually occupied. Then she looked across the room. It was one of her magic twinkles which sought far until it struck fire in Bob's eyes. Recognition! Surprise!

"What's the matter? Why this disguise? Why aren't you dressed for the party?"

Bob Harrigan glowered down at his plate and inflicted a savage wound in the breast of chicken which lay before him.

The Tallinger party was off and away before Bob had finished his dinner and his Tribune. Afterward he strolled over to the desk and selected a cigar of capitalistic dimensions. It was a substantial, successful, elderly, somewhat reactionary cigar. Such a cigar, Bob reflected, should be the reward of ripening years and peace in one's expensively decorated inglenook. He hesitated and studied that cigar, considering whether to light it or to chew it, the latter being a dry smoke in the words of his grandfather. He decided to chew it.

The card room was populous with bridge players. He stalked gloomily among them and indulged in poison drafts of philosophy. Old age—so Cicero concluded long ago—is only a matter of getting used to it. And Nature gives us plenty of time for that. These charming bridge players, now resigned to approaching senility, were actually enjoying themselves. They laughed quite often and heartily withal; moreover they paid no attention to the wanderer in their midst. Bob felt hurt, enjoying the sensation of one who, having applied for membership in the Home for Aged and Infirm, finds himself blackballed. No one invited him to sit in Mister Dummy's chair and take a hand.

"Not dancing to-night?" asked the nice Mrs. Meade, aware of his loneliness as she glanced up from the queen of hearts.

"Leaving that to the children," replied Bob loftily.

"Highty-tighty!" cried Mrs. Meade. "What in the world do you call yourself?"

Bob stalked out into the night for fear that he might break down and tell her what he was calling himself, and just what all the world would call him when they knew.

Under the moonlit veranda he heard the steady buzz-buzz, drone-drone of perpetual debate. Three forbidding figures, swaddled in overcoats, sat huddled together in as many rockers. Colonel Thrasher, Judge Dade and Mr. Hornblower!

Bob Harrigan pulled up a chair and settled himself as close to them as decency would permit. They seemed to furnish the atmosphere for which he gasped. Here were decency, solidity, antiquity. He must—he would get used to them.

Colonel Thrasher held the boards. His conversation, characterized by asthma and a lifelong opinion of himself, came in a series of impressive phrases, each phrase punctuated with a solemn pause.

"If this war—had been conducted—by a Republican administration—there would have been no confusion—no waste—no falsification of reports. The newspapers—a pack of liars! Pretty stories of hand-to-hand encounters—bayonet wounds—bah! Do you think in this age—of thirty-mile artillery—that armies could get close enough—to jab each other with bayonets?"

"They got close enough to jab me," Bob Harrigan broke in rashly.

"Hey?"

Three pairs of rheumy eyes were turned upon the invader of their forum.

"I say, they got close enough with one bayonet to jab me."

"Young man, do you know anything about war?" creaked the colonel out of the darkness.

"Not much. I know a lot less now than I did before I went across."

"Were you engaged in the late struggle?"

"Seventy-seventh Division."

"What was your commission?" persisted the unfriendly drawl.

"Only a lieutenant."

"And where—if I might ask—did they jab you?"

"In the leg."

"In the leg!" Quite apparently Colonel Thrasher considered this no proper place to be jabbed in, for he added emphatically, "I was wounded twice, young man."

"Where, colonel?" asked Bob, determined to stick it out.

"In the battle of Antietam."

"Does it pain you at night?" creaked little Mr. Hornblower.

"I'm not in the habit," announced Colonel Thrasher, "of complaining."

"I don't think this climate agrees with me," persisted Mr. Hornblower, reverting rapidly to his darling mania. "I wanted to go farther south, but my family was always crazy about Santa Barbara. One of my wife's sisters died here in 1894—no, it was 1901. The doctor says it's rheumatism, but I declare it looks a lot like arthritis to me. Judge, what, in your opinion, is arthritis?"

"Arthritis," announced the decaying jurist in a voice even more opinionated than that of Colonel Thrasher, "is a hardening of the—er—cartilaginous substances between the joints. It is not to be confused with the gouty deposit which is—er—amenable to treatment. Arthritis is not amenable to treatment."

Bob Harrigan found himself fumbling nervously with his knee joints. In the background of a diseased imagination he could hear wild strains of the dance now going full blast at the country club.

"Young man," droned Colonel Thrasher—and from the general silence Bob concluded that the words were being addressed to him—"young man, what is your age?"

"I'm forty-four," admitted Bob, thinking it only decent to put on a few years.

"Forty-four!" snorted the Colonel. "Young man, when I was your age do you know what I was doing?"

Bob hadn't the remotest idea, so Colonel Thrasher proceeded to recite his iliad of sophomoric deeds enacted some forty years ago when California was still a young state and the gold was as raw as the society.

It would have been a quaint and picturesque tale from the lips of another. Colonel Thrasher managed to make it uniformly dull, ruining every climax in his narrative to tell the exact street address, business reference and antecedents of his principal characters.

Almost always he would get the details so wrong that he must needs go back to correct himself.

His memory was failing. Bob Harrigan's memory, which had been excellent up to this evening, showed symptoms of turning traitor.

In the midst of a lengthy paragraph the colonel paused, consulted an enormous gold watch, rose sluggishly, yawned and creaked, "Well, gentlemen—half past nine—my bed hour."

Whereupon Judge Dade yawned, Mr. Hornblower yawned and Bob Harrigan yawned.

"It's my bed hour too. Good night!" moaned Bob, and tottered feebly toward his room.

His appearance next day at rehearsal was that of a retiring Secretary of State who comes merely for the purpose of handing in his resignation. At the unpopular hour of two Mr. Higginson approached him in confidence and began absolutely without rancor, "How about your costume?"

"Oh, I'm out of it," explained Bob quite casually.

"Pshaw!" objected Mr. Higginson. "All you need is a little experience. Look here, Mr. Harrigan, if you can keep up the pace you set yesterday—and learn to pay attention to the director—I can get you a big salary acting regular for the pictures. That was a real performance you gave us yesterday. The only trouble with you is you're an amateur; and an amateur's never as good as a professional in anything—poetry, baseball, auto racing, politics—anything. All you need is to learn what's needed and make it your business to know. See? That's what gives the kick—making it your business. Your meal ticket depends on it and you jolly well work to get it right. Now go ahead and get into your costume."

"No," said Bob, gloomily shaking his head.

"What's on your chest?" Mr. Higginson looked alarmed.

"I'm several years too old to play Romeo."

"Don't make me laugh! Boy, you can't be a minute over thirty-five. Look at what Sarah Bernhardt did when she was seventy!"

"Sorry, Mr. Higginson. I've merely lost enthusiasm."

"Great Scott! You are an amateur all right! These amateurs think enthusiasm's something you can lose the way you shed a button off your shirt. You forget that the work you're doing isn't a button—it's the whole shirt. Well, let's see what's left."

The able director stood looking over the assembled amateurs lounging about in the costumes of medieval Verona.

"That puts me in nice!" he grumbled.

Up on the balcony Juliet's lovely head, ridiculously daubed with the colors of cinematographic art, peeped forth from the balcony window. To-day Bob Harrigan, years too old for a lover, saw nothing but grotesqueness in her appearance.

"Why don't you let Lonnie Wayle take my part?" he asked, almost choking on the surrender.

"That stiff in the monk's get-up?"

"He's rather a clever amateur actor. He's had all sorts of experience," was Bob's recommendation. "And he's young enough to look the part too."

The result was that Mr. Higginson singled out the accomplished ornament of the comedy club, and a little later Bob, lurking in the shadows, had the sad satisfaction of seeing Lonnie stalking in small clothes and a crimson cloak. The rehearsal went without a hitch. Juliet from her balcony looked undying love. Romeo, in the language of the director, registered passion.

"You're alone with her now!" bawled the voice through the megaphone. "That's the stuff, Romeo! You're crazy about her! Who cares what her pa says? The night's young and you're there to deliver the goods. Crowd close to the balcony, Juliet! He's the candy kid, and you know it! Register love, joy, ecstasy! Now, Romeo, climb up the vines! Look out—don't slip! She's yours—only death can part—now give 'em a lot of turtle-dove stuff!"

If his car had flown through space yesterday, to-day it crept like a wounded snail toward Montecito. Bob Harrigan had not stayed to see the rest of the rehearsal. Juliet had found her Romeo; that was enough. Why not? What had an old fellow, fruit for the social junk pile, to do with pretty bayings at the moon, peacock-colored small clothes and a dagger in a golden belt? He would go back to Colonel Thrasher, Judge Dade and Mr. Hornblower, jolly companions all. He would see a tailor about furnishing him with an alpaca coat and broadcloth trousers with seedy spots at the knees.

No, he'd be hanged if he would! There was a train leaving for San Francisco somewhere round eleven o'clock.

When he reached his hotel Bob Harrigan went straight to his room and proceeded

(Concluded on Page 122)

FOAMITE

Firefoam

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Fire can be put out in two ways:

1. By cooling below the burning point.
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The first method usually consists of applying large quantities of water to the fire. Unfortunately this method is ineffective on certain types of fires, and it is well known that water often does more damage than the fire itself.

The second method is the quick, simple, sure means of extinguishing fire—by *smothering* it with Firefoam.

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It includes—

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If you successfully sell building materials, mill supplies, hardware, gasoline-driven equipment or modern appliances, you are missing a big opportunity if you do not add Foamite Firefoam to your line. Send for our dealer proposition. It will pay you to do so at once.

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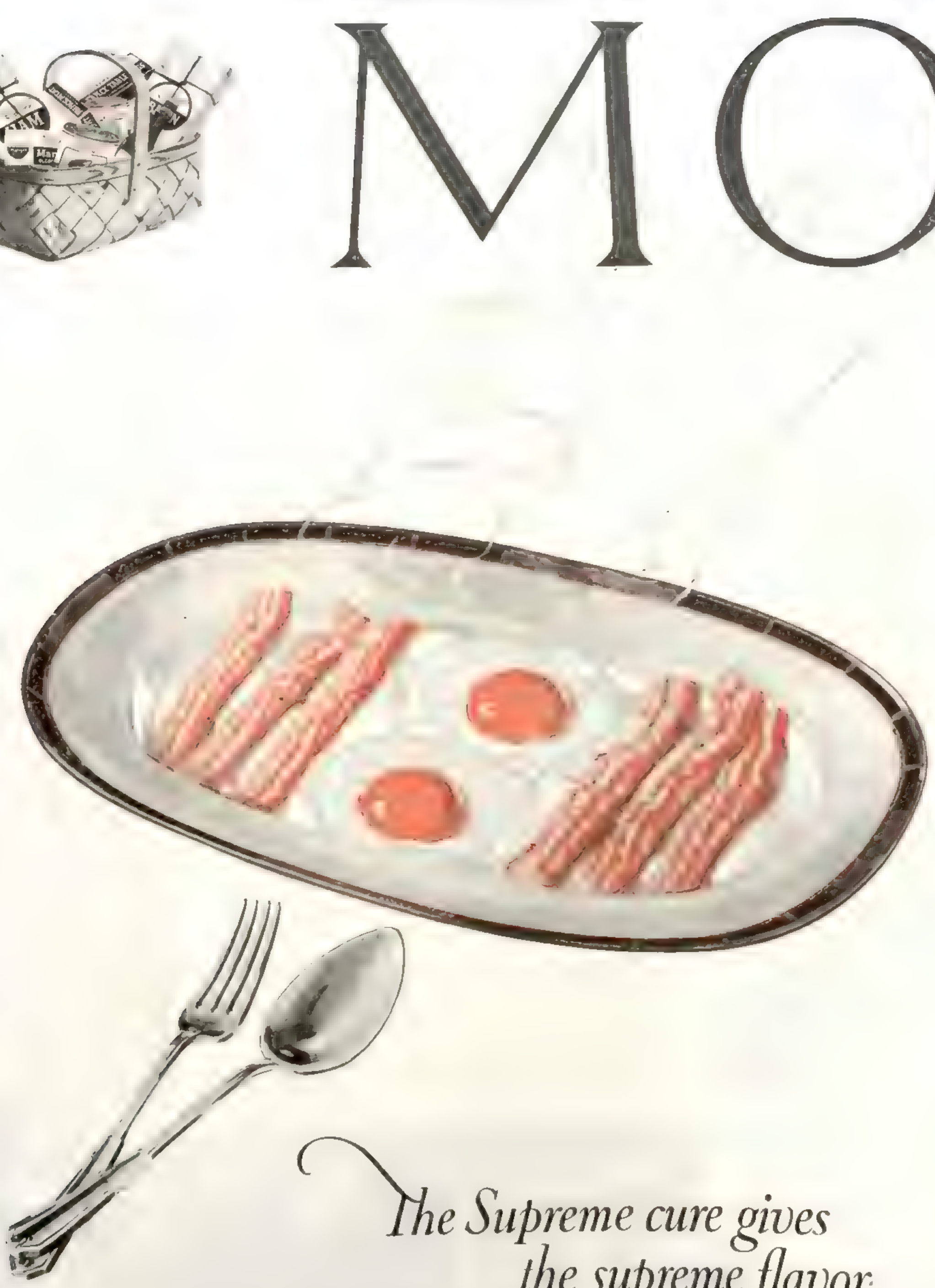

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R R I S

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You'll experience a new flavor when you try Morris Supreme Bacon; the special cure gives it the appetizing quality which will make breakfast something new. Morris Supreme Eggs go with it perfectly; they're good.

When you go to market look for, ask for Morris Supreme products. A yellow and black label is the mark of them.

MORRIS & COMPANY

Packers and Provisioners

(Concluded from Page 118)

to pack. To Shima, the Japanese boy who assisted him, he gave a pin-checked suit of boyish pattern and two pairs of buckskin shoes with tan straps over the insteps. The rest of his splendid clothes he scrapped in a wardrobe trunk with the idea of disposing of them at whim sometime in the near future.

At half past seven he slunk down to dinner. His entrance made very little sensation to-night; it merely caused a turning of a head here and there. He was ceasing to be a novelty. Glancing round a corner of the Tribune, he could see Sadie and Mrs. Tallinger eating primly by themselves. It somewhat disappointed him to note that Lonnie Wayle had not been included in the party. After all, he had handed Lonnie over to her, and it annoyed him to think that his arrangements had not been carried out to the letter.

Heigh-ho! Youth is sweet! Late in the course of dinner Lonnie Wayle, all in festival array, became visible. His intentions as he came up to the Tallingers' table and pulled up a chair were doubtless romantic, but to Bob Harrigan's bilious eyes he looked like Simon Legree. His self-satisfied smile seemed to proclaim to the whole dining room that Sadie Tallinger was as good as his and that Mrs. Tallinger had put her seal upon the bargain.

Bob called the waitress and sent back his portion of duck with the message that the cooking had become intolerable.

Presently the Tallinger table was empty. Sadie and her adorer strolled ahead, while Mrs. Tallinger, sly schemer, loitered from chair to chair and made merry with the gossips. Bob swore—not at Sadie, of course, or at Lonnie or Mrs. Tallinger. But he had just smeared a drop of rich duck gravy upon his elderly gray necktie.

After the ordeal by food he took a stroll round the veranda. There was nothing to do until train time—the porter had already engaged an upper berth for him. Therefore he fell to pacing up and down, happy as a caged hyena. In a dark corner he could hear the buzz-buzz, drone-drone of Colonel Thrasher explaining his point to Judge Dade and Mr. Hornblower. He attempted a swift retreat, but the maneuver was begun too late.

"Good evening, Mr. Harrigan," came a challenging creak out of the darkness.

"Good evening, colonel."

He ventured a few more shuffling steps, but the colonel would not be passed so easily.

"Pull up a chair, young man. There are one or two things I should like to ask you."

Bob took the blow standing. The old gentlemen had decided to accept him as one of them.

"Now, young man," began the colonel, "what was your rank in the late war?"

"Lieutenant," explained Bob, resigning himself to a chair.

"Hey?"

"Lieutenant."

"'Pon my word—you were a major last night——" the colonel looked toward his associates for confirmation.

"Now answer me this—what's the use of high explosive—fired at a distance of thirty miles—if armies insist on hand-to-hand struggles?"

"They don't insist on fighting hand to hand," protested the new member.

"What was that?" asked Mr. Hornblower, cupping his hand behind his ear.

"He said," decreed the decaying jurist, "that they didn't always fight hand to hand."

"They call it gout," announced Mr. Hornblower.

"Call what gout?" thundered Judge Dade.

"Stiffness in the hands."

"Stuff and nonsense!" shouted Colonel Thrasher. "Now, young man, here's another point—want to know about it——"

The ensuing question might have been the droning of a vagrant bumblebee so little meaning did it convey to Bob Harrigan. He saw Sadie's blue frock in the square of yellow light which was the doorway. Lonnie Wayle's perfectly satisfied face was smiling at her shoulder and she was returning the smile—her head was charming in profile as she looked over her shoulder, the light playing in her hair, her eyes flashing.

"I've reached the age," thought Bob Harrigan, "when women begin to appeal to me as works of art."

He saw Lonnie Wayle slip a cloak over her shoulders as they came out on the veranda. Colonel Thrasher's questions went droning, droning on. The drone stopped suddenly with an upward inflection. Apparently an answer was required. Bob, his eyes still on that square of yellow light, said something idiotically noncommittal. What was Sadie intending to do now? Lonnie Wayle was left standing alone. Quick as a cat she had glided away and had come tripping along the veranda straight toward the old men's caucus!

The emotion which stopped Bob Harrigan's heart was certainly not æsthetic. Something very like life was burning in his veins; and yet he turned in pretended interest toward Colonel Thrasher's solemn inquisition. Psychic eyes seemed to open in the back of his head and give him full knowledge of the lovely form coming nearer and nearer. He did not look round as frivolous footsteps tap-tapped the boards behind him.

"Young man," wheezed the colonel, "do you call that an answer to my question?"

"Well—er"—announced Bob Harrigan—"you see, the conditions of warfare have changed so during the past fifty years——"

"Who the devil said anything about warfare?" snarled the old warrior. "I was asking about buying an automobile."

"Automobiles? Oh, yes!"

The word sounded vaguely familiar to Bob, but his material eyes were wandering along the porch toward a patch of moonlight in which she stood revealed. She was waiting for something and something told him that she was waiting for him. He scrambled to his feet and made after the witching figure in moonlit blue which glided slowly down the walk toward the sea.

"Sadie!" he called softly.

She paused in the shadow of a tall shrub, and the unearthly light lent to her face suggestions of tragedy and accusation. Where now were Bob's resolutions? Young blood was again beating at his temples, spring freshets sang in his heart. He stood there perfectly dumb. What could he say?

"What's been the matter with you, Bob?" he heard her hurt voice asking.

"Everything," he muttered before his voice played him false again.

"Aren't you a little ashamed of yourself, poking round like an old man?"

"I am an old man, Sadie."

"Really? You're about a day older than you were yesterday morning."

"That's about twenty years."

"What's got into the foolish child?" she asked the moon.

"So you've decided to wither up and blow away, have you?" she inquired in a tone slightly less friendly.

"I've been trying to tell you," he began clumsily.

"When? Every time I've seen you you've been hiding somewhere in those funny clothes. Do you think that's being nice to me?"

"It was to be nice to you," he said woefully, "that I've been acting like that. I wanted you to see the change. I say, this is awful!"

Quite unexpectedly—for Sadie Tallinger did things that way—she took his hand in both hers and pressed it to her heart.

"How you do need a mother!" she said. "You'll never grow up, poor dear!"

"Sadie!"

In locking both her hands in his he did the worst possible thing for his noble resolutions.

"You mustn't imagine too much, Bob," she told him; and crushed though he was by her changed tone he also felt a melancholy pleasure. Nothing could take this moment away from them.

"I've made up my mind, dear," she went on.

He knew that was coming.

"Yes; don't be afraid of hurting me, Sadie. I realize the insurmountable barrier between us. After all, Lonnie's a good sort—really he is. And I wish you all sorts of happiness."

"Why don't you have those sentiments engraved and put on a card?" she suggested dryly.

"Of course it's all settled," he gloomed.

"It is,"—she almost whispered it—"and in your favor."

"Sadie!" He dropped her hands and backed away as much as a foot. "Would you mind saying that again?"

"I want you to go to your room," she said in a clearer tone, "and put on some decent clothes and get ready. I'm going to show you to mother and give her a chance to get over being mad."

"You're not accepting me?" he gasped.

"Yes, Bob, that's exactly what I'm doing. We've got to settle it now or Lonnie'll elope with me and spoil my life."

"What decided you?" he had the temerity to ask.

"Anything else would be silly, Bob, the way we feel."

He could see her great eyes regarding him solemnly through the gloom; and even now he made one last desperate stand.

"You don't know everything about me."

"I know enough. Lonnie's such a brat."

"He's young—he's ages more suitable than I."

"Bob Harrigan, who's choosing my husband—you or I?"

There fell another silence, during which both stood still as garden statues.

"Have you stopped caring for me, Bob?" she asked plaintively.

"Sadie, when I go away from you I think it's going to kill me."

"You're not going to kill yourself that way," she decided.

"And now, my dear, I want you to tell me why you've been making this queer masquerade."

"It's something too horrible," he stammered, but she cut in with her gentle decisiveness.

"I don't care if it's positively disgraceful! Even if you've robbed a bank I'll know you did it for some foolish, nice idea. Now tell me, Bob! It isn't going to make any difference."

Bob Harrigan went fumbling through the pockets of his middle-aged coat. Faintly in the shadows a trifling square of paper could be seen in his fingers.

"You remember that telegram?" he said gruffly, and began unfolding the square.

"Yes; you read it and ran away like a man escaping from jail."

"It's something I can't escape by running."

"Bob, for heaven's sake stop this mystifying!"

He struck a match and held it near the paper for the length of the flame's small life as they stood, heads together, and read the brief words which had made all the difference to him.

"New York

"Its a boy born today Nora and baby doing well ALEC"

"Who's Nora?" asked the sweet voice close to his ear. He thought her tone had chilled a degree.

"She ran away and married Alec Minto when she was only seventeen," he rambled away from the point.

"But who is she?" Sadie brought him back.

"Nora, you mean?"

Her silence compelled an answer.

"Well," he grunted, "she's my daughter."

"Oh!"

The note of surprise indicated nothing. Presently she asked, "Would you mind striking another match?"

A new flame gave yellow light to the page while Sadie recited the unpunctuated line:

"Its a boy born today Nora and baby doing well"

"So," said she as soon as the match had burned its course, "Nora is your daughter."

"I was married quite young myself," he raced eagerly into the confession. "I was hardly twenty. Young marriages seem to run in the family."

"I notice that," she agreed. "If she's your daughter and had a child born yesterday——"

"You see where that puts me," he groaned.

"It means you're a——"

"Why don't you say it?" he challenged.

"A grandfather!"

"A grandfather!" he echoed hollowly.

Upon the word he stood a little aside in order that she might flee away to follow the path of youth. She did not move. A ray of moonlight, sifting through the trees, had caught itself in the coil of her hair.

"And that's why you've been limping round like an old man?" she asked.

"Well, wouldn't you, Sadie?"

"Bob, you sweet child," she replied, and her voice came distantly like a bell over the water, "at your age—and you've already given two generations of nice citizens to the country! It's wonderful, Bob! And it makes me feel so worthless—such a waster—all these years, Bob."

Her words were coming more and more uncertainly. Could it be that she was laughing? Closer inspection convinced him that she was crying softly into her hands. Then Bob Harrigan's self-built Jericho fell. He took her in his arms and began repeating the masculine formula, "There, there, dear! Please don't cry!"

His consolation brought on more tears, as consolation usually does.

"Can't you tell me what you're crying about?" he whispered.

"About my age, Bob—my age."

Even to this heaven there came a slight suspicion. He had been so busy thinking about his own age that he had never once considered hers.

"Oh, yes—your age!"

He wished that she would move into the moonlight and give him a critical inspection.

"That wouldn't make any difference to me, darling," he stuck to it bravely. "How—how old are you?"

"I'm twenty-three!" she wailed.

"I wouldn't cry about that."

She clung and sobbed again.

"I would!" she defied him.

"Would what?"

"Just break—break my heart about it!"

"Isn't anybody satisfied?" he asked the moon. "Sadie, my own girl, what's wrong with being twenty-three?"

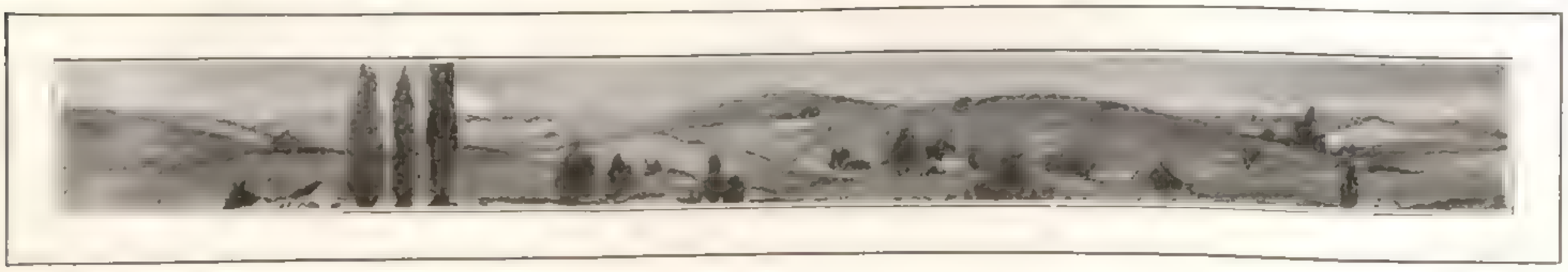
"Because!"

She stood away from him and made an effort to be calm.

"Oh, Bob!" she cried, and sought his shoulder again to hide her tears. "Can't you see? When I'm your age I can't be a grandmother!"

On such light foundations youth builds its sorrows.

Along the moonlit path a broad-hipped, deep-bosomed ghost appeared, and approaching, materialized into the form of Mrs. Tallinger. Even Luna's elfin ray could not conceal the blood in her eye.



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In U. S., $1.75 each or set of five for $8.00. Specify wood or wire wheels.

Tirometer Valve Corporation of America
Charleston, W. Va.

THE REFORMATION

(Continued from Page 21)

However, by either the day on the river, which dwelt long in her memory, or the Victoria Crosses, which proved so pleasant an antidote to household science, Sylvia was won back to the path of dishonor. On the understanding that this would be the last time—an understanding which had prefaced several scores of last times—she cheerfully enough agreed to barter away another portion of her hopes in Paradise.

The relief to the villains of the piece can be imagined when it is said that Robert already had a box for The Reformation. This was the gift of Mr. Wansworth, M.P., who knew several actor managers. To waste it would have broken Robert's as well as Molly's heart, so that Robert only had to engage a table at their usual discreet little restaurant, which did not always shelter quite such innocent couples, for dinner and supper, and order an electric brougham. This last was pure extravagance. Molly protested. But Robert knew well, or, rather, out of the simple affection of his heart had accidentally stumbled upon the knowledge, that a debauch—to use Molly's word—which does not cost more than one can afford is no debauch at all.

The brougham came to Sylvia's at half past six, and while the chauffeur was still trying to look as if he had never been in such a neighborhood before Molly darted out in her opera cloak and jumped in. Robert never came to the hostel on these occasions. Not only was there a real danger that gossip, being started in the hostel, where gossip was no stranger, should reach Mrs. Maxwell—either on one of her infrequent visits to Sylvia or by a more devious but no less disastrous route, such as gossip can easily find for itself—but there was a certain pleasure in conspiracy and these underhand doings, which both Robert and Molly would have missed if they had made less of the danger and taken fewer precautions.

The brougham did not go all the way to St. George's for Robert. It stopped in New Oxford Street, at the pillars of the Pantheon. What more appropriate rendezvous could there be than the old door which was the meeting place of lovers in Evelina's time? Perhaps Robert, who was not ill read and had a sense of history, chose it partly for that very reason, if partly for the fact that it is a landmark and happens to be between Bloomsbury and Soho.

Molly had barely tapped the window, and the brougham stopped, when a young man in a violent, impatient hurry shouted "Go on to Piccolo's, Old Compton Street," opened the door and hopped fairly into Molly's arms.

Molly objected. As she explained when she had recovered possession of her lips, there is too much glass in a brougham for this sort of thing. What "this sort of thing" was must be left to the imagination. But Robert's reply might be recorded.

"Never mind," he said, "it will be dark after dinner."

When these matters had been arranged he asked: "Did you try again with your mother?"

This referred to their agreement that if Mrs. Maxwell could be induced to come to the play with them she should be asked. It was to be a last great effort to reconcile her with Robert and an immoral daughter at one and the same moment. Needless to say, much tact was required. Robert would appear only as Sylvia's cousin. Sylvia was to have been asked first. Molly was to have heard that Robert had two more tickets and would like to use them—a magnificent structure of plausible deceit, with Sylvia as usual for keystone.

But unfortunately the plot had not gone very far. For Molly had only begun, with the remark to her mother at breakfast, that she saw by the papers there was a new play at the Court, by Arthur Hillyard, when she was abruptly stopped by the statement that Mrs. Maxwell had also noticed it, and it was obviously the same sort of thing as Hillyard's other plays; she wondered why the censor allowed them. Molly could only reply that it did not look very bad in the accounts; that the critics liked it.

"I dare say it is very well written," said her mother agreeably as she poured out the coffee. "Mr. Hillyard is a very clever man. But the subject is—you wouldn't like it, dear." She shook her head. "There's quite enough ugliness in the world without making life ugly on the stage."

"But isn't it a comedy, mother?"

"Some people might be amused." Mrs. Maxwell pursed up her lips and raised her eyebrows in deprecation of the vagaries of some people.

Molly was obliged to admit that she had not tried again.

"It wouldn't have been any good, Bobby. I'm as sorry as you are that we can't—that we can't break it to her gently; but I'm afraid we'll just have to go on as we are till there's a—a ——"

"Horrid bump."

Molly did not approve the words, but she agreed with the meaning. For at least two minutes she looked very sad at the thought of the dreadful awakening in preparation for her mother. Then the arrival at Piccolo's and the excitement of walking down a room full of people when wearing one's best evening frock and followed by a cavalier revived her spirits to their former pitch, from which they had no reason to flag during an excellent meal and a no less agreeable drive to the theater.

Here indeed they had an alarm. Sylvia was waiting for them. She had come to the theater to be sure to catch them. Mrs. Maxwell had taken it into her head to telephone about Molly in such a manner as to excite Sylvia's fears. She had asked for a definite assurance that Molly was going to spend the evening in the hostel.

"What does that mean?" asked Molly, looking much disturbed beneath the bright lights of the foyer.

"I should say—nothing," said Robert, who was anxious not to lose his evening's enjoyment.

"I hope she won't take it into her head to go round ——"

"Oh, no! Nonsense, Molly! At this time of night!"

"I don't think she'll do that," said Sylvia. "She seemed to be going out herself."

"Oh?" Molly turned on Sylvia.

"What's that, Sylvia?" Robert stared.

"I—I only thought so."

"Why?"

"I—well, I—I don't really know."

Sylvia looked extremely uncomfortable under the gaze of her two taskmasters. The truth was merely that Mrs. Maxwell had explained her telephoning by saying that she would be out that evening and wanted to be at ease about Molly's welfare. And the reason of Sylvia's confusion was only that Mrs. Maxwell, on second thoughts, had asked her not to tell Molly she would be out, for reasons which Mrs. Maxwell could make perfectly clear, only she had no time.

This had served to alarm Sylvia, without giving her the power to explain why she should be alarmed. But her reputation for general imbecility saved her. Both Robert and Molly, after a short stare, put down her strange statements and stranger hesitations to pure weakness of brain.

"In fact you don't know," said Robert.

"No-o-o, I suppose not," admitted the wretched Sylvia.

"And as for mother's telephoning, I don't really see why it need have worried you so much."

Sylvia was forced to admit that she had allowed her fears to run away with her. Robert and Molly gently but firmly crushed her by a few more polite remarks on the useless nature of her errand, and then Molly made up for them by suggesting that she should come into their box.

"Oh, no! Thank you so much, but ——"

Sylvia, who longed to see the play, peeped nervously at Robert.

Robert had shot one agonized glance at Molly, who retorted with a look of uncomprehending innocence. Now he politely addressed Sylvia.

"Yes, please do. There's plenty of room."

"Oh, no! But—you don't want me."

"Why, of course, Sylvia!"

"After that I must really insist ——"

"I should only be in the way," said Sylvia, causing Robert to want to slap her—for, of course, this tone made it inevitable that they should retain her, even by force.

Robert took her arm and said that he should be extremely offended if she repeated such an insult to his hospitality.

Molly took her other and said she ought to be ashamed to say such things.

"But my clothes?" said Sylvia, wavering.

It was decided at once that this was pure affectation. Her frock was charming. Sylvia was led away.

Robert had only one private opportunity of conferring with Molly as they ascended the stairs. Sylvia was in front and Robert, leaning over Molly's shoulder, hissed into her ear: "Thank you, darling."

Molly started, but she defended herself: "Well, how could we help it?"

In spite of this serious difference of opinion the first act passed very pleasantly. All indeed were much too charmed by the play to trouble about anything else. They were acquiring a knowledge of reality from a master hand.

Molly saw the wife tell her husband that in future he would sew on his own buttons and, still more interesting, look after his own baby. This latter was an effective scene, meant to show an appreciative audience that maternal affection is not necessarily a sheet anchor of domestic bliss. Other time-honored popular errors—such as that a woman can love only one man at a time, that even an affectionate wife is always glad of her husband, that the best love is the constant love, that ignorance is bliss, that babies are dear little things—were also exposed. Because this was a serious comedy Molly and Robert thoroughly enjoyed every word of it. And the curtain was well enough contrived to give them an excellent appetite for the second act.

Meanwhile Molly thought she could eat a few chocolates, and Robert, not sorry of an opportunity to stretch his legs by the way, put on his hat and went to get them.

Robert left the door ajar, and after a moment Molly complained of the draft. Sylvia, as might be expected, rose to find the draft. But having got to the door, to Molly's surprise, she suddenly took it into her head to go outside.

Molly jumped to see what had taken the incurious Sylvia beyond the door. The door latched very badly. It did not click as Molly reopened it, nor catch when, having one glimpse beyond, she closed it again with great dexterity and caution. But it refused to close and stood even then half an inch ajar. What Molly had seen in the passage was Sylvia in conversation with her mother, so that her gesture was not astonishing as she closed the door, nor her duplicity very remarkable when she took the advantage offered by its flimsy construction and warped panels to listen. Meanwhile her sensations were extremely unpleasant, while she trembled lest Robert return.

"Why, Sylvia," were Mrs. Maxwell's first words, in a tone of great surprise, "are you here? I thought when I telephoned you said you'd be in all the evening. Where have you left Molly?"

"It—it was a sudden idea," stammered Sylvia.

"Yes, but where's Molly? You don't mean to say that you've brought ——"

"Oh, no! Molly's not here. I came with Mr.—with a friend."

Mrs. Maxwell's voice was relieved. She even bantered Sylvia.

"With Mr.—Sylvia, I'm shocked. But I'm glad you didn't bring Molly. This is not at all the sort of thing she cares about. Molly is so—well, you know Molly, don't you?"

"Yes, Molly is rather ——" said Sylvia with a calmness which much surprised the listener by the door, who did not give her credit for so much power of dissimulation.

"I suppose you're not surprised to see me ——"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Maxwell. I'm sure for you it's—it's ——"

"I must say I always enjoy Mr. Hillyard's plays. The only trouble is that I can never come unless Molly is away." Mrs. Maxwell laughed. So did Sylvia. "It is a dreadful thing to have a censorious daughter."

"Censorious, Mrs. Maxwell?"

"Oh! She looks. And if she knew —— Why, Jack, I didn't see you coming! This is Sylvia Mann, a friend of Molly's. Miss Mann—Mr. Hillyard."

A new and cheerful male voice inquired if the dragon herself were there.

"Molly? No, thank heaven," said Mrs. Maxwell.

Molly, pale with rage, opened the door and glanced at them. Goodness knows what she intended to say, but from pure stress of emotion the moment she saw her mother she burst into tears and threw herself into her arms.

(Concluded on Page 127)

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THE LARGER SIX • SEVEN PASSENGER TOURING

(Concluded from Page 124)

"Molly!" cried Mrs. Maxwell.

"Oh, mother, how could you! How could you!" sobbed Molly. "To—to do a thing. Oh! I feel as if everything was spoilt. I'll never believe in anyone again!"

"Darling child ——" Mrs. Maxwell was in great distress, but she had no time for explanation.

"How could you!" Molly went on. "And I thought you were so good. Oh, mother, I thought you were really good! I did trust you—I did believe in you—and now I find you—you —— And then you call me a dragon."

Here Mr. Hillyard thought it was time to interpose.

"My dear Miss Maxwell," he spoke in a soothing voice. "I'm afraid that it was I who called you a dragon. But I didn't mean to be rude. Really I didn't. You see, I'm very much in love with your mother, and I—er—we were neither of us sure you would approve ——"

"Oh! Mother, in love with you!" cried Molly even more horrified.

"And we agreed we ought to take no risks of—er—upsetting you. We have really been very anxious, very anxious indeed, Miss Maxwell—not to—er—to shock you."

"I am—it is shocking!" said Molly fiercely. "It's a dreadful thing! Don't you understand I trusted mother, Mr. Hillyard?"

It is fortunate that this scene took place at the end of the box corridor, opposite the last two boxes, or someone might have interrupted it and been much astonished to see an excited young woman in a great temper, alternately weeping and rating a sheepish-looking man with a bald head but not unimpressive appearance, and a still more sheepish-looking middle-aged lady, whose mature handsomeness hardly agreed with her ignominious situation.

It was long before either Mrs. Maxwell or Hillyard could alleviate in the smallest Molly's pain of a revelation which had lost nothing of horror by its suddenness. Molly had said she was shocked, and so she was, almost in the literal sense. As she said afterward, it was the most dreadful moment of her life.

"I never dreamt such a thing. Who would of their own mother? Going out to a theater with a man, and being so cunning about it. And I did trust mother. No, I forgive her. Of course I forgive her. But I think she ought to have thought of me a little. It was the deceitfulness of it that seemed so terrible. Deceiving me like that for months; and even making Sylvia tell me a story that very same evening!"

These were Molly's lamentations at a much later date, so it is not surprising she did not easily recover from the catastrophe at the time. And perhaps her recovery would have been even more delayed if it had not been for Sylvia. She, who had been timidly stroking her friend's shoulder during a final burst of tears, ventured, after all other consolation had failed, to suggest a cup of coffee. Should she go and get a cup of coffee? Of nice hot coffee? It would take only a minute.

This was typically a Sylvian notion—practical, kind, hygienic—with a strong domestic flavor. It came from Sylvia's heart. But it had a startling effect. Molly turned on her with flashing eyes.

"I'll never trust you again, Sylvia!"

"Molly!" Sylvia's spectacles feebly protested against this outrage.

"I certainly think you haven't been very—er—straightforward, Miss Mann," said Mrs. Maxwell, glad to see Molly's wrath diverted.

"Oh, Mrs. Maxwell!" moaned Sylvia, withdrawing a step in conscience-stricken shame.

"You told me not five minutes ago that Molly was not in the theater," said Mrs. Maxwell, warming in her indignation.

"I heard what you said about me!" cried Molly, terribly. "And I believe you knew all the time that mother was—was ——"

"Engaged," suggested Hillyard in a deprecating manner.

"Engaged," Molly in her rage was quite indifferent to this last discovery. "I believe you planned the whole thing. Over the telephone. I thought you looked sly when you told me that mother had ——"

"I understood, Miss Mann, that you promised me not to tell that I ——"

"But Robert always said you had no moral backbone, and I was a fool not to believe him," interrupted Molly.

"Really, you have practically been telling—er—untruths, Miss Mann ——" began Mrs. Maxwell again, who was now rapidly coming round to the belief that Sylvia was at the bottom of all her misfortunes.

But Sylvia was overwhelmed. Clapping a not very clean handkerchief over her spectacles she rushed into the box, snatched her cloak and, loudly blubbering, fled down the corridor.

Hillyard was about to pursue. He muttered something about "a poor girl. Ought to see her through."

But both the ladies stopped him.

"Leave her," said Molly. "She deserves every bit of it."

"A thoroughly deceitful girl. I hope you will not be friends with her any more, my dear."

"I never did trust her."

"A bad look. Shifty."

"And always so suspiciously obliging."

There was a slight pause. But the atmosphere was decidedly clearer. The clouds, so to speak, had discharged most of their lightning, and it is to be hoped they blasted the right person, for Sylvia wept away nearly half a stone in the next twenty-four hours, and totally failed in her examination on the morphology of blancmange, only next Wednesday morning.

"Shall we go into the box, Miss Maxwell? Now Miss Mann has gone, perhaps you would like to come in with us. I should be delighted if you would." Hillyard smiled, though somewhat nervously. "We ought to—er—to get to—er—know each other. At least, I hope you will ——"

"Molly," said Mrs. Maxwell in a careless tone, as if by the way, "who's Robert? You mentioned a Robert."

"Robert?" Molly looked at the two culprits before her. She even fancied that she had intercepted a glance between them. Hillyard's smile still lingered—or was it a new smile? No doubt they knew something. These middle-aged people are so underhand. Molly replied: "You mean Mr. Anderson, whom I'm engaged to. He's just gone to get some chocolates."

She prepared to crush any sign of surprise at this announcement. But there was no need for her to lift her head and display her nostril in such a threatening manner. Mrs. Maxwell and Hillyard fully understood their insecurity, their moral vileness, their total disqualification from any right to comment. Molly's mother only dared to remark that that was very nice—very nice; she would be glad to meet Mr. Anderson again, and Hillyard, shaking Molly by the hand, respectfully begged to be permitted to congratulate her.

Robert himself arrived some two minutes later, and found them in the other box. At first he appeared somewhat perplexed and behaved therefore with a reserve and cautious dignity of which Molly could highly approve. But when the situation gradually dawned upon him not all her cold looks could restrain his spirits. The natural grossness of his sex showed itself in an extreme affability with Hillyard, and an almost affectionate deference to Mrs. Maxwell. Indeed the three of them began to grow very cheerful.

Molly was disgusted. When Bobby started that famous absurd story about the Member for Middlehampton and the gammon of bacon she really felt she must snub him. But there was something about Bobby as he approached his point, something in his droll tone, his lips, his nose, something in the glance, which, catching Molly's eye, seemed to be quite sure that there at least there was appreciation, which made it quite impossible to snub him. Indeed she laughed. She was caught laughing. Everyone noticed it, and immediately her dignity was gone.

Her mother kissed her when the lights were turned down at the end of the interval, and Hillyard actually called her by her Christian name. "Now, Molly," he said, "you must tell me how you like the second act. I'm not quite sure of it."

"I don't think it could be better than the first," said Molly kindly.

"Rather not," Robert agreed. "There was something about that first act which—er—which—in fact, I liked it. Molly, have another almond."

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 40)

of European nations with some complacency. These individuals point out that there is no certainty as to when or how the people of Europe will be able to settle their indebtedness to America. The only salvation of Europe is to produce. Exchange cannot recover materially until Europe's exports come somewhere near to balancing her imports. There must also be an end to the issuance of unlimited amounts of paper money and an inclination on the part of labor to remove restrictions that limit output.

Labor conditions in certain sections of the United States are sufficiently serious, but in Europe trade unionism is rapidly reaching a point where it is dominated by the false theory that the less work one man does the more he leaves for other men to do, decreasing thereby the amount of unemployment. There is little hope for economic success in any nation where the average workman believes that if he does a bit more than his share of work he is guilty of taking bread from the mouth of a fellow worker.

One of the biggest employers in England worked out a copartnership scheme that proved to be very profitable for his employees. The plan adopted gave the men something like thirty shillings above their wages. When the officials of the union to which these workers belonged discovered that the men were getting such a bountiful dividend, they ordered the workmen to withdraw from the scheme. When asked for a reason the union officials stated that it is not their policy to permit any arrangement that will benefit some of their members and not others. Dozens of cases of a similar kind might be cited, all of which does not hold forth any immediate promise of a record production.

Most Americans are earnest in their desire that the nations of Europe shall quickly and satisfactorily solve their problems. However, while entertaining such a hope there is no reason for us to be blind to the fact that a depreciation in foreign exchange may be somewhat of a blessing in disguise. The acreage of winter wheat that was planted in the United States last fall showed a reduction of about twenty-five per cent as compared with the preceding year. This gives us an area that is well below the ten-year average, and at a time when we are greatly in need of a record production of foodstuffs. Perhaps if Europe buys less of the cereals from us in coming months we may be pleased next fall that such a reduction in our food exports has taken place.

The greatest opportunity for a profitable foreign trade for the United States at the present time lies in building up a substantial business with Asia and the countries of South America. One authority points out that the per capita trade of the West Indies with the United States in 1918 was four times that of Great Britain prior to the war; Argentina's per capita trade with us was five times that of France; Brazil's twice that of Sweden; Cuba's twenty-six times that of Germany; and Chile's three times that of Belgium.

But notwithstanding the opportunity that is afforded us, we are piling up debts in the West Indies and South America instead of credits.

It is quite possible for an American citizen to be loyal to his own country without being unfriendly to any other nation. We have vital problems of our own that need prompt attention if we are to avoid disaster.

The volume of industrial, railroad, government and other financing last year here in America reached a figure that is causing some people to be apprehensive. The total of stock flotations for 1919 in the United States is estimated at $4,870,000,000, which compares with $1,883,600,000 in 1918. Such a showing does not represent that degree of conservatism and business caution that are warranted by present world conditions. Everyone knows that we need to foster our foreign trade. However, let us not overlook the importance of those two great elements—time and place.

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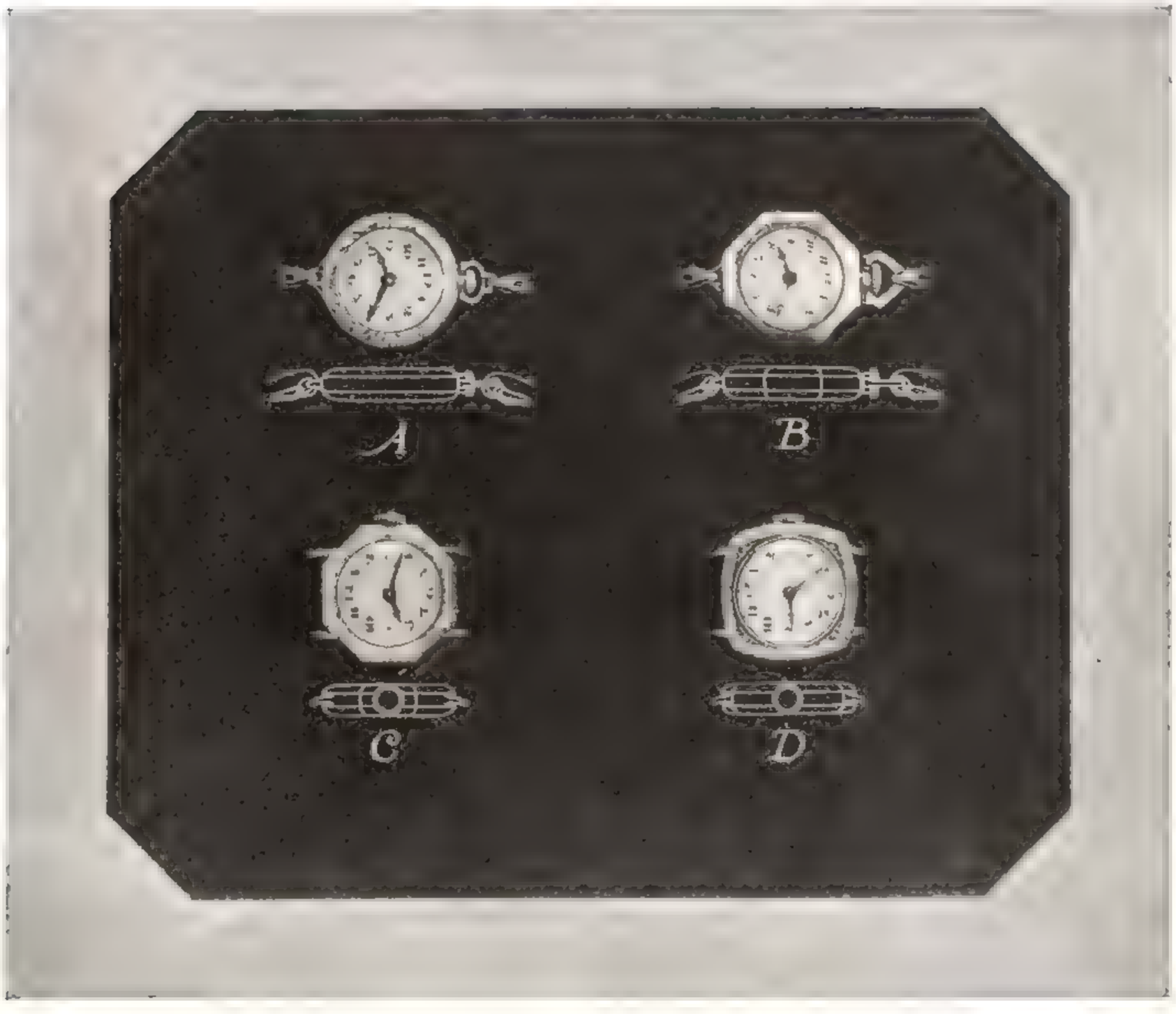

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And if there be among these one who is especially dear to you, your thoughts will doubtless turn to some enduring gift. Then why not a watch, whose ceaseless ticking throughout the years will oft remind of your friendship and well wishes?

What watch? The movement, first, must be the honest work of a reliable maker. But, if your gift is to be cherished, the case, too, is most important.

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No worthier example of the craftsmen's skill has come forth than this Decagon case, a distinctive Wadsworth creation. Note the quiet richness and beauty of the hand chasing that follows the edge of the case even to the pendant and bow. Here, indeed, is a man's case that will arouse in the owner a genuine feeling of pride

Cases for fine Watches

THE MAN FROM ASHALUNA

(Continued from Page 27)

the big parcel in the corner—"and you lug that extension valise o' mine. We can git a trolley car handy, can't we?"

"Not on Nineteenth Street. But that makes no difference. I've a motor below."

The aristocratic Dabney picked up Jud's unsightly valise and started down the dingy stairs, followed by its owner bearing the nondescript package in his arms.

"Hey," said Jud at the foot of the stairs, "you go on out and I'll be right along. Got to step into the barroom and pay for my room. I don't s'pose you'd care f'r a glass o' beer?"

Dabney didn't s'pose he did and kept on across the sidewalk, greatly to the edification of the Eggleston chauffeur and footman. But their astonishment was redoubled when presently Jud Dunlap appeared with the awkward package containing the churn, which required both his hands to manage. With some assistance he deposited it in the rack on top of the car.

"There now!" he said. "I'm glad to git shet of that place. I never could stand dirt nor bugs, and Lord knows I seen enough of 'em across the water. Say, Dabney, I never told you nothin' 'bout my churn, did I?"

"Is that the thing in the big bundle? I thought it was part of a pulp mill. What do you propose to do with it in New York?"

"Thought I'd start a dairy lunch," replied Jud quizzically, eying his companion obliquely. Dabney said nothing.

"Right nice automobile you got here," continued Jud.

"It belongs to Mr. Eggleston."

"I see he has to have one o' them he chambermaids to open the doors when he gits in and out. Beats all how helpless a live human bein' can be. Does he have to have his meat cut up fer him?"

All this was extremely distasteful to Dabney. He had seen the big rustic on his native heath and rather admired him. But here in New York Dunlap seemed out of place, and the annoying part of it was he didn't appear to know he didn't fit. He was as calmly assured as he had been in Ashaluna.

Eggleston and Dabney had hoped to clean up the purchase of the sluice property with a quiet dispatch which would mean a low price. They had given Jud but slight intimation of the importance of the deal, yet with inherent shrewdness he had made up his mind that at the point reached by the negotiations up to this time any offers were far from adequate.

The fact that there was competition gave Jud a distinct advantage. If they had only been able to put the transaction through without delay! Dabney thought with regret that Dunlap was now in New York of his own accord, paying his own expenses, beholden to no one. It would have been so different had the young man accepted that earlier invitation. Then they would have had him to themselves and the whole business might have been cleaned up before other would-be purchasers could get to him.

Dabney knew nothing about churns and did not desire to increase his familiarity with the subject. He wanted to talk water power and find out at the earliest possible moment just what price he and his associate would be obliged to pay on behalf of their principal in order to acquire the entire Dunlap property. He was willing to trot round to cheap hotels and do humiliating things—even though well-trained servants were thereby given opportunity to laugh up their braided sleeves at him—if he could by so doing expedite the conclusion of the Ashaluna purchase. But he wanted the disagreeable experience to be brief. Judson Dunlap, however, was exasperatingly deliberate.

"This is better," he said, surveying the new quarters into which Dabney introduced him. To Dabney the hotel was humble in the extreme. There were distinct odors from the kitchen haunting all the corridors. The hangings were threadbare, the carpets faded. The elevators rattled and grunted in their channels, and were piloted by colored boys in uniforms far from smart.

Judson had a room and bath, for which he was charged a dollar and seventy-five cents a day. This room was big enough for a single bed, a chiffonier, a chair and Jud's churn. The elevator boy made a determined protest against accepting the churn for transportation in his car and stated that there was a special lift for freight and trunks at the back of the house.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, forget it!" grumbled Dabney. He assuaged the feelings of the colored youth with currency and the awkward bundle was permitted to accompany its owner.

"By gravy," said Jud, "they give me a bathroom. That'll come in handy, but I dunno as I'd ruther have it than meals. Funny idea, payin' ten or eleven dollars a week for a room and not gettin' any grub throwed in. Well, I can put the churn in the bathroom part o' the time and git a little more space in here."

Dabney was thankful Jud didn't make some comic reference to Saturday night in discussing the bathroom. The whole episode was already too much of a burlesque.

"I suppose you came to New York to arrange for the sale of your water-power site," he said, seating himself on the bedside and lighting an expensive cigarette. "I assure you my partner and I are ready to bring matters to a head at once."

"Oh, I ain't in no great hurry," said Dunlap. "I'm a-goin' to stay in New York two weeks, maybe three. I got quite some things to attend to. Now there's my churn. I don't s'pose you'd be interested in my churn, would you, Dabney? The right parties could make a heap o' money out of it."

"I dare say. It's hardly in our line, Dunlap. The men we represent do things in a big way, and the development of the Ashaluna sluice for power purposes will require a great deal of capital. The cost of buying your rights is only a small part of it. We want to be liberal with you."

"I don't know who you mean by you boys would recognize that it's got merit. You introduce me to him and let me talk to him a few minutes and I can convince him."

"I give you my word he wouldn't be interested in the slightest degree. He's a very big and very busy man."

"I never seen one so big or so busy a money-makin' proposition didn't appeal to him, Dabney. Trouble with you is, you're just an agent. Your job is to buy a water power. You're sort of limited in your ideas and narrer in your views. That's why I want to meet the boss. I ain't never figured on doin' business with an understrapper. If I had I could've settled things with Eggleston and you right at home without ever comin' to New York at all."

Jud delivered this opinion with a large kindliness, a condescension, as if he were explaining something to a person dull of comprehension. He smiled with the greatest good humor, quite failing to realize that he had said anything in the least offensive; and Dabney, who as Judson had asserted was out to buy the Ashaluna property and

"To-morrow All This Water, Held Back, Will Give You at Least Two Hundred Thousand Horse Power at Ashaluna"

for no other purpose, realized that if he showed the resentment which boiled within him he would jeopardize his employer's chances; and no one knew better than that same Dabney the seriousness of such a result.

Yet he felt helpless to deal with the situation. Dunlap apparently didn't care three hoots in—in Ashaluna for the thing which gave Dabney so much concern. He made Dabney see his utter indifference. Dabney was empowered to offer the woodsman a sum greatly in excess of any that had been mentioned heretofore, but this power he had been holding in reserve. If he bought the property at any price it would be profitable for Eggleston and himself, but the cheaper he got it the more the deal would benefit the partners.

Now suddenly he considered the advisability of coming out flat-footedly with a really big offer, one sufficient to sweep Dunlap off his feet and conclude the matter at once. Think of the time it might save—time that would be spent dubbing round an unspeakable hotel and listening to the weary reiteration of this bumpkin's ideas in the matter of churns! Churns! Good heavens!

Something held Dabney back, however. Suppose Jud refused to be swept. Dabney had heard of that amazing phenomenon, a man who doesn't care anything about money. He had never met such a man, to his knowledge. He didn't honestly think the species existed. But suppose it did and this Dunlap were a specimen! Wouldn't it be better to go a little slowly and find out more about the backwoodsman's peculiarities? He might have a weakness. Maybe it was drink; maybe it was some picayune personal vanity; maybe it was girls.

"I tell you what," Jud was saying, "you lemme explain to you jest what an all-fired big idea I got in this churn and then maybe your boss will want to know about it. How can you tell? He might care more about the churn than he does about that water power. It wouldn't take no great sight of capital to start out in the churn business, and you say yourself the's got to be a heap of money spent on the Ashaluna."

"It's no use," returned the Wall Street man impatiently. "I don't care anything about your churn, and neither would Mr. Eggleston nor Mr.—er—our principal."

"You dum near let it slip that time, didn't you?" chuckled Jud. "Oh, well, if you want to be stubborn I can't help it."

"I'll have to be going," said Dabney at last.

He felt futile, baffled. He wanted to talk with Eggleston. It was plain some sort of strategy must be evolved.

"You better see that boss of yours. I think he'd prob'ly listen to me. Say, I got an idea. If he wants to develop the Ashaluna water power, why not put a churn factory right there on my farm? You lemme talk to him. I'll convince him."

In desperation Dabney offered a sop.

"If I could make an appointment with him he might possibly see you. I'll have to work it very carefully. He's a busy man."

"All right, Dabney. You do that. You tell him I'll be right here most all the time and if he'll let me know when he wants to come I'll be sure not to go out."

"Oh, but Dunlap, you don't think for an instant the gentleman I speak of would come here ——"

"What's the matter Dabney? Ain't it respectable? You picked it out for me. If it ain't all right ——"

"It's not that. But Mr.—er—Brown—can hardly be expected to come to you. You have something to sell him. You must call at his office. An appointment may have to be made several days in advance. It is a great favor for Mr.—Brown—to see anyone except his close business associates. Why, only the other day the Secretary of the Treasury came all the way from Washington to consult him."

"Why, wouldn't this Mr. Brown go to Washington? Well, I don't know's I blame him. Washington's a lot farther from his office than this hotel. You tell Mr. Brown, or whatever his name is, he'll have to come here if he wants to see me. I ain't a-goin' traipsin' down to Wall Street. It's no place for a greenhorn."

"Surely, Dunlap, you're man enough to take care of yourself."

"You bet I be! One way of doin' it is to stay right here and not go near Wall Street. That is, not first off. I'm no fool.

"Lemme tell you somethin'. I'm not a business man and don't expect to be. I am not honin' to be wealthy. I have an errand here in New York that hain't got a thing to do with falls nor water powers nor Wall Street. It don't even concern churns—much. I didn't come here to dicker with you folks. But while I'm here, if this

we," said Jud, fishing a brush and comb from his extension bag and carefully slicking his hair. "All I know's Eggleston and you. 'Fore I do business I'll want to talk with your boss."

"But, Dunlap, we have full authority to act. It's to be a cash transaction absolutely, so there's no need of your meeting our principal. He most assuredly will not appear in the matter until the proper time comes."

"He will if he does business with J. Dunlap," said Jud with finality. "'Course I ain't in no hurry, as I said before. I got my churn to 'tend to. If you can't help me none or give me no advice, I'll have to look elsewhere. I got a reason why I want to do somethin' with that churn. Now maybe this feller down in Wall Street that hires

(Continued on Page 133)

34-inch Heart Brand three-ply belt in use at the plant of the Fredonia Portland Cement Co., Fredonia, Kansas.

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THE FAULTLESS RUBBER CO.
(Ashland Rubber Works)
ASHLAND, OHIO, U. S. A.

FAULTLESS "Wearever" REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. RUBBER GOODS

(Continued from Page 130)

Brown—of course I know that ain't his name—wants to see me he can, easy. I don't turn my nose up at anyone, no matter how rich he is.

"But I won't go down to Wall Street a-chasin' of Brown. I haven't got anything I'm tryin' to sell him. I don't give a dum whether I do business with him or not. If he was interested in my churn that would be a little different. But you say he wouldn't be, so I've got to take your word for it.

"Dabney, I've always cal'lated if I had somethin' the other feller wanted bad enough he'd come to me for it. So Brown can be governed accordin'ly. I don't particularly care about money, but I don't aim to sell anything for less'n it's worth. You can tell him that too; and I won't do business with understrappers."

"But why, Dunlap?"

"Because I want to know who I'm dealin' with. Maybe I wouldn't like this Brown. Maybe he's not the kind of feller I'd care to sell Ashaluna sluice to."

"How childish, Dunlap! What possible difference could it make whether you happened to like Mr. Brown or not?"

"It'd make jest this difference, that if I didn't like him I wouldn't sell the sluice—no, I wouldn't sell him a single rock out of the river bed—fer all the money he's got. But, by golly, Dabney, if I did like him I might sell to him cheaper than I would to someone else! Maybe I'm childish. That's my business. You give Mr. Brown my kindest regards, Dabney, and tell him what I say. You tell him my churn's the best ——"

Poor Dabney seized his hat and made his escape. The interview tried his soul. He could no more understand Judson Dunlap than he could read a book in Hindustani. Half an hour later he reported, fuming and scolding, to Eggleston.

"Of all the pig-headed, impossible, illogical chumps I ever met, that man Dunlap is the worst!"

"I gather then that you haven't as yet concluded the purchase of the Ashaluna property." Eggleston was a trifle contemptuous. He was a brusquer type than his partner. "L. J.'ll be pleased."

"L. J. will probably have a fit, Egg. I rather think he'll have two fits if I give him the message Dunlap sent him."

"Dunlap sent him a message? Then you told Dunlap ——"

"Nothing! I referred to L. J. as Mr. Brown. Dunlap knows Brown is a fictitious name, of course, but he's determined to meet him face to face. He's a queer one. Keeps talking about a churn. Has it with him too—great awkward contrivance done up with paper and string enough to build a circus tent. I used your car for a moving van to get him and his goods over to a hotel in Eleventh Street and scandalized your men so they will doubtless resign before the end of the week. Dunlap called the footman a he chambermaid and made other remarks about persons of your sort, whom he holds in deep contempt."

Eggleston smiled at his partner's discomfiture. Evidently Dabney wasn't the type to deal successfully with Dunlap.

"I guess you went about it wrong. L. J.'d laugh us out of his office if we admitted we couldn't handle this fellow."

"He's got several hearty laughs coming to him," grumbled Dabney. "He'll have to go to this fellow in person or this deal won't go through. Listen, Egg, L. J.'s got to qualify. Get that? J. Dunlap won't do business with representatives—calls 'em understrappers; and he won't traffic with L. J. himself unless he likes him. What do you know about that?"

"I thought you were a better diplomat, Dab. I guess I'll have to take a hand."

"I wish you joy, Egg. You haven't a chance. This man is absolutely indifferent to money. He's crazy! He's come to New York on some secret errand that he didn't confide to me. Then he's got that damn churn ——"

"What about the churn?"

"Wants someone to buy it or finance it, and thinks Mr. Brown, as we called L. J., would probably be much more interested in it than he is in the water power if he could only have a chance to show him its merits."

"Well, great Scott, Dab, have you parted with your wits? Why the devil didn't you tell him we were crazy about his churn? That's the most direct way to his heart—like a mother's child. You certainly overlooked a bet that time."

"Oh, who the deuce wants to bother with his old churn? L. J. isn't paying us to get him into the churn business. What we want is the water power."

"Yes, of course. But the churn is the short cut. Seems to me anyone could have seen that. I've a notion if you buy the churn this Dunlap would throw in the sluice property with it. Or maybe he wants someone to start a churn business and give him an interest. We could do that, provided he'd come through with the other proposition."

"You'll have a nice time making old L. J. see it in that light."

"L. J. isn't anyone's fool, Dab."

"And you're going to have a dickens of a time getting L. J. to visit our churn king at his hotel."

"No need of it. I'll drop in and see Dunlap this afternoon and talk churns to his heart's content, and he'll forget all about Mr. Brown."

Dabney wagged his head.

"You'll see!" he croaked. "You haven't been up against this fellow."

Eggleston saw—just as his partner predicted. He telephoned Jud and called on him that afternoon by appointment.

"My partner says you have a very interesting proposition in the shape of a patent churn," began Eggleston.

"I didn't think it interested him very much."

"No? Well, Dabney has an odd way of showing how enthusiastic he really is sometimes. I thought I'd like to know more about your churn."

"You think maybe Mr. Brown would care about it?" asked Judson brightly.

"Why, I'm not sure he wouldn't. Mr. Brown is a very keen business man. If the churn has possibilities for profit I believe he would be only too glad to have the matter investigated."

"You mean he'd look into it personally?"

"Why, he would employ people who are experts in such matters. Mr. Brown would hardly wish to judge the thing of his own knowledge. His acquaintance with churns and their requirements is limited."

"Well, mine ain't. I could explain to him as good as any expert. You let me talk to him ten minutes and I'll show him."

"That will be impossible, Dunlap, as Mr. Dabney told you."

"All right," said Dunlap. "He don't have to, I cal'late."

"Perhaps you will explain it to me then. I may be able to make it clear to Mr. Brown so that there will be no need ——"

"What's the use of me wastin' your time, Mr. Eggleston? Dabney says and you say Mr. Brown can't take time to come here to talk to me. Let's forgit it. I don't want to bother him. It must be turrible to be so busy as him."

Dunlap rose and held out a hand. Eggleston felt himself dismissed with much the same curtness that the great L. J. himself would have displayed. There was a decidedly here's-your-hat-what's-your-hurry note in the woodman's manner. Eggleston was as mad as his partner had been earlier the same day, and quite as effectively inhibited from showing it.

He looked Dunlap in the eye and could have sworn he saw a glint of amusement. Could this big oaf be laughing at him?

"Good-by, Mr. Dunlap," he said a trifle stiffly. "I'll probably call you up soon. I think you're taking rather a peculiar stand in this matter. If you will allow yourself to be guided by men whose experience qualifies them to assist you ——"

"Thanks," said Jud. "That's nice. I'll call on you if I really feel I need any steerin'. I've known considerable many guides myself and I always figured the guidee had to pay what the service was worth. But New York's the same to me as the woods is to you, so I s'pose I may have to sing out. F'r instance, what would be the quickest way f'r me to go from here up to the Union League Club?"

"Why—why—I suppose your best way would be to get a taxicab. Let me see, what time would you care to go there?"

"I had an invitation to take supper with a couple of gentlemen. I s'pose I'd ought to be on hand about six."

"I should be pleased to send my car for you."

"Much obliged, Mr. Eggleston, but I guess you needn't bother. I thought there might be some car ——"

"Go over to Fifth Avenue and take the bus," said Eggleston sulkily, and departed.

"And I'll bet you," he scolded when he reported the ill success of his visit, "that chap's going to dine with some of the Mogridge crowd."

"No takers," replied Dabney.

He was sorry in one way to see his partner return defeated, but on the other hand he was slyly amused at Eggleston's discomfiture.

"Eggy," he said, "there's nothing like a little of the old diplomacy, eh? Dunlap's a good subject to practice on. When you've made a dent in him you qualify for a peace-conference job. Jud believes in open covenants openly arrived at, I should say. None of that secret stuff in his."

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Eggleston. "L. J.'ll be on the warpath in the morning. What are we going to say?"

"Blessed if I know, Egg. Perhaps it's another matter for the office diplomat. But you will have to put one idea over strong, whether you use the language of diplomacy or cold, brutal words of one syllable: If Jordan expects to get control of the Ashaluna situation he's got to see Mr. Judson Dunlap—and make it snappy!"

VIII

IT WAS true that Jud's appointment that evening was with a representative of the opposition. He journeyed to the Union League Club as Eggleston had suggested, by bus, where he expected to meet a certain Mr. Vail, another of those who had previously tried to deal with him at home. As soon as he was settled comfortably at the Eleventh Street hotel he had telephoned Mr. Vail. Mr. Vail was delighted and insisted on Jud's company at dinner that night.

"I guess I better move round a little and see how folks do things," the woodman had told himself. "Probably this Union League is a right nice place. Seem's if I remember seein' it when the division marched up Fifth Avenue. But there's one thing I'm goin' to do first. Gosh! I wisht I was a better writer."

Jud went into the writing room of the hotel and wrought painstakingly with a pen that kept catching its point in the paper and doing other annoying things:

"Dear Mary: I arrived in New York last evening and hasten to drop you a line. I looked for Beverly telephone number but could not find enny in book I was sure was yours, so if you want I should call to see you pleas send me a line to this hotel, Mr. Judson Dunlap, care Hotel ——, and I will get it all right. I thought I would not go to your house without you invited me for fear you mite be out or have company or maybe rather hear from me instead of me busting in on you when you didn't expecked me. We can have a good ole talk and I want to know were the pictures are and statures you said was in the musium and also take you to some movie or other form of entertainment as promised. Hoping to hear from you real soon. Yours truly, JUD."

With this momentous communication off his chest, Jud departed for the Union League. The door man was inclined to send him round to the tradesmen's entrance until Jud told him with whom he had a dinner appointment, whereupon the man became suddenly gracious and unlimbered a vocabulary consisting largely of sirs. Judson, half an hour early, waited in a large chair in the strangers' room, from which he could see many of the goers and comers, amusing himself by guessing who among them bore distinguished names like Rockefeller, Vanderbilt or Jordan.

"Maybe if that Mr. Brown knowed who I was to eat with to-night he'd think it was worth while to call at the hotel," he mused.

Mr. Vail presently arrived, accompanied by a brisk little man of about middle age, whom he introduced as Mr. Mogridge—Mr. Jacob Mogridge, president of the Intercontinental Pulp and Paper Company, of whom Mr. Dunlap might have heard. Mr. Dunlap certainly had heard about Mr. Mogridge and knew a good deal about his company. He didn't like Mr. Mogridge's company, which had rather a bad reputation back where Jud came from. The Intercontinental owned tremendous tracts of timberland and several great mills. Its legislative record was one of intimidation and lobbying. Many people regarded the Intercontinental as an octopus with a full equipment of tentacles and an ink-throwing ability second to that of no other concern in the octopusing business.

"I thought you'd like to know whom I represented," said Mr. Vail as soon as the three men were seated and dinner had been ordered. "I must ask you, however, to hold the matter in the strictest confidence. Mr. Mogridge desired to meet you, believing that much time would be saved by doing so."

"That's all right," said Jud.

He eyed Mr. Mogridge narrowly. That gentleman certainly managed to conceal his cloven hoof most skillfully. He was a mild little man with a thin voice. He ate only crackers and milk with a dish of stewed fruit on the side. Jud had expected to see nothing short of terrapin or canvasback duck consumed at this meal. Vail contented himself with a thick soup, roast beef and a cup of coffee.

Jud was urged to select whatever he wanted from the menu. He had hoped his picking of viands would be done for him, and now had some difficulty with the names. The prices bothered him, too, for somehow he couldn't bring himself to order dishes listed at more than a dollar, in spite of the known wealth of his hosts.

"Aw, I guess—I guess—I guess I'll take some soup too," he had decided when Vail chose purée of green peas, "and some—some—some ham and aigs. Feller can't go fur wrong orderin' ham and aigs."

"As I have an engagement early this evening," began Mogridge, breaking crackers into his milk, "I suggest we get down to business while we eat. Mr. Dunlap will pardon the suggestion, I trust."

"That's my idee too," agreed Jud. "This is first-class soup."

"You have a good water-power site, Mr. Dunlap, according to the reports of our engineers. You have also a small farm. Your timberlands have little value, owing to the fact that most of the stuff has been cut off. Ordinarily your property would be worth fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars at the very outside."

Jud said nothing, but performed an optical analysis of his ham and aigs.

"We believe that by the expenditure of large sums we can develop ——"

"I know," said Jud. "A water power to generate electric current for running a trolley-car line or a lightin' plant in some city miles away; and the cost of buildin' a dam and puttin' up a power station and runnin' a line o' wires will be so great that it don't leave nothin' much to pay the owner of the backbone of the whole scheme."

Mr. Mogridge looked dazed.

"Of course," said Jud, "your plan's a heap bigger'n what you cal'late to tell me, but I ain't got money to employ engineers and surveyors to figure out just how big it really is. I can only be sure of one thing, and that is that whatever you offer me ain't goin' to be within' forty rows of apple trees of the real value.

"Now I didn't come to New York to sell Ashaluna sluice. Not that I ain't willin' to sell it, of course, but I had another errand here. I've got a churn—say, Mr. Vail, might I trouble you for the pepper?"

"A churn?" queried Mogridge.

"A churn—and a right good one."

There is no need to follow Judson Dunlap in the elucidation of the advantages of the Dunlap Patent Reciprocal Churn. It is enough to say that Mr. Mogridge and Mr. Vail, seeing the hopelessness of divorcing the churn from the water-power enterprise, finally agreed to visit Jud's room at his hotel and view the butter-making device, permit Jud to explain it and consider seriously the matter of its exploitation as a commercial proposition. It was the best they could do—and they recognized the necessity for concessions. The possibilities of the Ashaluna sluice development were too important to be jeopardized by appearing to treat the churn slightingly.

Thus it happened that Mr. Willis Dabney, seeking Mr. Judson Dunlap, observed in front of a certain hotel on Eleventh Street next day a town car of exotic make and almost prohibitive cost. Dabney knew that car. It was not necessary for him to read the initials J. M. on the door to tell him it was the property of the president of Intercontinental Pulp and Paper. Using one or two carefully selected profanities, Dabney climbed back into his own car and returned to the office, where without loss of time he sought his partner.

"Egg," he said, "the beans are spilled unless we get to L. J. right away. Mogridge is at this moment—or he was twenty minutes ago—in conference with our friend Dunlap at his hotel. If Dunlap sells Mogridge his churn, good night! The Ashaluna goes with it."

"And yesterday I had to tell you just that," complained Eggleston. "We haven't

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worked fast enough and the chief is going to be terribly annoyed. This Ashaluna project is his especial pet and to have Mogridge beat him will about break his heart. You hurry over to the office and see if you can get L. J.'s ear and explain the situation."

"How about the firm's special diplomatic expert?"

"Oh, go on!" said Eggleston. "You do as I say or you can be sure our connection with L. J. will be mighty short-lived. Say, I guess it might be just as well if we were both to go."

Mr. Mogridge and Mr. Vail meanwhile were listening with a simulated interest to the description of Jud's churn. They allowed the inventor to unwrap the machine and set it up and to explain with considerable minuteness the principle of its operation. Finally, Mr. Mogridge admitted, without knowing a thing about it, that the churn was a wonderful contrivance and offered Jud ten thousand dollars for his patents, cash on the nail.

"What are you goin' to do with it if I sell it to you?" demanded Jud.

"That remains to be seen," replied Mogridge. "Of course this offer for the churn patents is contingent upon your acceptance of our previous offer for the Ashaluna property."

"Wouldn't you agree to build a factory and go to makin' churns?"

Mogridge said he didn't see that such assurance was necessary.

"Then we can't do no business—at least not right now," said Jud.

He rose and made it quite evident that the interview was at an end. Mogridge perceived that he had been a trifle too abrupt and began to hedge.

"Of course some provision might be made when it comes to the final contract ——"

"Well, we'll see, we'll see," said Jud in the same here's-your-hat tone which had proved so discomfiting to Dabney and Eggleston. Mogridge, president of perhaps the largest company of its kind in the world, a director in a score of corporations, wealthy, powerful, who had actually condescended to visit this untutored child of Nature in an obscure hotel, felt himself dismissed.

As a matter of fact, Jud did not like Mogridge. He had taken plenty of time to study him and now believed that beneath a studiedly harmless mask the man concealed a sinister and scheming personality. His meeting with Mogridge had justified his stand in reference to Mr. Brown. He wasn't going to traffic with anyone he couldn't trust. Maybe it was just a notion, but that was the way Jud was built.

Another thing he had gained from his interviews with Mogridge was a sure knowledge that he had something of instant cash value. It wasn't the churn, he could see that. Mogridge didn't care anything about the churn. All the capitalist wanted was the water power and he was willing to take the churn patents at a good price in order to put through the power deal. Jud was stubborn enough to believe in the churn and to want to sell it on its own merits. It represented something of which he could be proud, something which expressed a side of his character, an aptitude, something he himself had created.

As for the water power, he wasn't sure he wanted to see the landscape all cluttered up with industry. He took very little stock in the glibly recited electric-power proposition. Something much bigger—just how much bigger he couldn't tell—lay behind it. There were great forces at work under some sort of camouflage. He realized that Mogridge was too important a man to bother with anything that was not of tremendous scope. He also suspected that the person represented by Eggleston and Dabney was quite as important as Mogridge—probably more so.

"Let 'em wiggle," he said to himself. "I don't have to worry."

Shortly after the departure of Mogridge and Vail, Jud inquired at the desk for mail and got a note that for a moment upset his calmness. It came so promptly. He had expected it, and yet it surprised him. After all there wasn't any special reason why Mary Beverly should give him any of her time. It was mighty nice of her, and—gosh, how he did want to see her! Mary Beverly wrote:

"*Dear Jud:* I was lucky to be at home when you wrote, because our house is usually closed at this time of year. Our summer place is being renovated and the work has been delayed on account of the slowness and scarcity of workmen. So we are staying in the town house. I'd like to have you come to see me, but my evenings and afternoons are all taken for a week ahead.

"But I'll tell you what. Meet me Thursday morning at the main entrance of the Art Museum on Fifth Avenue. Take the bus that goes to One Hundred and Tenth Street and you'll know when you come to the Museum. I will plan to be there at ten o'clock. If this isn't convenient let me know. Sincerely your friend,

"MARY BEVERLY."

She didn't give her telephone number and Jud wondered at her oversight, as it would be so much more convenient to communicate with her that way. Well, he was going to keep the appointment, so there was no need of his letting her know.

He was in a turmoil of anticipation. He hadn't realized he was going to feel this way, though the girl had been in his thoughts almost constantly all winter. She was a thousand miles from him socially and financially. Yet she represented things that he instinctively cared about. She had stirred in him aspirations that had led him as yet nowhere at all except into a maze of doubts regarding himself and his future. His acquaintance with her had raised questions, had disturbed that calm satisfaction with which he had viewed life in Ashaluna upon his return from the war. Hundreds of times through the winter and spring problems had risen in his mind for which no solution was apparent. He had found himself always saying:

"I wish Mary was here. I'd like to talk that over with her. She's been places. She knows heaps. She's a smart one."

Now he was going to be face to face with the girl and have an opportunity to ask some of those questions. He became panic-stricken. It occurred to him that he had no right to make her in any degree responsible for his decisions. He must make those decisions himself with the aid of such information as he could get from all sources. Mary could help him, but he must not hold her accountable. It would be a childish thing to do, and Jud abhorred childishness.

He surveyed himself in his mirror and perceived that something was wrong with his appearance. Jud was no fool. A day or two of association with men who knew how to dress had resulted in an increasingly uncomfortable feeling that he didn't harmonize. This realization led him instantly to think of Mary—first because she would very likely be ashamed of him. Common sense told him that he was a more presentable figure at home in the rough habiliments of his daily work than he was here in New York dressed up in the store clothes that had been his before his enlistment and had now been dug out of retirement to grace his visit to the metropolis. Plainly he needed new clothes—but, darn it, what kind? Clothes cost money, so his purchases must be selected with care or he'd buy the wrong things, and—he didn't know how.

The thought of showing up at the Metropolitan Museum in his present costume gave him deep concern. He just couldn't do it. Those yaller shoes in themselves were enough to make him a common laughingstock. And yet if he went to a store and cast himself on the mercy of some salesman he feared for the result. He thought he'd better call off his appointment with Mary after all. In spite of the warm color effect of his shoes his feet were distinctly chilly. His cogitations were disturbed by the ringing of his room telephone.

"Hello! Yes, this is Mr. Dunlap. All right, send him up."

"Him" was Austin Parsons Duley, another one of those who had visited Jud to dicker for the purchase of Ashaluna sluice and the Dunlap farm. Jud liked Duley quite as well as any of the others, in fact a little better; but Duley had made no more headway than his rivals.

"Well now," said Jud, "I'm glad to see you, Duley."

In fact the young man did look good to Jud, because in him he saw a possibility.

"I suppose you're ready to talk business about that property of yours," said Duley briskly.

"No, I ain't," said Jud. "I want you should do me a favor though."

"With pleasure, Mr. Dunlap."

Duley grinned and showed a set of even white teeth. His eyes were gray and clear, his skin wholesomely tinted. He was a plump young man, with what he often humorously termed sorrel hair. He exuded an atmosphere of prosperity largely on account of his clothes. He wore a brown suit in a quiet pattern, yet of modish cut. His shirt possessed thin brown stripes on a white ground. His tie was in a differing but well-blended shade of brown. From his pocket peeped a fine linen handkerchief with a brown border.

Duley wore tan shoes, low cut, which exposed ankles clad in brown silk hose. He affected no jewelry. When he removed his hat he revealed the fact that his hair was parted low on the left side and brushed back very smoothly, giving him a sleek and recently bathed appearance. His well-selected apparel, coupled with a friendly manner and a ready smile, gave him an advantage in personality which Jud Dunlap was quick to appreciate.

"I'll tell you," he said, "I'm too much of a rube. These clothes I'm wearin' would have looked all right on my grandpop, but they must make folks think kind of small of me. You're a right good-appearin' rooster, Duley. You've got a kind of an air about you. I ain't sayin' that the duds you'd pick out for yourself would do for me, but you got ideas. Where do you get your clothes?"

"I'll take you round to my tailor if you like," ventured Duley, only too glad to confer any benefit that would make a favorable impression on the woodsman.

"Tailors is too high priced, and besides they take too long. Ain't there some store you and I could go to and I could git me a suit and a shirt or two and such things with you to help me pick 'em out? I'm scared to go by myself and leave it to a clerk."

Thus by the end of that day Judson Dunlap laid aside forever the knobby-toed shoes, the suit with the eye-intriguing stripe, the violently chromatic shirt and the vitreous-surfaced collar. In place of these things he wore a modest but sufficiently stylish outfit of which the chief virtue was that it would never cause a passer-by to turn and smile.

"There, Duley, that's a real favor," said Jud. "Now I guess we can talk business. Who's your boss?"

"I am. I don't represent anyone but myself."

"Know anything about churns?"

"No; why?"

"I got a churn," said Dunlap.

"Let's look at it," replied Duley promptly. "Is it any good?"

IX

WHATEVER may have been the expectations or misgivings of Miss Mary Beverly concerning her appointment with Jud Dunlap, she certainly had no reason to complain of his appearance. Austin Parsons Duley had done an excellent job. As a matter of fact, the big fellow looked better than she would have said it was possible for him to look. He came swiftly up the broad museum steps to meet her with a confident stride, his face spread in a broad grin of happiness.

"Jud!" cried the girl. "Isn't it wonderful to see you here?"

"I dunno. Considerable different from the place we shook hands in last, I cal'late."

"What are you doing in New York?"

"Don't know exactly. Lookin' for art just now. Know where there's some good art we can look at? Somethin' as good as what I see in the Loover?"

"How's the painting, Jud?"

"Not well at all, Mary. In fact, I should say it was in a bad way. If I wasn't a pig-headed mule I'd prob'ly give up the idea and forget it. But I stand to make a little money off'n my churn or somethin' and I didn't know but I could spend some of it indulgin' my foolish notion that I could learn to paint."

Mary hoped fervently that the countryman had not come to New York on account of anything she had said during her winter trip to Ashaluna. She was too well aware of the disappointments in store even for those of demonstrated talent to wish to see the untried and presumably heavy-fingered Dunlap waste his money and effort in the futile pursuit of a muse whose favors were sought in vain by so many. She liked Jud, but she liked him as a master of woodcraft, a manufacturer of churns, a rough diamond in a crude setting. She questioned if his persistent friendship here in New York would not become a weariness, not to say a positive nuisance.

When she had received the note announcing his presence in town it had startled her. The lapse of months had served to dispel the glamour which a couple days of accidental association with Dunlap had created, and as the vividness of her experience in Ashaluna became less acute the big woodsman was thought of more infrequently.

Still the girl was too honest not to recognize a distinct debt of gratitude to Jud. The man had made an extraordinary effort on her behalf and utterly refused any reward commensurate with the service performed. There was now therefore an ineradicable conviction that some day he would claim something. He must realize that she was under an obligation, even though it were only to continue a friendship which social difference might render at times bothersome or quite embarrassing.

Now he had bobbed up over the horizon in a fashion thoroughly unexpected. Mary Beverly's inclination was a divided one. It would be a simple matter to ignore his note, for she felt that Jud was too sensitive to be impervious to a deliberate snub. But Mary was not sufficiently ungenerous to snub him. Furthermore, she had a teasing desire to see the man again. She wondered how he would conduct himself in an atmosphere so foreign to his nature or experience. She wondered if he would be a regular stage yokel—ridiculous, grotesque, a creature of unrestrained wonderments and crude comment on men and things. The element of risk was not to be thoughtlessly disregarded. Mary Beverly didn't want to be made the laughingstock of her acquaintances. Jud's inopportune appearance at her home might readily cause her a deal of chagrin, and this she determined to avoid.

On the other hand Mary Beverly was keen enough to discern in Jud an unusual and original spirit. He was too promising to be thrown lightly aside until his possibilities had been given a chance of development. Once upon a time she had told him that he was a feather in her cap. He might turn out to be a discovery. Novelties are all too rare in the lives of those who seek them, and much of Mary Beverly's time had been spent in the pursuit of the exotic and bizarre.

There was certainly nothing bizarre in Jud's appearance when he met her that morning at the Metropolitan Museum. His garments were in perfectly good taste without being at all obtrusive. Mary would not have been altogether surprised to find the man wearing a plaid Mackinaw or corduroy trousers tucked into top boots. She suspected that his independence of others' opinions might well lead him to some extreme. She had even formed a tentative plan of managing him in such a case. But the unobjectionable blue serge, felt hat, black shoes and quietly patterned haberdashery dispelled any misgivings.

"You're looking awfully well," she said, guiding him through the portal.

"That's good. I'd hoped you'd think so. I didn't want to make you ashamed o' me, Mary. If they's anything wrong about this rig you be a good feller and say what it is so I can fix it. I wasn't aimin' to put on no dog, but I'd hate to have folks turn and grin at me. Home if anyone done that I'd pretty soon show 'em where they got off, but I wouldn't think it was just the thing to clutter up this museum with casualties for no such reason. My sakes, but this is a right handsome buildin', Mary! I suppose it's chuck full o' she doovers from cellar to garret. You go right ahead and steer me round and show me what you think I'd ought to see."

Two hours later Mary Beverly was surprised to hear her companion announce that he guessed he'd seen full enough for one day. At that he hadn't seen such a tremendous amount. But Jud Dunlap took everything seriously. Hardly had he been in the museum ten minutes when he fell into a contemplative silence. Mary Beverly at first attempted some superficial explanations as they passed from room to room, but she soon found silence the better part.

"Don't think," said Jud, "I ain't payin' attention to what you say. I be. But I can't seem to find anything to say back. I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me, because I feel too darn small when I keep on sayin', 'Yes, it's grand.' 'Hain't that beeyutiful!' What's the use of tryin' to say what can't be said? I simply ain't fit to express any opinion of such things. I guess you understand."

Mary Beverly thought she appreciated the beautiful, and numbered among her friends many who were competent to discuss learnedly matters of art or letters.

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Barclay

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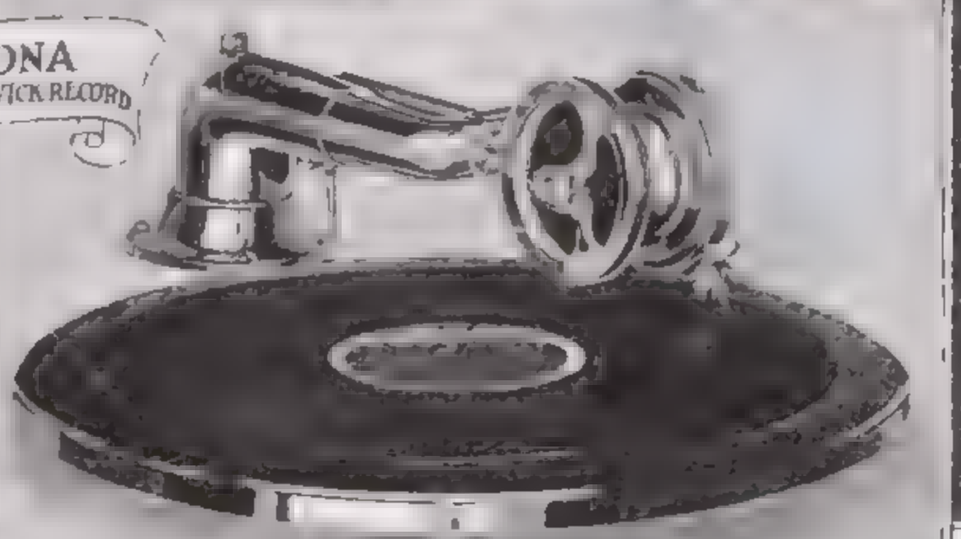

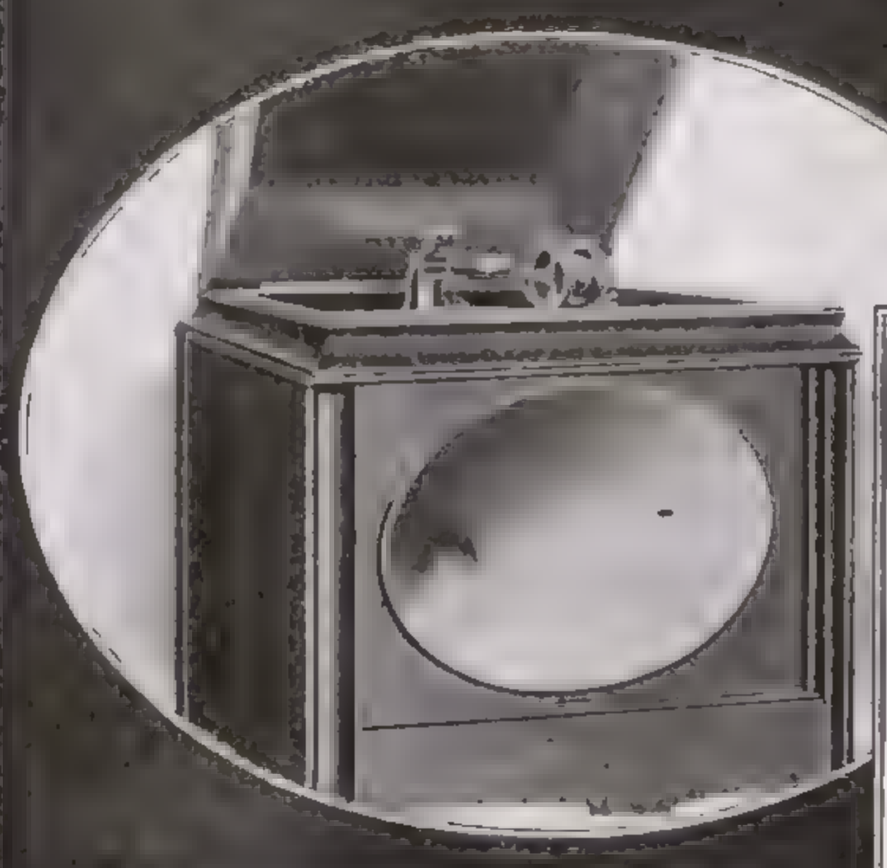

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The House of Brunswick has introduced several dominant betterments. First came The Ultona, our all-record reproducer. It brought a phonograph that would play *all* records at their best. Previously, each phonograph favored only its own make of records. That meant limitations or bothersome attachments to the record.

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We suggest also that you hear Brunswick Records, which likewise bring improvements. You'll want to add some to your collection. Brunswick Records can be played on any phonograph with steel or fibre needle.

The nearest Brunswick dealer will be glad to play this super-instrument for you—so that you will know by comparison that it offers new delights.

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Brunswick
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

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She now acknowledged that never before had she contemplated the essence of enjoyment. Jud was not critical, because he was ignorant. But the man's ignorance was not dull or crass. He would stand for minute after minute before some picture whose subtleties he could not analyze, gazing at it with the awe of one who observes a thing holy and mysterious. Then uncommenting he would pass on.

The soft and reverent silences of those endless chambers of beauty seemed to affect him as the dim shadows of a cathedral affect the devotee. It dawned upon Mary Beverly that so might one stand in a forest aisle upon a summer afternoon and ponder, concerning the inscrutabilities of Nature. And then she knew that this man was having his great moments—moments that would never come to him again. In him was being wrought the chemistry of a soul emerging out of childhood. She remembered that day in the churn shop when she had sketched Jud's portrait and wondered what he had ever done with the picture. Had he thrown it away as something of little worth, a clever trick, an illusion of exaggerated technic? Or had he perhaps kept it as a reminder, with a little of inspiration and a great deal of truth in its hastily laid-in brush strokes? She meant to ask him. Something told her that this morning's experience was a fitting sequel to the snowy day when the big woodsman had unburdened his mind concerning the meaning of ambition.

"I guess we better be gettin' outside for a while," said Jud. "You hadn't ought to feed a young child too much rich food."

They descended the stairs, passed through the colonnaded vestibule and emerged into the sunshine.

"We better eat, I suppose," the man suggested. "Hungry, Mary?"

Mary Beverly had a luncheon engagement, so she proposed that they walk as far as the Plaza. The warmth of early summer was mellow in the gentle breezes stealing out of the green stretches of park to the westward.

"This is nice," commented Jud. "Kind of tame, but turrible pretty."

Still he said nothing about his impressions of the museum. The two hours spent there had sufficed for but a few of the rooms.

"You'll want to see more soon," ventured Mary Beverly.

"Sure! But not till I've had time to think over what I've seen to-day. Look here, Mary, your feelin's ain't hurt, I hope, because I don't rave about all you've showed me this mornin'."

"Why, Jud, how foolish of you! Of course not!"

"Shows you're real sensible. I felt's if anythin' I said would be sort of sloppin' over. I—I tell you, Mary, I never had the same sensations before, 'cept when I see the Loover, and then the buddies I went with was kind of joshin' and skylarkin'. It took all the seriousness out of it. With you, I had an idea you knowed how I felt."

"Heaven help me," thought Mary Beverly, "I'm in for it! I'm a kindred soul! Affinity to a cinnamon bear!"

To Jud she said, "I suppose it's natural if one has the artistic temperament."

"Is that what you call it? Strikes me as right comical. Why, look at my hands, will you? Bigger'n all outdoors and hard as gutta-perchy. Imagine that paintin' a sunset! I guess churn builder's temper'ment'd be nearer."

"You haven't told me anything about your churn, Jud. I suppose that is what brought you to New York."

"It's what's goin' to keep me here if I cal'late to stay any length of time. Well, I got a feller interested in it. Don't know how much money he's got or what kind of a deal we can make. He's a right pleasant young New Yorker; name's Duley."

"Not Austin Parsons Duley?"

"That's him. Do you know him?"

"Why, I know—I know of him. I've heard my—I've heard people speak of him."

"Did you ever hear anyone say he was smart?"

"Yes, I think so. But he's not considered one of the big men. He's young and—I guess he is quite all right. His position socially is unquestioned."

"I'm glad o' that. I wouldn't want to do business with anybody that might use the wrong fork."

Mary Beverly knew Jud was making fun of her and glanced up sidewise to catch a glint of watchful amusement in the blue eyes. It came over her that she wasn't at the moment in the wilds of Ashaluna and there was no necessity of allowing the woodsman's presumption to go unchecked.

"Knowing which is the right fork isn't an unmixed disadvantage, Mr. Dunlap!"

"Oh, sho! 'Course it ain't," agreed Jud serenely. "I wouldn't wonder if it was a pretty sure way to git ahead in New York. Just this minute I'd be pleased to have the use of any fork, so I could find somethin' to use it for. I wisht you could go somewheres and eat with me."

Mary Beverly wondered how deeply her remark had sunk home. Jud was too cool a hand to permit her to see just how it affected him inside.

"Some other day," she said easily.

"I'll be careful about the forks," Dunlap assured her.

At this Mary sensed a feeling of defeat. She couldn't explain it, but this clumsy fellow always had her at a disadvantage. It was the same on Fifth Avenue as in the forest. If she were to find herself with him at the opera she suspected her knowledge of the score, her social experience, her carefully developed savoir would still serve as no more than a flimsy bulwark against the almost ruthless directness of Judson Dunlap. It was sheer personality. He dominated because he was made by his Creator to dominate.

Certain Wall Street men could have told Mary Beverly that they felt the same odd masterful atmosphere in the man. Figures of the importance of Jacob Mogridge, for instance, were not accustomed to being received and dismissed with that good-humored informal curtness. It was their prerogative to be curt, not the other fellow's.

Eggleston remarked to his partner that he hadn't a doubt old L. J. would end up by seeking Dunlap.

"What else can he do? He'd better, too, if he knows which side his bread's buttered on—and he hasn't much time to lose. Young Duley's getting into the game now. I don't like that fellow much. You never can tell. A small chap can wriggle through a hole a big man is likely to ignore."

Dabney and Eggleston had been trying for twenty-four hours to get the ear of L. J. L. J. was tied up in a series of important conferences—something having to do with the refinancing of certain European Powers. The two partners were at their wits' end, feeling that if the Ashaluna deal fell through they would ultimately be blamed.

Meanwhile having passed that illuminating morning at the Metropolitan and having said good-by to Mary Beverly until such time as she might find it convenient to accompany him on another excursion into the realms of art, Judson Dunlap dined lonesomely upon the ruddy-hued corned beef of New York.

"Seems's if I'd give a whole lot for some real home-pickled corned beef," he complained to himself. "This salt-petered stuff hain't got hardly the right taste to it."

He left the palace of nickel and tiling and sought his hotel. Duley was coming there at two-thirty to talk things over and Jud looked forward to the meeting with considerable pleasure. He liked Duley better each time he saw him, for the simple reason that Duley wasn't always trying to crowd him. Jud did not propose to be hurried, and suspected the eagerness of those who would close the Ashaluna deal offhand reflected a desire to obtain the property for a low price. Jud was not grasping, but he intended to take his own time. As he had said many times, the Ashaluna wasn't going to move.

Austin Parsons Duley showed up promptly, took off his coat and hung it on a hook on the inside of Jud's bathroom door and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Pretty warm to-day," he observed, lighting a cigarette. "How'd you get along this forenoon? Find the chap you were going to meet all right?"

"Sure! Had a grand time. Tell you 'bout it sometime. Did you see that feller you was after?"

"Sure! He'll be round between four and five if you can manage to be here. He's interested."

"How much do you cal'late he'll give for the patents?"

"Oh, you can make your own bargain with him! He has plenty of money—one of these big mail-order fellows. If he buys the thing he'll have a Dunlap churn in every farmhouse in the United States inside of two or three years."

"That's what I want. I see my own mother a-slavin' with an ol'-fashion' churn year after year till I was big enough to help her, and believe me, butter makin' ain't no easy job, even with the best o' conveniences. 'Tain't as bad as it was years ago—and with this churn o' mine it really ain't work at all. I wouldn't wonder if city folks would buy this thing, made in small sizes. The high cost o' butter'll drive 'em to it. When you can take a little ordinary milk and make enough butter for a family in a few minutes, who's goin' to pay seventy-five cents a pound to a store, hey?"

"Don't ask me," smiled Duley. "I don't know anything about making butter. Anything mechanical gives me the willies. A man who could invent a contrivance like that is away out of my class, Dunlap. By the way, how do you like your clothes?"

"Fine, Duley, jest fine! Nobody give me the giggle to-day, you bet! See here, I be'n wastin' a lot of your time and I s'pose you have to git a livin' same as other folks."

"Do I look as if I subsisted on dreams? Hardly!"

Duley's face was round with good living. If he had been an artist's model painters of those jovial monks of medieval days would have found him greatly to their liking.

"If this feller buys the churn I'd ought to do the right thing by you," said Jud.

"I suppose I might have charged a commission for introducing you to that clothier too," suggested the New Yorker.

"'Twouldn't be no more'n fair. However, I don't cal'late to see you lose money on my account. But I have to move slow. Now suppose you and me talk over this sluice proposition a little. I ain't fool enough to think you're any less crazy about it than them other fellers. Let's sort of git to the bottom of the thing so we'll be workin' with a clean slate."

"That's the way to talk, Dunlap. I've been waiting for you to suggest it. At the start, then, what do you believe it is we are all after? I mean, the different people who have come trying to buy your property?"

Dunlap pondered a moment or two before replying.

"Well," he said, "I may be wrong, but it's a bigger thing than anybody's let on. They're all so anxious—that is, them others. You don't seem to act the way they do. That there Mogridge is a whale of a man in his business, and sharper'n a razor, but pretty smooth. I don't like him much. Anyhow, I be'n doin' some figurin', and common sense tells me you got to back up a sight of water to git any kind of a head at Ashaluna sluice. I'm no engineer, but nobody except an engineer knows that whole basin as I know it, Duley. A dam at the sluice that will hold a head of water to make a power proposition worth considerin' has got to be high enough to back-flood miles and miles of country. And that's some dam. Whoever develops the Ashaluna as a water power is goin' to spend four-five million dollars easy."

Duley laughed.

"A drop in the bucket, my friend. You've guessed only a part of the truth. The plan in mind is to flood the entire Ashaluna basin."

"You don't say! Well, when you come to think of it, why not? Only that would require dams at Sullivan's Gap, Tiddividdy River and Saddlerville outlet."

"Exactly! The engineers have been working all through the basin for months. It means the building of four tremendous dams, of which that at Ashaluna sluice would be the most important; in fact, the key to the whole system. Now do you get an idea of the almost incredible scope of the scheme? Let me tell you a few of the features of the project.

"First, of course, there's the water power. With a lake sixty-five miles long and in some places forty-five miles wide, hundreds of feet deep in spots, you would have a practically unlimited water supply. To-day the countless streams that flow into the basin from the hills and mountains form a few small lakes and finally find their way to the ocean by the four different exits at Sullivan's, Tiddividdy, Saddlerville and Ashaluna. To-morrow all this water, held back, will give you at least two hundred thousand horse power at Ashaluna, which happens to be the low point and the logical location for your plant.

"The existence of such a lake means the development of numerous summer resorts, huge hotels, hunting camps, whole villages of cottages. It means half a dozen steamboat companies. It means a tremendous appreciation of real-estate values in at least twenty towns that are now back-country hamlets. It means the springing up of new industries—manufacturing of many kinds. It means a new stimulus to agriculture. It means millions of dollars in additional business for some of the railroads of this state."

"By golly!" interrupted Jud. "Don't tell me any more. A feller can't take it all in at once. Beats anything I ever dreamt of."

"Of course it does."

"But say, Duley, the basin's full of folks. What're you goin' to do? Drownd 'em all out?"

"You think the basin's full of people, but as a matter of fact it isn't. It is mostly forest land that has been cut over again and again until the timber is of negligible value. There are some farms, but they are few and far between. Already agents are going quietly about buying up property in the basin. In the end the legislature will be asked to condemn the whole area, so that the development company will be able to buy in every unacquired square foot of ground at a fair price. No one will lose a penny, but you can see what a mint must be spent by the promoters."

"Who's this development company you mentioned?"

"That remains to be seen. The history of the proposition isn't altogether clear. That is, I don't exactly know who thought of it first. Probably old L. J."

"L. J.?"

"Jordan."

"That's right, I'd ought to of guessed. Lafayette Jordan."

"The biggest man in Wall Street, Dunlap, and don't you forget it."

"Is he, though? I heard he was some pumpkins. He's got a camp in back o' Moosehorn Mountain—place called Caribou Lodge. Always havin' parties in there. I never see him, but once I run acrost ——"

"Ran across whom?"

"Oh, nobody much! Seen some o' Jordan's party wanderin' round through the woods. He entertained mostly dudes, I cal'lated."

"Wonderful man!" went on Duley. "Mogridge, of Intercontinental Pulp and Paper, would like to strengthen his hold on the Ashaluna, but Jordan's much the abler and more farsighted of the two."

"It'll take someone with a turrible lot of money to do all you say. Didn't realize anyone had that much."

"Don't worry! To assist in such a development the banks would come forward with unlimited capital, provided the right people were behind it. It remains to be seen whether L. J. or Mogridge comes out on top. Each has had surveys made. Both have already begun to buy up land in the basin. Each has acquired the rights or an option on one outlet. Mogridge controls Sullivan's Gap, Jordan holds Tiddividdy River."

"Who's got Saddlerville?"

Austin Parsons Duley grinned cheerfully.

"I have," he said.

"I might have guessed. What else have you got? Millions in cash, bankers behind you and all that?"

Duley shook his head.

"Dunlap, between you and me I've hardly more than a shoe string."

"You ain't got much chance against them big roosters, I shouldn't think."

"Is that so? You watch me! They're already worrying."

"But how in tunket did you ever ——"

Duley held up a hand.

"Wait!" he said, and went to his coat, where he obtained a package of cigarettes, lighted one and resumed his seat on the bed.

"Dunlap," he said, "I'm an adventurer in the jungles of big business. My people had considerable money at one time and my grandfather was accounted a wealthy man. The Duleys here in New York are all right, but they've been a money-spending family in the last generation or two instead of a money-making one. So when my poor old father went to his reward he didn't leave a great deal, and even that was divided into rather small portions, because I have a mother and two sisters.

"I went through college and started out to be a business man. I got a job in a bank and from there went into a stock-exchange house as a clerk. I was able to swing the house a good deal of business because of my social connections, so they were glad to have me there at a good salary. But I got uneasy. You know a chap can always imagine when he's doing

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Everybody is Planning to Go

The *New* Remington Automatic

The new Remington .380-caliber Automatic Pistol is a light, compact arm built to shoot straight and hard—completely safe, made so by three safety devices, one of which is an exclusive Remington patent. One caliber, one style, one finish. Send for Model 51 Folder.

THERE are as many kinds of places to go as there are kinds of people.

If there is one time when people show their natural tendencies, it is on vacation, away from everyday restraints.

Watch them in the woods or mountains or at the seashore. What are they doing?

Men and women are enthusiastically testing their skill with the Automatic Pistol.

It is not a difficult arm to master, and familiarity with its use gives a certain sense of security—particularly to women.

Join the men and women, boys and girls who are shooting with the popular .22-caliber Rifle. Hear what they have to say.

Wherever you go, you find the preference is for

the .22-caliber Rifles, the Automatic Pistol, the Ammunition produced by the authority which for over 100 years has been relied on by sportsmen and hunters—*Remington.*

Talk over your vacation needs with any one of the Remington Dealers in your town. There are more than 88,000 Remington Dealers who display the Red Ball Sign of "Sportsmen's Headquarters."

For Enthusiastic and Critical Shooters

The Remington Model 12A .22-caliber Slide Action Repeating Rifle is chambered to take without any adjustment .22 Short, .22 Long and .22 Long Rifle Cartridges. Twenty-two inch Remington steel, round barrel with 16-inch twist; straight grip, walnut stock fitted with rubber buttplate. Weight, 4½ pounds. Sights regularly furnished: special step rear sight with finger piece, white metal bead sporting front sight. Length over all 39½ inches; taken down 25½ inches. Send for Model 12 Folder.

THE REMINGTON ARMS UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., Inc.

Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World

REMINGTON UMC

Remington U. M. C. of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

Woolworth Building, New York City

359 "Sun" Days Couldn't Fade this Roof

The sun shone 359 days last year in the city of Los Angeles, Cal. On 359 days—126 of them consecutively—the sun beat down with its bleaching rays, playing havoc with the colors of roof-surfaces everywhere.

Visit Los Angeles today and you will find that the buildings protected by Sta-so'd roofing ***have not faded at all;*** that every Sta-so'd roof is still distinguished by Sta-so's original, beautiful color-tones of deep Indian red or cool sage green.

Travel over the United States and you will find Sta-so'd roofing on over 350,000 homes, churches, club-houses, commercial and farm buildings. And you will find every one of these roofs as bright and colorful as ever.

For Sta-so'd roofing can never fade.

Because it is highly fire-resistant, Sta-so'd roofing takes a low rate of insurance. Because it is moderate in price, Sta-so'd roofing costs far less than tile or solid slate; no more than the best wood shingles.

Without the Sta-so label, slate-surfaced roofing may not be the genuine, fade-proof, fire-resisting Sta-so'd roofing. Insist, therefore, upon finding the Sta-so label on bundles of shingles or rolls of roofing, when buying the slate-surfaced roofing of any of the following manufacturers:

Amalgamated Roofing [illegible] Chicago Ill.
[illegible]
National Asbestos Mfg. Co.
[illegible]
Los Angeles, Cal.
Grand Rapids Mich.
[illegible]
Safepack Paper Mills, [illegible]
St Fe Products Co. [illegible]
Standard Paint Co. New York N.Y.
[illegible]
St. Louis Mo.
[illegible]
South Bend Ind.

STA-SO
NON-FADING SLATE
ROOF-SURFACE

(Continued from Page 141)

business with his friends that they're patronizing him for just that reason. I hated the idea that anyone would buy a block of stock from my employers just because I was Marston Duley's son, so I quit.

"I'm sort of a thrifty bird, Dunlap, though you might not think so. I don't run up and down Broadway scattering money to the sparrows. I try to dress in good taste and associate with people of some consequence and keep my self-respect. So I've got a few thousand dollars tucked away in Liberty Bonds and savings banks—money I got from my dad and a little I've added to it. But inside I'm a wild-eyed gambler. In college they used to pull off some pretty stiff poker parties, but I never saw the time I kicked when they removed the limit. The bigger the stakes the more fun there is in the game.

"Well, when I quit the brokerage business I thought to myself I'd take a little lay-off. I wanted to think things over a bit all by myself. So it occurred to me that I had a distant relative way up country, a connection of my mother's that I hadn't seen for years. His name is Saddler and he's the biggest citizen of Saddlerville."

"Gosh! I know old Jasper Saddler. Keeps the store and runs the post office. Deafer'n a haddick!"

"That's the man. Well, he's a fine old chap anyhow. I packed up a bag of rough clothes and some fishing tackle and blew into Saddlerville one morning in spring just after the ice had left the lakes. I got a week of wonderful fishing and my brain was rested and working like a charm. So I told myself I was ready to come back to town and plunge into things on my own, without being dependent on my friends for favors.

"Then Cousin Jasper got me into a corner the last night I was there and told me he needed advice. It seemed he'd been approached by a chap who wished to get control of Saddlerville outlet—in order, he said, to build a small woodworking plant there. Cousin Jasper has some influence and this fellow wanted him to round up the property holders and give him an option on the land on both sides of the river so he could organize a company and raise capital for his factory.

"Now, Dunlap, you know a born gambler is often governed by what we call hunches."

"Yes, I've heard about 'em. I lent a nigger in one o' them coon regiments ten dollars to shoot crap with, 'cause he said he had a hunch—I ain't never seen the ten since."

Duley paused in his rather lengthy recital and stared at the woodsman.

"You mean—you were in the service? In France?"

"Sure I was! Was you?"

Duley seized Judson's hand and shook it fervently.

"What division?" he demanded.

"Ninety-seventh—Company B, 910th Regiment Infantry. What was yours?"

"Eighty-eighth Division, 505th Regiment Engineers. I was a corporal. What were you?"

"Sergeant, b'gosh! Say, I thought all you New York swells had commissions."

"Not I, Sergeant Dunlap. I tried for Plattsburg and got thrown down. They were pretty choosy for that first camp. I could have got into the second, but I wouldn't wait. I enlisted and beat 'em to it. Saw a good deal of service and had a lot of fun. I wouldn't have missed it if I'd had to lose a couple of legs to pay for it. Still it was awful, buddy—you've got to admit it was hell!"

"You're gol-darn tootin', it was awful! Say, le's not talk business no more to-day. I'm all upsot. Me and you'd ought to celebrate some way. Le's go paint the town, old-timer!"

"But what about that chap that's coming here to buy your churn?"

"Telephone him we're called away on important business and he can't see us till to-morrow. Shucks, I ain't in no mood to dicker! I want some kind of action. Le's go see a movie, then eat a big steak and maybe take in a show this evenin'."

"Sergeant, you've said the contents of a library. Where's the telephone book?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PRAYER—By Robert Quillen

I BELIEVE in prayer. I have never prayed for anything I was unwilling to get out and sweat for, and I have learned that prayer and sweat accomplish all things. Prayer may be words gathered into a sentence, or it may be a yearning that cannot be expressed in words. No matter. The petition is not judged by its grammar or the volume of sound that accompanies it.

When Bill Sayers was saved from drowning in Howard's mill pond he frankly attributed his salvation to prayer, and yet he didn't know how to pray. Bill was crossing the pond on a foot log several feet above the water and fell in at the deepest point. He couldn't swim and he had never prayed. Before he came up the first time it occurred to him that prayer was his only chance, but when he reached the surface he couldn't think of anything to say. The second trip to the surface found him yet dumb, but the third time up desperation gave him eloquence and he blew the water out of his lungs and shouted: "Hurrah for God!"

Prayer is not a thing to occasion shame. It is simply a communion with the God in whom all rational men profess to believe. If it is efficacious common sense would suggest that one employ it frequently, nor wait until all other efforts have failed and come to it as a last resort.

All good things that have come to me have come in answer to prayer and hard work, mixed half and half. The misfortunes and afflictions that have fallen to my lot have had their source within my own person, and invariably I have been able to trace them to my own stupidity and meanness.

I have little patience with men who give themselves credit for all their successes and blame God for their failures. I have seen many good and wonderful things that I could not attribute to man; I have never seen a vile or wrong or cruel thing I could attribute to man's Creator.

Years ago there lived west of town a dour old man who had a harelip. He was very sensitive about it, and those who talked with him were careful not to let their eyes rest upon it.

A new preacher came to the community one summer to conduct a revival, and after the regular service one morning asked the congregation to remain for a testimony meeting. The older and less timid members of the church responded promptly when called upon, but the preacher knew few of them by name and the service dragged.

At length the preacher turned to the dour old man and said, "Brother, won't you tell us what the Lord has done for you?"

The old man stood up slowly, pointed to his imperfect lip and said, "Well, sir, he mighty near ruined me."

When I was a young man I once tried to pray in public. I had been warned by the preacher that he might call on me, and had memorized some high-sounding phrases. When he asked me to pray I began in a fine round tone of voice as resonant and professional as I could make it and did very well for a beginner, and then my natural timidity took me by the throat and my voice broke to a boyish treble. The prayer did not reach a proper ending. It just petered out and quit. If it reached so much as the suburbs of heaven I am sure it caused smiles there.

What I have written has symptoms of a sermon, but there is a prevalent fallacy that one can't think of these things and be a regular he-man and that it is necessary to slip up on a man's blind side before intimating that he may have a soul, and I wished to put over the assertion that prayer should be a commonplace of existence and as casual as a conversation with some friend on the street.

We didn't become a great nation by being ashamed of our religion.

Oh! it's the magic Figure 8

NO wonder they are all crowding around! They all know that it's the magic figure 8 that makes the 1900 Cataract Electric Washer the *perfect* washing machine.

The figure 8 means that the hot sudsy water is forced through the clothes in a figure 8 motion and *four times* as often as in the ordinary washer.

Then there's the planished copper tub—not a part in it to rub and wear the clothes, pull off buttons, or tear out button-holes! And when you've finished the wash, there are no heavy parts to lift out and clean.

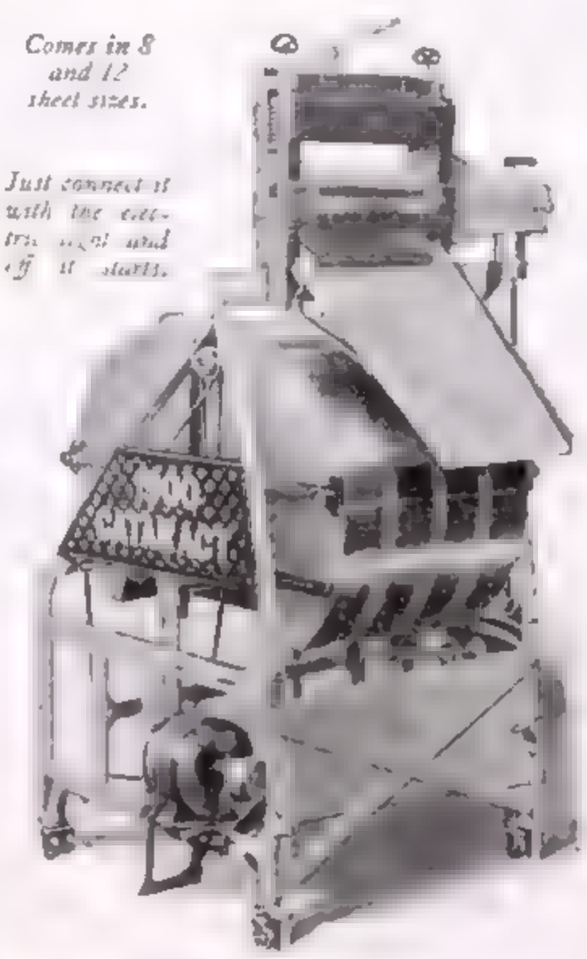
The wringer also works electrically and is movable. You can swing it from washer to rinse water, to blue water, to clothes basket without moving or shifting the washer.

The 1900 works quickly too and costs less than 2c an hour to operate. And it washes a whole tubful of clothes spotless and clean in 8 to 10 minutes.

The water swirls through the tub in a figure 8 movement four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

Comes in 8 and 12 sheet sizes.

Just connect it with the electric light and off it starts.



Our Special Trial Offer

You may prove to yourself that the 1900 is the perfect washing machine. There is a 1900 dealer near you who will gladly demonstrate a 1900 Cataract Washer right in your own home. Then if you wish, you may start paying for it on terms to suit your convenience. Remember, we also have washing machines operated by hand and water power.

Write to us today for the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the book, "George Brinton's Wife." It's a story you will enjoy. Molly, his pretty little wife, had troubles of her own until she interrupted a bridge party, and then things began to happen.

1900 CATARACT WASHER

1900 WASHER COMPANY,
203 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Canadian Factory and Office: **CANADIAN 1900 WASHER COMPANY, 357 Yonge St., Toronto**

1900 WASHER COMPANY
203 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Please send me the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the story "George Brinton's Wife."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY AND STATE _____

A Strange Business Partner

An Oklahoma City Electrical Worker Had Eight Dollars and a Heart—

He Gave to Befriend a Monkey—Then Fortune Smiled—

A MONKEY, a man, a messenger boy and a miracle combine to make the strangest story in American business history.

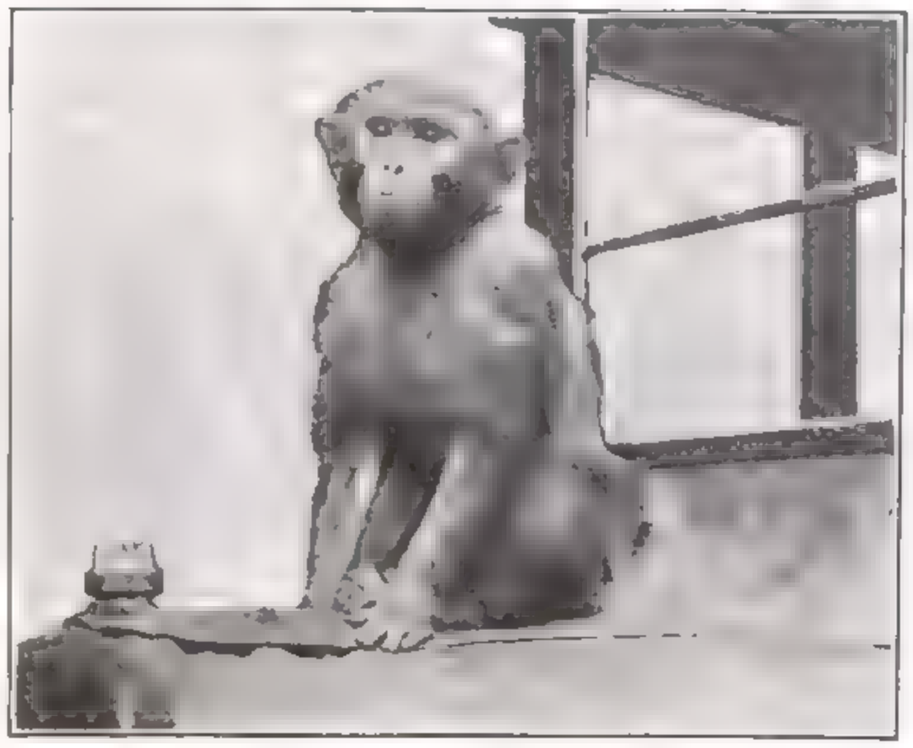
This narrative ought to begin with "Once Upon a Time," for no romance of the Arabian Nights rivals it in unexpected climaxes. And no fantastic tale by Hans Christian Andersen excels this truthful account of how a shower of gold was bestowed upon a man as the direct result of a simple, kindly act.

The monkey was "Doc," an abused creature in the hands of an animal dealer.

The man was a $30-a-week electrical worker of Oklahoma City.

The messenger boy has never been located, but a warm welcome awaits him if he is found.

The miracle ——. But that's the story.



Where His $8 Went

Up to four years ago the Man had a $30-a-week job, some installment furniture, more than his share of debts and a heart that warmed toward every living creature—human or brute. That was one of the things that kept him in debt. It "broke" him the day he purchased Doc, the monkey.

The animal was on exhibition in a store window, his narrow cage so placed that the sun's rays beat upon him during the hottest part of the afternoon. The Man entered the store and remonstrated with the dealer.

"If you don't like it you'd better buy him and give him a home," he was sneeringly told.

"How much?" asked the electrician.

"Ten dollars—cash!"

The Man had eight dollars—and payday was three days off. But he borrowed two dollars from a fellow-workman, returned to the store and left with Doc under his arm.

This is what happened because the Man had a heart:

Today, forty-eight months later, the company he founded—he and the monkey together—is the largest automobile tire patch concern in the world. The two factories, one at Oklahoma City and one at Mt. Vernon, Ill., run at capacity, turning out Moco Monkey Grip Tire Patch. A Canadian branch factory is in immediate prospect and another is planned for Australia. The company has 60,000 dealers in the United States and hundreds more abroad. It numbers its employes by hundreds.

What The Monkey Did

For the monkey, in whose behalf the electrician went "broke," by one swift stroke of his mischievous paw, raised his benefactor from poverty to greater riches than the fiction writers even dreamed of when their fairies waved magic wands.

And it happened in the twinkling of an eye:

The Man and his newly bought pet were in the bicycle repair shop of a friend. He was worse off that day than when he purchased the monkey. Several weeks earlier he had deliberately left his $30-a-week job. A request for higher wages had been met with the suggestion that he sell his "fool" monkey and otherwise live within his income. So he quit, resolved to find a better job or start in business for himself.

But nothing had developed. He had gone deeper and deeper in debt. His watch had been pawned. Other belongings had gone the same way to satisfy the corner grocer. Even an old motor stored in his shed had been taken apart and its copper contents sold for five dollars. Everything of value had been sacrificed until, as he relates, he "had to reach up to touch bottom."

When the Man and the monkey entered the shop the friend was repairing a bicycle puncture for a messenger boy. The workman was using the only known method at that time—the ancient, long-drawn-out process, involving a liberal use of sticky cement, the cutting of a large patch and then a long wait while the puncture was vulcanized.

The Man sat down to wait, after placing Doc on the friend's work table.

Monkey Was Curious

"I should have known better," he says in relating the incident. "No healthy monkey could have resisted the temptation to 'examine' so many new and interesting implements. But I was pretty blue just then. I forgot all about Doc and everything else and sat with my head in my hands.

"The first thing I knew there was a crash of tools and cans to the floor, a yell from my friend and the messenger boy, a screech from Doc—and the messiest pair of monkey hands in all creation were twined about my arm.

"Doc had overturned a large can of rubber cement, an acid container and another solution.

"I grabbed the cans off the floor, scraped up what cement I could and then tried to clean Doc's paws. It was an awful job! Most of the stuff I could scrape off with a stick but some of it stuck to his hands. It was beginning to dry, too, and that made it harder to remove. I found that rubbing my palm over his warmed the cement slightly and little rolls came off in that way."

Monkey Grip Discovered

"As these tiny rolls came off I placed them, one after another, on the table by my side. I would have thought no more of it. But when I had about finished Doc reached out his foot and before I could stop him had kneaded all the little rolls into a ball. I supposed I was in for another time taking this off his foot. But the cement had so hardened that none of it stuck.

"All this time my friend had been working on the puncture. Doc climbed to my shoulder and I sat kneading the cement between my fingers. The vulcanizer was working improperly. 'Can't get enough heat to even dry the cement!' exploded the repairman. I sat up with a start! The cement between my fingers had grown dry and pliable from the 'working' it had received—and no fire had been used.

"'Why,' I reasoned, 'with cement in this condition, would not the heat from a rapidly moving tire actually vulcanize a patch and make it part of the tube?'"

Messenger Boy Impatient

"Going to the work table I picked up a piece of rubber and spread some of the cement upon it. 'Patch it with this,' I said to my friend. 'Maybe it will stick without vulcanizing.'

"'Patch it wit' sumpin, quick,' said the messenger. 'I've waited more'n half an hour.'

"'Here,' said my friend, 'you're out of a job. Patch it yourself.'

"I did it. Then I waited several minutes, but they seemed like eternities. Finally I pulled at the patch. It stuck! But was it air tight? I inflated the tube and plunged it into water. Not a bubble arose! I could have yelled.

"I saw at once what I had accidentally discovered or, rather, what the monkey had discovered and placed in my hands.

"When the boy rode away I grabbed Doc under one arm and made a bee line for home. In twenty minutes I was at work on a self-vulcanizing patch that would withstand the pressure of an automobile inflation."

Monkey Used in Experiments

The experimental work continued for several months. Many failures were recorded. The acid in the container overturned at the shop, mixed with the second solution in correct proportions, formed the basis of the secret process. But the peculiar "working" of these ingredients into the cement was a most important element. Time after time the Man smeared the hands of his pet with the mixture and took it off in the original fashion before he discovered the secret.

After that came the work of perfecting a patch material which, instead of "creeping," would give and take with the tube and actually become part of it.

The Man exhausted his credit with friends and with merchants. His acquaintances called him crazy. "But Doc stayed by me," he tells with a grin. "He and I worked out and perfected the patch."

In the end he (or they) produced a self-vulcanizing patch of rubber compound that stretched with the inner tube. Road heat produced by the moving wheel vulcanized the patch and merged it with the tube until the two were one. What had formerly taken half an hour in a permanent garage with a complete vulcanizing outfit could now be done in three minutes by the side of the road at 1-50th the former cost.

How Patch Was Named

When casting about for a name for his product the Man naturally thought of his pet. And he had noticed that a monkey has four means of holding or gripping an object. He grips with hands, feet, teeth and tail. Hence the name "Monkey Grip."

Then came the era of saving in the home. The tremendous demand for Monkey Grip Tire Patch proved that people would and wanted to save money. Monkey Grip Junior, a product similar to the Tire Patch but specially prepared for household use, proved worthy of the parent product. Hot water bottles, garden hose, rubber gloves and aprons, rubber boots and shoes—it makes them all air tight and water tight.

Messenger Boy Disappears

And that's the story of how Moco Monkey Grip Tire Patch came into being, how it was named and what it has done—to date. There's one missing member in the chain of principals leading up to its discovery, and that's the messenger boy.

He never knew but his puncture was repaired in the old styled way, done thousands of times before. Yet his was the first self-vulcanizing patch ever applied. The method was crude. Later experiments showed that it could not have given satisfactory service.

But how long did that first patch stay on? A day or a week? The Moco Monkey Grip company wants to know. It wants to find the boy.

Millions of cans of the perfected product have been sold throughout the United States, Canada, South America, Australia, Norway, Sweden and a dozen other foreign countries. And out of the millions of cans used throughout the world, not one has ever been returned to the factory because of dissatisfaction or failure to properly vulcanize. It is doubtful if any other product can even remotely approach this record. Each $1 can contains enough material to repair 100 punctures.

This will be read throughout the civilized world. It may reach the former messenger boy of Oklahoma City. If so, the Moco Monkey Grip company would like to hear from him.

And maybe Doc would know him if they should meet.

MONKEY GRIP
"The World's Best TIRE PATCH"

IT'S A LONG WORM THAT HAS NO TURNING

Continued from Page 25

Now, with his hands held out, palms up, in front of him, Mr. Blade summarized the whole proposition. Here he was, with 800 acres of mar-vel-ous oil land, and a double supply of machinery for getting the oil out—pipes, drills, cable tools, derricks, bull wheels, sucker rods, walking beams, rope sockets, engines, even the nitroglycerin to drop into the holes when the wells were about to be shot. Everything in readiness, in addition to and to say nothing of his own uncanny practical oil knowledge. And there they were—with 300 acres odd of mar-vel-ous oil land, squatting on his pipe-line right of way.

So this is what he proposed: They would organize a corporation in Delaware, making a just apportionment of the stocks and control of the organization, and he would permit them to elect their own officers to take care of the home offices and money end—he was very explicit and reassuring about this—and finally he would thereupon go forth with the adequate financial backing raised by the sale of shares in Heliotrope City and vicinity, and equal at least to the $100,000 he had been willing to pay Obadiah for his tract of invaluable oil land, but which he would now sink into the operating fund of the joint tracts and the new corporation—go forth, in short, to manage the practical drilling for oil under their supervision.

"All aboveboard!" said Mr. Blade, spreading his fingers and twisting his hands at the wrists to show that he had nothing up his sleeves but his cuffs. He picked up the $100,000 check, which he had considered futile to press upon Mrs. and Mr. Obadiah after his initial revelation of it, and which was now to be his contribution to the operating fund of the new corporation. "As a practical oilman," he said, smiling at Mrs. Obadiah, "and a good loser, I can congratulate you on the keen business sense you showed in refusing this check, though I miss making the greatest buy in the history of the oil industry.

"But maybe it's best, because," went on Mr. Blade, "if I'd bought you out I'd been robbing Mansions to pay Rockefeller. I admit it. As a practical oilman I know what it costs to dig for oil. I've spent thousands and thousands already looking for the best land and buying it, on the oil rigs I got waiting down there to get out the oil, and I'd 'a' spent all I had left buying you out. And when we need at least $250,000 to start proper operations I'd 'a' had to go back to Texas to collect it. Had to borrow. And how much loose money do you think's kicking round down there? Not a blind beggar's cup full! No, ma'am, not even that much. Every loose cent's tied to somebody's well. Then who's the only ones left we could've raised the coin from to start in working the best oil land in the country? Why, the great big bugs of Wall Street—J. D. R.—that's who. And where d'ye think we'd 'a' been," asked Mr. Blade, "after we got through borrowing off them? Us with only our practical oil experience earned by hard work in our shirt sleeves and mebbe less - excuse me," said Mr. Blade hastily, acknowledging the presence of a lady; "and not knowing one-two-three about this fancy New York Wall Street manipulating and money squeezing, eh? Where'd we 'a' been?

"That's why we got to stick together," Mr. Blade said; "and I tell you we're going to beat them, that slick office crowd up there in their fine Wall Street offices, controlling all the ready money lying round. I want you to go out in this here town," continued Mr. Blade vigorously, "and dig up all the practical business men and bank men you know and I want you to organize the Independent Producing and Refining Company right from here yourselves, and handle it in your own way; and I want you to have all my credentials and references examined by your banking men what you trust—everything open and aboveboard, for that's my name—open and aboveboard, yes, sir-ree! So here, Mrs. Mansions—and you, too, Mr. Mansions—is my hand on success and fortune!" concluded Mr. Blade in a whirlwind of vehement good will toward Mrs. and Mr. Obadiah Mansions, and a handclasp which was a handclasp.

Whereupon he stowed away the check for $100,000 which had been made out for Obadiah down there in the great oil state of Texas, but which Mr. Blade had not thought worth while to offer the second time; which indeed he could hardly have been said to have offered in the first instance; which, you might say, he had merely shown, not offered.

IV

MR. EZRA TIDEWATER, stroking his polished chin with his lean predatory hand, hemmed shrewdly at the tale the stranger had to tell—at first. Gradually as Mr. Blade's enthusiasm and golden oratory rolled over him in more compelling sweeps the hemming became more frequent and the chin polishing uninterrupted. In the presence of Obadiah; Mr. Blade himself; Micca & Slaterby; Bob Smilax, who held more mortgages than any other man in Heliotrope City; Jethro Crumb, the druggist; and Calvin Plammsey, the garage owner—Mr. Tidewater was at last induced to send a query to Texas. This was a night letter to a man of whom even Heliotrope City had heard in its day, before the advent of Mr. Blade; a man loved and known in the state of Texas, and on Wall Street as well, for integrity, loyalty and progressiveness. The moment Mr. Blade had mentioned this man as his friend Heliotrope City knew that Mr. Blade must be even a much better chap than he admitted he was; and when he went on to beg them to wire the famous man and find out for themselves just what sort of upstanding citizen they regarded J. Merton Blade to be down there in the red-blooded man's-size state of Texas, Heliotrope City knew in advance what the answer must be. It was not disappointed next morning when the answer came:

EZRA TIDEWATER, Heliotrope City.

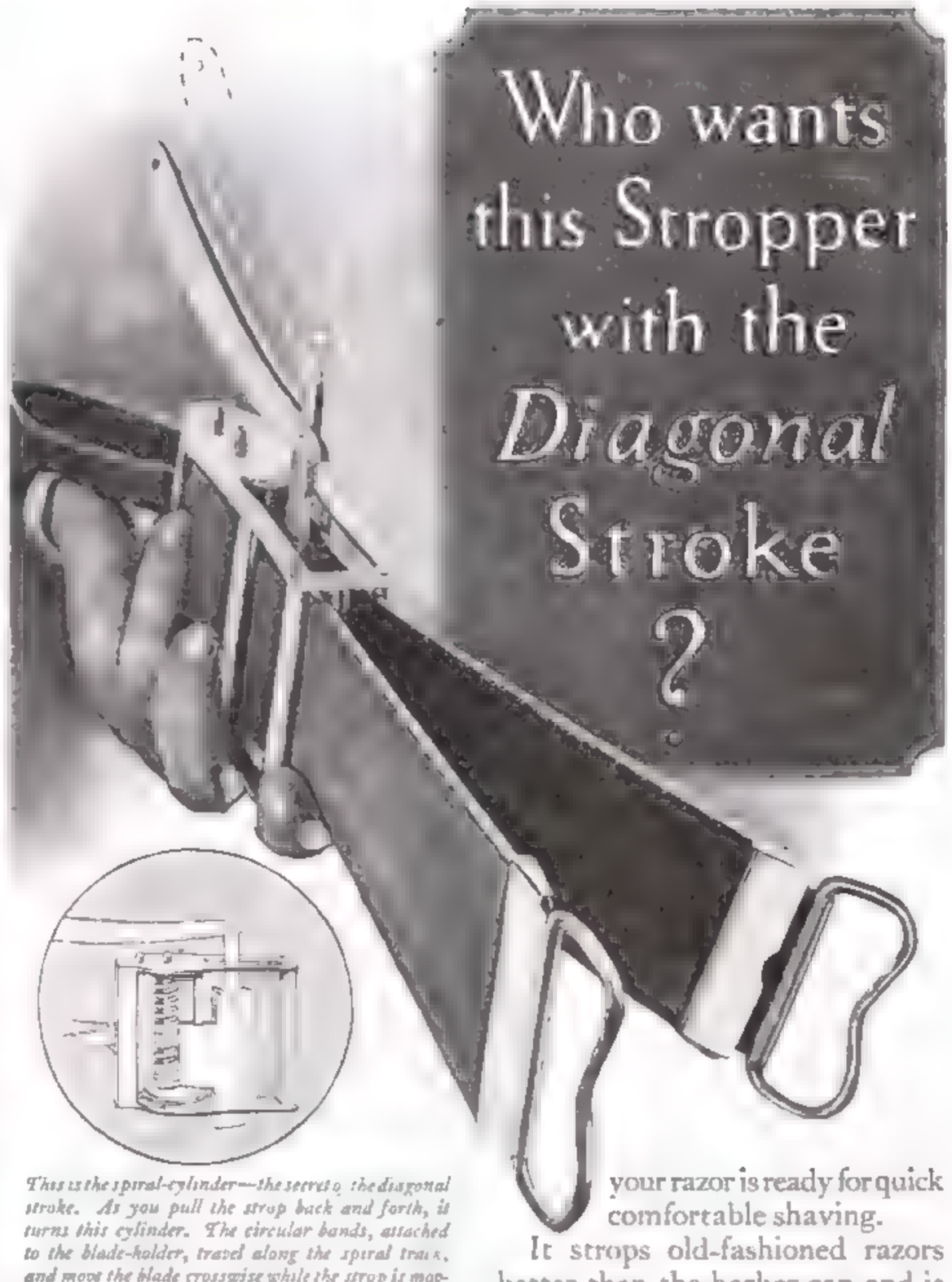
J. Merton Blade finest type of big American. Worker. Progressive. Honest to last ditch. Genius in the oil game. Sound as nugget and a prince. Crackajack of chap to tie to.

It was unmistakably a telegram in the style of the great man. Obadiah and all Heliotrope City knew that Ezra Tidewater was a cold-blooded sort of human financial fish ordinarily. But now even he seemed to tingle at the thought of being associated with such a crackajack of a chap to tie to as J. Merton Blade. However, Mr. Tidewater, lean, chin-stroking and cunning-eyed, had certain simple methods of his own of sizing up men, which he would not have forgone on the recommendation of the British Ambassador. He maneuvered for a glimpse of the renowned $100,000 check to Obadiah, and, noting the bank upon which Mr. Blade had drawn it, without a word to anyone he wired there. The answer was that J. Merton Blade's bank balance was $103,752.84.

That ended it. It convinced Mr. Tidewater and all to whom he showed it, not only of Mr. Blade's unimpeachable veracity but also of the presence of oil on the Duppeltag and Obadiah tracts in Texas.

Little did Heliotrope City suspect that the great man who so heartily indorsed Mr. Blade's big Americanism was at that moment investigating oil concessions along the Magdalena River, in Colombia, South America, and that a certain secretary, waiting for the query on Mr. Blade, had taken upon himself the liberty of indorsing that gentleman in the euphemistic style of his absent employer. Neither could Heliotrope City suspect that the bank balance of Mr. Blade represented the sinking fund of some dozen or fifteen gentlemen who, whatever might be said of their practical experience in the oil fields, certainly met Mr. Blade's description of all-fired practical financiers. Nor that these gentlemen, among whom was the ex-Heliotropian Bill Eller, were scattered about in as many commonwealths of these great United States, offering, at first, to pay—but never doing so—sums up to $100,000 for property which carefully appointed natives in selected rural sections had recently inherited in the states of Texas and Oklahoma, which everyone knows are not really states at all, but vast oceans of oil sprinkled over with a thin dressing of soil. The only thing deceased about Bill Eller, let it be said at this point, was his Heliotropian

(Continued on Page 150)



This is the spiral-cylinder—the secret of the diagonal stroke. As you pull the strop back and forth, it turns this cylinder. The circular bands, attached to the blade-holder, travel along the spiral tracks, and move the blade crosswise while the strop is moving lengthwise. The exact diagonal stroke results.

THIS STROPPER makes perfect stropping easy. It strops both regular razors and all kinds of safety blades with the diagonal stroke, from heel to toe—the *right* way to strop, as every good barber and self-shaver knows. It strops exactly the same every time—the same pressure, the correct angle, and the perfect *diagonal* stroke—every time!

KANNER'S Slyde-Stroke TRADE MARK STROPPER

Kanner's Slyde-Stroke Stropper is the only stropper with this correct principle of stropping.

All you do is to insert the razor blade—old-fashioned or safety—and give it a few strokes. As you pull the strop back and forth lengthwise, the blade moves crosswise on the strop, first one side of the blade and then the other. Perfect diagonal stropping is the result—the microscopic teeth of the edge are all put in alignment and your razor is ready for quick comfortable shaving.

It strops old-fashioned razors better than the barber can and it gives more and better shaves from any kind of safety blade—an average of over 100 good shaves to each new blade.

I have been making razor stroppers for 20 years; this is my best. It is substantially built and is guaranteed against any defect any time. All parts are high-grade steel tooled to an accuracy of 2/1000 of an inch and heavily nickel plated. The strop leather is the finest.

This new model is already on sale in most hardware, drug and department stores. The price is $5.

Who wants to try it for 60 days at my risk? Entire satisfaction or your money back. If your nearest dealer hasn't this Kanner Slyde-Stroke Stropper yet, send us $5 and his name and we'll send you one immediately.

Our book, "How to keep your Razor sharp," free on request.

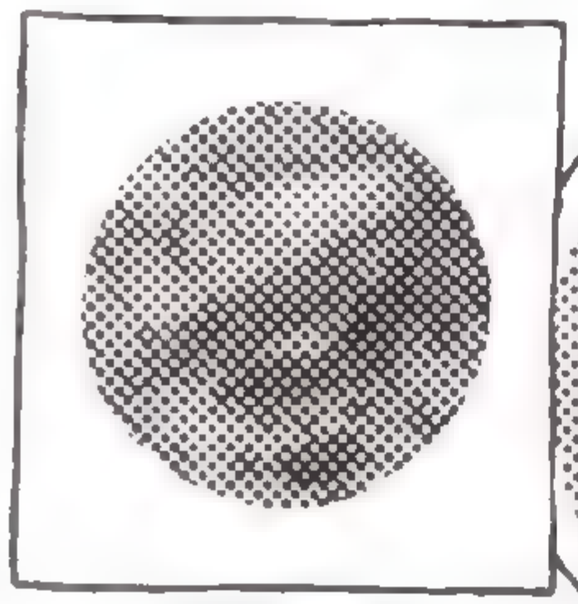
Samuel Kanner, 556 Broadway, New York

Representatives in other Countries:

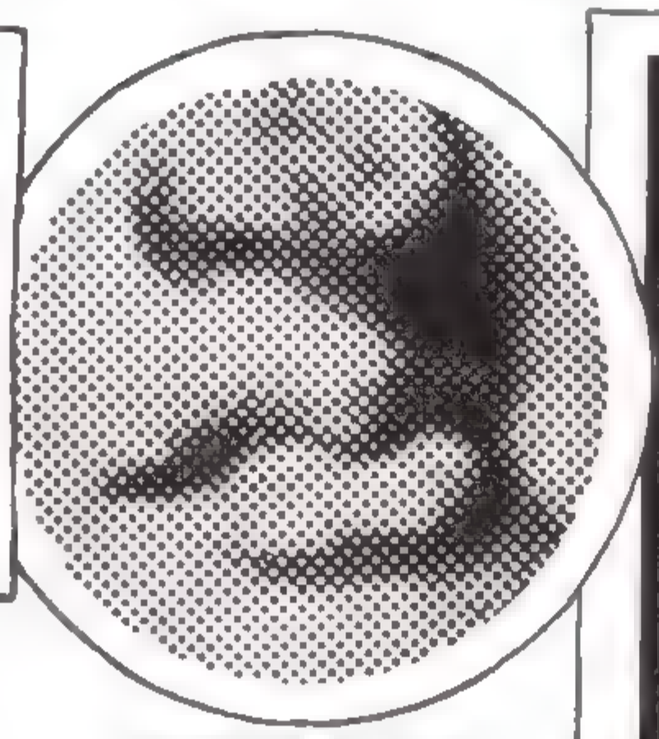
In Canada: Hale Bros., Montreal, and C. C. Craig Co., Winnipeg. In England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, France, Spain and Italy Sexton McLennan, main office, Barrowfield St., Glasgow, Scotland. In Australia: Partridge Agencies, Sydney. In New Zealand: H. E. Partridge & Co., Ltd., Auckland.

better paper
better printing

Warren's
STANDARD
Printing Papers



Halftone dots, enlarged



Enlarged detail showing mouth and nose of the Aphrodite

In this reproduction of the Aphrodite de Melos the halftone dots have been used to give detail and light and shade

These dots are the beginning of printing a picture

IN the upper left-hand corner of this page is an irregular collection of little dots or periods of various sizes.

By taking these dots and grouping them properly, we get in the circle a detail of the face of Aphrodite de Melos.

Using very small dots (a magnifying glass will show you that the right-hand picture is made up of dots) an engraving can be made on a copper surface that will print all the shades and tones that the camera itself records.

The degree of faithfulness in such printing is determined by the number and size of the dots, and they in turn are determined by the kind of paper upon which they are intended to be printed. The better the paper, the better the printing.

This rule, that better paper means better printing, applies not only to the printing of half-tone pictures, but to all kinds of printing, from plain type to the most elaborate reproductions of everything from merchandise to an old master.

The Warren Standard Printing Papers comprise about a dozen grades of printing paper, one for each important book-paper printing need.

Most good printers are by this time so familiar with the uses and the service of the Warren Standard Papers that they know exactly what is the most suitable Warren paper for any job of printing as soon as the particular work to be done has been fully explained to them.

In addition to this, master printers have in their shops a variety of suggestion books, specimen books, and other samples of printing possibilities, prepared by S. D. Warren Company to help both printer and buyer of printing achieve the best results.

These books, as well as another special set called the Warren Service Library, are also to be seen in the offices of those merchants who sell Warren Standard Printing Papers, in the public libraries of our larger cities, and in the libraries of those clubs and organizations which devote special attention to the graphic arts.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

better paper ∞∞∞ better printing

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

(Continued from Page 147)

cognomen; which hastily and for business purposes had been conferred upon the corpse of a man who had died incognito in an obscure suburb of New Mexico.

In twenty-four hours Mr. Blade had unearthed the true financial rating of every inhabitant of Heliotrope City, and beside each name on the list prepared for him by Mr. Tidewater jotted down a figure denoting the number of shares that native should be good for, at fifty dollars a share, preferred, or ten dollars a share, common—which nominal sum, as Mr. Blade expressed it, would let the poor man in.

"This is not really my end," said Mr. Blade. "I'm a field man. And the first $100,000 you'll raise added to my $100,000'll be enough to send me right out to make the oil spout!"

Despite his modesty Mr. Blade, though a practical field man, emitted such gilt-edge selling arguments that in a short time every Heliotropian would have been able to sell every other Heliotropian shares in a corporation formed to make eiderdown out of cactus, provided, of course, that it was Texas cactus. Since Obadiah had inherited those fateful 380 acres of Young County, Heliotrope City, in a manner of speaking, had adopted the state of Texas. To Heliotropians henceforth—that is, for about two weeks henceforth—what Texas was was good.

The overwhelming interest others evinced in his affairs swept them far beyond any control of Obadiah's. Even Mrs. Obadiah could hardly keep abreast of the tide of her own business. The contemplated honeymoon of Mr. Blade and $100,000 of local assets was viewed only with enthusiasm by her, as well as by the rest of Heliotrope City. Was she not a landowner in that state? For once her combustible suspiciousness had been utterly laid to rest. Obadiah, satisfied with the financial soundness of any project or projector which satisfied Ezra Tidewater and fat Sam Micca, trailed along after the band wagon of his own fortune. All Heliotrope City was joy-riding. He alone walked. Despite an inheritance which threatened to lift him into the great millionaire class, nobody respected him a whit more. He had no vivid interest in wealth—his own included. A worm he was and worm he would ever be.

The Independent Producing and Refining Company was formed in Mr. Tidewater's office in the bank. Mr. Blade delivered a peroration. He started by quoting the figures of the Oil Division of the Fuel Administration on the value of oil products for 1918. Over a billion and a half dollars—think of that! Heliotrope City obviously couldn't. He wound up by establishing gigantic refineries in what he called "the princ'pal oil center of America." And he named them.

Now when Mr. Blade enumerated the cities in which he intended to establish refineries for the Independent Producing and Refining Company he could have had no glimmering of an idea what the effect of that list of mere names would have on Obadiah. No one could, Obadiah himself least of all.

"Yes, sir," enunciated Mr. Blade, his right fist boring forcibly and noiselessly into his left palm as though he were hunting for oil even there; "in less'n a year the refineries of the Independent Producing and Refining Company will be landmarks in Galveston, Pensacola, Savannah, Tampico, Houston, Fort Worth, Dallas and New Orleans!"

It must be understood that Mr. Blade had a way of handling geography familiarly, which contracted the dim earth spaces measurably. Savannah, Galveston, Houston, New Orleans they had always seemed land's-end sort of points to Obadiah, but Mr. Blade made them intimate and homy. It was right here that, sitting open-mouthed directly under Mr. Blade's entrancing oratory and gestures not grasping a tenth of what he was saying a strange thing happened to Obadiah.

Yearning entered the soul of Obadiah!

The trouble with Obadiah was that he had never yearned; or never knew it if he had. As Mr. Blade at this preeminently psychological moment though why this should have been the psychological moment let psychologists explain as Mr. Blade at this moment rattled off glibly all those important oil centers in which he was going to establish refineries for the Independent Producing and Refining Company magic happened to Obadiah. He was suffused with wistfulness. Suddenly those far-off, semiaromatic names New Orleans, Savannah, Pensacola—became realities to him; possibilities, rather; and something which he really had never had before, something which really most of us do not have, came to him—the meaning of wealth.

It meant that one could get away and see things and live under a different angle of the old sun, and catch sight of the old moon coming up behind a different set of branches and watch waters other than the noninspiring and tepid old Willow River. It wasn't that Obadiah was weary of the usual; it was that for an instant he saw the desirability of at least one change of scenery in a man's life before he is laid away in the familiar sleeping plot of his fathers. Neither was it that he contemplated even for a moment leaving Caroline. At this time it was still true that when Obadiah thought of himself he subconsciously thought first of Mrs. Obadiah, and then of himself. It was yet not in the power of his awakening imagination to conceive of visiting the old French quarter of New Orleans after nightfall, unaccompanied by Mrs. Mansions. But lost in a dream that was still little more than a pale overcasting of wistfulness he heard the rest of Mr. Blade's discourse, and the remarks of the others, merely in snatches, seeing before him the Gulf of Mexico like a bloated crescent, greenish brown, warm, soft—the watery gateway to tropical wonders.

Something was being done, and he concurred in it; concurred in it because Caroline concurred in it first. A draft of incorporation was made; Grant Deming, the bank's lawyer, talked; everybody but Obadiah talked. There was a lot about seven per cent cumulative voting preferred; capitalization at $750,000, of which $100,000 was shortly to depart for Texas with Mr. Blade to start operations; forty per cent of the issue to go to Obadiah—that is, to Mrs. and Mr. Obadiah—which in some mysterious fashion was to insure him—her—of control, though the holder of the original Duppeltag tract, J. Merton Blade, was also to be allotted forty per cent; the remaining twenty per cent to be taken up by a little choice coterie, of which Mr. Tidewater and Mr. Micca were leaders.

Then there was to come still another issue, ten dollars nonvoting common, which a great vague mass beyond the bank doors, designated as the public, was to take up with avidity. Such people as garrulous old Fitzwater Halleck; and Mrs. Leeds, who worked for Mrs. Tidewater's sister's sister-in-law; and Miss Felicia Brimley, who had a hard time navigating the tiny notion shop on Garfield Avenue just off Main Street; and Miss Estolda Speeney, the librarian; and old Ben Darwin, the best hedge trimmer in two counties—these all came under that great class which would take up, with above-mentioned avidity, that other issue, which was nonvoting but cost ten dollars a share.

All this time Obadiah was hopping from Houston to Pensacola, from Pensacola to New Orleans, from New Orleans to Savannah, from Savannah—and this was adventure and initiative in dreams for you—to Valparaiso!

He thought of Valparaiso himself, with all the intense longing which a thing dreamed of alone brings with itself. Like a vale of paradise it opened itself before his mind's eye; nothing like the burst of beauty which came to Whistler and Dauber; but sort of palely traced out along the lines of some poorly remembered picture in a geography or Sunday supplement or magazine or something. Valparaiso!

"And, of course, the president will be Mr. Mansions," said Mr. Blade, looking straight at him.

Obadiah looked exactly what he felt—startled and sheepish and half frightened. He had not the slightest inclination to be president of anything. He didn't understand it. He preferred to go to Valparaiso; or to think of going there anyhow. He looked at Mrs. Obadiah appealingly. Her lips were as tightly shut as the future. He made an ineffectual twist to free his neck from the clammy tyranny of a constricting collar.

"P'r'aps—y'see—I—don' quite understand," he ventured, looking hopefully at Mr. Blade. "P'r'aps you'd better be pres'den'," said Obadiah.

But for reasons of his own Mr. Blade had neither desire nor intention of accepting that office or having his name appear upon any of the printed matter now being prepared, or of doing any autographing in an official capacity for the Independent Producing and Refining Company. Before he needed to answer Obadiah, however, the latter saw Mrs. Obadiah make an aggressive flourish, and avoiding her eye he turned hastily in his bewilderment to Mr. Tidewater.

"Oh, Ezra," he said, "mebbe you—eh—Ezra, mebbe you'd better be pres'den'?"

"Nonsense!" snapped Caroline. She leaned forward and pointed a commanding finger at Obadiah. "Nonsense!" she repeated. "You're president!" she exclaimed contemptuously again, in a tone which seemed to say: "President? Shucks, you worm, everybody'll know who's the real president o' this concern!"

There was nothing more to be said about it. It was apparent with no eye at all that Mrs. Obadiah was determined to keep the office in the family. A short time afterward the conference adjourned for the day and Mrs. and President Obadiah Mansions marched home, where Mrs. Obadiah gave to her spouse a varied and liberal amount of advice as to the proper manner of conducting himself in his official rôle.

Obadiah heard it all with but one ear. The other was listening to the murmuring splash of the waters of Valparaiso Bay.

V

MAD, mad days for Obadiah Mansions! Still dreaming of Houston, Savannah, New Orleans, Valparaiso and other colorful points; suffused for the first time in his life with feelings not related to Heliotrope City or utterly governed by marital inhibitions; for the first time in his life tasting the wistful sweetness of yearning, he was nevertheless goaded into conscientious attendance on his office of president by Mrs. Mansions, to the neglect of everything else. While advance payments for stock in his company came pouring in faster than ever his excellent hose had uncoiled itself outward into the world, he affixed his signature to more documents, papers and other documents than he was able to follow with the attention which the serious business of signing one's name should always receive.

This deluge of correspondence, circulars, forms and hourly born literature of seductive sorts worried him, and a lifelong strain of finicky precision rebelled at the wholesale indorsement of things he did not properly comprehend. But Obadiah was far less his own master now than when Caroline in single force had ruled over him. There seemed to stand on all sides of him multiples of Caroline, commanding him to do this or that and that or this. The result was that on the fifth day after the conference in Ezra Tidewater's office, and the day before the state of Delaware informed Heliotrope City and Mr. Blade that the Independent Producing and Refining Company had been duly incorporated, Obadiah did the first of two things which he had never done before. And these two things, together with a letter and a telegram Mr. Blade received, were to have the most far-reaching effect upon his subsequent career.

The first thing Obadiah did was the same as the second. He made a mistake in the well-ordered, humdrum, everyday routine of his own business. A concern like the Obadiah Mansions Rubber Hose and Tubing Company in a community like Heliotrope City was an anomaly. Obadiah years ago had supplied all the garages, farmers and fire companies in a half dozen counties round about with his unexcelled and enduring varieties of hose, glutting the local hardware stores as well with his product. For several years two automobile tire and rubber products companies had been trying to buy him out, but Obadiah was content to potter along on the smallest margin of profits, the meticulous workmanship he lavished on his beloved hose insuring him of this, even when his orders ran, as sometimes they did, into several thousand dollars. Practically his entire output now went to three out-of-town houses, in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. With Felix Grodin, in Philadelphia, and with Ephraim Neefe in New York, Obadiah was on the friendliest terms. With Wallace, Hines & Sons, of Baltimore, Obadiah had no sentimental associations at all. They were hard quick-driving commercial folk, forever trying out something new and laying down the law to the minutest specifications to him.

Obadiah had a carload of new-style powerful hose about to be shipped to Baltimore. It was a product manufactured to order. Made in thirty-foot pieces, joining with brass screw locks, it was staunch enough to fling a mighty column of water a hundred feet high across the Willow River. This order was Obadiah's masterpiece; he regarded it much as a father might regard a son who has won a high-school oratory prize or even as an artist a canvas which he knew to be immortal. Hectic conditions, indeed, were required to trap Obadiah into making a mistake in any transaction relating to this sectional boa constrictor, eight-ply, interwired, interwoven, processed and impregnated, patented six-inch hose. Yet such conditions were forthcoming. In making out tags and bills of shipment in the midst of his interminable signing of Independent Producing and Refining Company documents he proceeded to consign the Wallace, Hines & Sons order of the great hose to Grodin, in Philadelphia, and a smaller consignment, meant for Grodin, to Neefe, in New York.

It was not only the mental confusion he was thrown into by the Independent Producing and Refining Company and his dreams of strange and far-off cities that was responsible for this, the first error of his life; it was Fate, pure and simple. Three days after he had misdone the above Wallace, Hines & Sons went into bankruptcy. Before Grodin and Neefe could demand what the meaning of the strange shipments they had received might be Obadiah made his second fateful slip.

Receiving an order from Neefe, who had not yet received the shipment originally meant for Grodin, he tripled it and sent it on; and by some curious mental fluke he made out a check for the amount Neefe would owe him on this shipment and sent it to a New York firm from which he purchased materials, in payment of a bill rendered him several days earlier. The check was for about eight times the amount of his indebtedness. The strangest thing of all—though nothing could be stranger than what he himself had misdone—was the fact that this last check went through on an oversight of a bookkeeper in the offices of Carg & Davenport, where Obadiah had sent it, and was not noticed until ——

His second mistake was made on the tenth day after the conference in the bank. On the day before this Mr. Blade received a letter from that secretary in the offices of the great man who had taken upon himself to send the telegram so heartily indorsing J. Merton Blade as the finest type of big American. The letter came by special delivery, registered. It was written on the letterhead stationery of the Houston Chamber of Commerce, and every line of it was a compliment to that genius in the oil game, prince and crackajack of a chap to tie to, J. Merton Blade. Everybody from President Obadiah to Jethro Crumb the druggist got a chance to read it. Pity they had not the chance to read one other thing.

J. Merton Blade had opened the letter in the post office in the presence of Ezra Tidewater, Sam Micca and Grant Deming. As he did so his fingers touched a soft, flimsy, folded paper. Under the eyes of the three Heliotropians Mr. Blade flicked this out of sight with a deftness equaled but not surpassed by the three-shell man. Fifteen minutes after he received the letter Mr. Blade discovered that he had left a report of some sort in his room, managed to shake his companions and hastened to Mr. Micca's house, on Parkman Street, where he was being comfortably put up. Mr. Blade lost no time in sitting down before the table in his room, drawing forth pad and pencil and spreading the folded paper out in front of him.

It was covered with a curious jumble of typewritten capitals, which induced in him tense activity of deciphering.

The letters read—or didn't:

WHIESN OSLDTDICN IEP TOEME VSO O JMCAL OCN OIAEMDOT NTERL ULAE TM RWOE TLMN I IDSRA POOI INNOT ILIE ROTMEOD ABG NUT IL, RPSTO OFOW LGV LMN ULCTA SOAH GTOTFH WLSO HV ACT ODAPB IIYS ONSEE SUOTE ID Y UAEBU IEA SEOE IH ESNE CEHM OKO HMO ENATFV DYBF RMCA LOR AHSI LOF R ITBI CR GOPR EQIL OTUSAMY ED U C B ETT MNFO AERARN ULAN HRDYASN OTAL SA EETR TEEH C WLQ ERS LA UTHET FUHU SFI EX MHR WIH ILUEU CENP NWNY OR OR OFCE ETTB ITUH IHI AYANW O ILIE OA OC GV PUS OENOCWT HNND YOSWL WRYU TNEI N YUINOETTA TEO YUTE RPIOSLF NSIG IGOS GTB AIFS CTN OROS EOT ALIETN IISCES RPR ACTE AAD HYATO CY UHNO GTEUK RPOEW THH LWN TECN TUH OWE YUT AK EE UKEB CHRLC

(Continued on Page 153)

The Market Value of Gray Hair

A generation ago, one of the prime qualifications for success was—age.

Ability without age was heavily discounted—"You're too young" shattered the hopes of many a man who could have made good in the seat he sought. Gray hair had a real market value—then.

But there was a reason.

In that day and age, there was no short cut to knowledge—experience came only from the actual doing of things over a long period of years—through the slow sorting process of a lifetime of hard work.

Naturally only men who had been "through the mill" were regarded as competent—sound.

But times have changed.

This is the age of opportunity for every man—men young in years and men young in spite of their years.

Age or lack of it means nothing—training means everything.

"What can you do?" replaces "How old are you?" in the world of business.

For men everywhere now gain in months training that scarce a generation ago took a lifetime of hard work to acquire.

And the demands of business have grown at such a rate that there are two positions open in business for every trained man available to fill them.

The specially trained man is refusing big pay offers while the untrained man wonders where he can get a job that will carry the present high cost of living.

And acquiring specialized training means immediate increase in earning power—more money to spend on the comforts and luxuries of life—the worth-while things that a generation ago were available only to the man who bore the mark of many years.

You can sit down right now and plan to increase your earning power one hundred per cent within the next twelve months—*and actually put your plan into execution.*

And "a hundred per cent increase" is modest when you consider some of the tremendous advances in earning power reported by various LaSalle men all over the country.

Some say "one thousand per cent more than I earned when I took up LaSalle"—others say—but space is too precious here to dwell on this angle.

The one big reason why LaSalle trained men, thru the investment of spare time at home in the evenings, *can* so materially increase their earning power, lies in the fact that LaSalle training is *practical* training.

Whether you decide to become a Traffic Expert, an Accountant, a Business Executive, a Legally Trained Man—no matter which LaSalle service you take advantage of, you are not merely memorizing, you are *acquiring* and *applying* principles—increasing your earning power every day you study.

This is partly due to the case or problem method of instruction—giving you actual business situations and transactions to handle—working with you, so you understand, can apply and will *permanently* retain the additions to your mental equipment.

Here are the facts that tell the whole story:

LaSalle has to its credit today more successful Traffic Managers and Experts, more Practicing Attorneys and Legally Trained Business Men, more C. P. A's and Accountants and more Business Executives, than any other institution offering these various trainings by extension methods.

Two hundred and fifteen thousand other men have found LaSalle the short cut to a quicker, larger, surer success.

Why delay the first step to progress? Your opportunity is ready for you today.

J. H. Chapline

President, LaSalle Extension University, at Chicago, Illinois

LaSalle Extension University

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

Just as the day of gray hair as a prime qualification for success has given way to that of training, so has the age of practical University training for only the fortunate few given way to the extension of education and training of a university grade to every man who will take advantage of it. It is now possible for you to acquire a thoro education and training in higher business subjects by mail at home in your spare time.

This training need not interfere in any way with present business duties. By the LaSalle problem method of training the work becomes a fascination and pleasure rather than a task.

More than 215,000 ambitious men have proved the value of LaSalle training—more than 50,000 are now proving it each year. Follow their footsteps to increased salary and greater success in business.

To the Employer

The person who wears this LaSalle button is preparing for higher responsibility—and is worth watching.

More than 500 employees of the Standard Oil Company are LaSalle trained. From 40 to 2,000 or more students and graduates can be found with many of the large corporations such as Pennsylvania R. R.; Armour & Company; U. S. Steel Corporation, Ford Motor Company, International Harvester Company, etc.

Large business firms and industries thruout the United States are availing themselves of the free service of the LaSalle placement bureau to reach high grade men of experience plus training. We may be able to put you in touch with the right man for the job if you'll write us. For kinds of positions, see coupon.

INCREASE YOUR SALARY 100% OR MORE

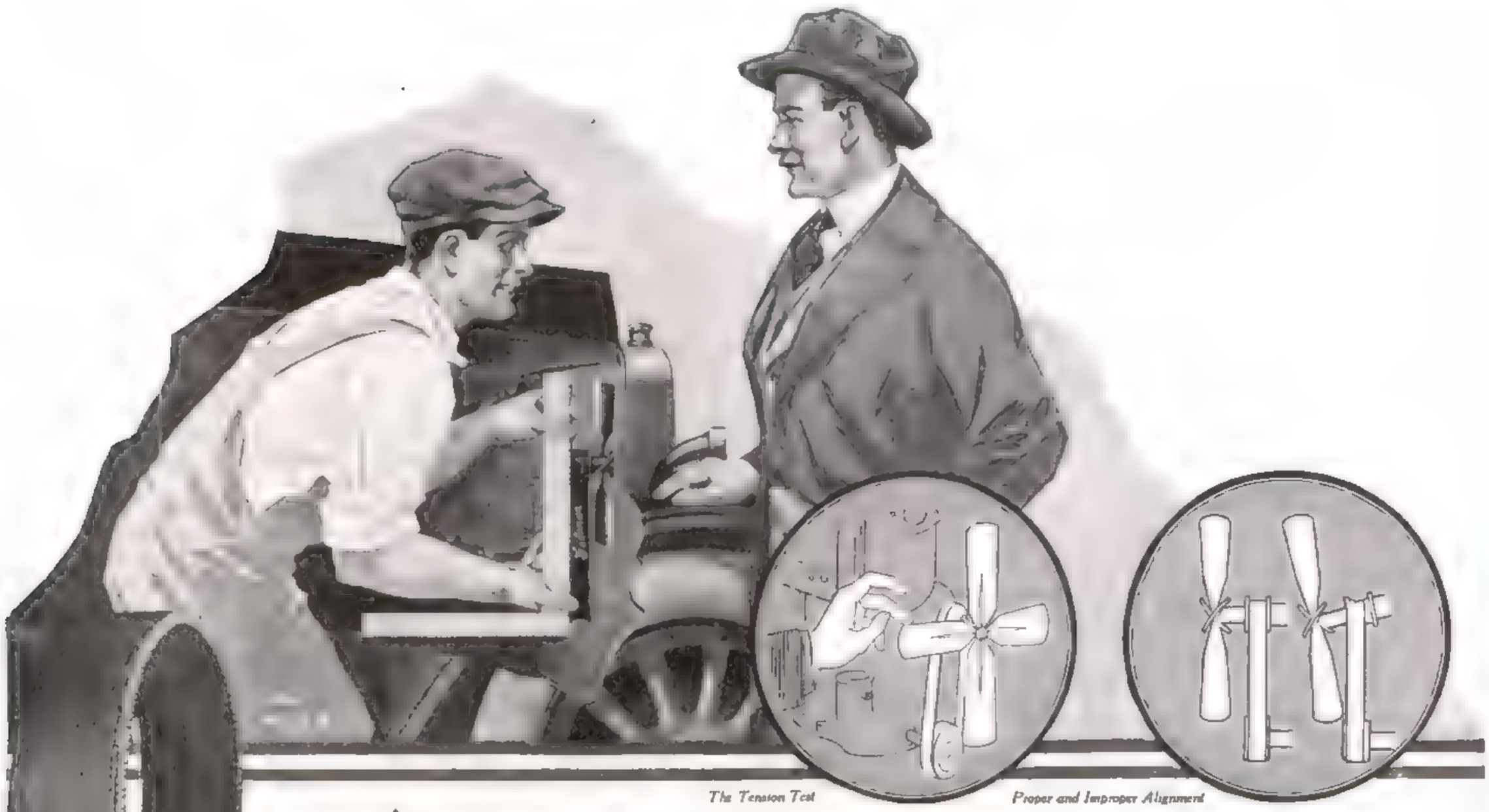
Here lies Opportunity. It needs only action on your part to turn it into Money. Study the list of LaSalle home-study training courses shown on the coupon below. Mark with an X the course which will train you for the high salaried position you are ambitious to fill, sign your name and mail the coupon. We will send without cost or obligation to you full particulars of that course, the reasonable cost, convenient terms, and a copy of the famous book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—a book which tells how men with the aid of LaSalle training have gained promotion in one year which men without the aid of this training have not realized in ten. Are you ready to step forward?

— INQUIRY COUPON —

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY Dept. 571-R The Largest Business Training Institution in the World. **Chicago, Ill.**

- ☐ HIGHER ACCOUNTANCY: Training for positions as Auditors, Comptrollers, Certified Public Accountants, Cost Accountants, etc.
- ☐ LAW: Training for Bar, LL.B. Degree.
- ☐ COMMERCIAL LAW: Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ EXPERT BOOKKEEPING: Training for position of Head Bookkeeper.
- ☐ BANKING AND FINANCE: Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- ☐ BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION: Training for Official, Managerial, Executive positions.
- ☐ BUSINESS ENGLISH: Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- ☐ BUSINESS LETTER WRITING: Training for positions as Correspondents, Mail Sales Directors and all executive correspondence positions.
- ☐ INDUSTRIAL MANAGEMENT EFFICIENCY: Training for Production Managers, Department Heads, and all those desiring training in the 48 factors of efficiency.
- ☐ TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC: Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Managers, etc.
- ☐ EFFECTIVE PUBLIC SPEAKING: Training in the art of forceful effective speech for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Chairmen, etc.
- ☐ C. P. A. COACHING FOR ADVANCED ACCOUNTANTS: In preparation for State Board and Institute Examinations.
- ☐ COMMERCIAL SPANISH: Training for positions as Foreign Correspondents with Spanish-speaking countries.

Name _____ Present Position _____ Address _____



The Tension Test

Proper and Improper Alignment

Get a Good Fan Belt and Keep it Good

To get a *Gilmer* is to get a *good* fan belt. Dealers recommend Gilmer because they know it contains no vulcanized compounds that will not resist these arch destroyers of the fan belt—heat, oil and moisture. Manufacturers' tests have proven that—proven it so conclusively that today Gilmer is factory equipment on eight out of every ten cars built.

You'll get good service from a Gilmer, under almost any conditions. But there are two common troubles—easily to be averted by the car owner—that will ruin any belt. A little care at the start always insures additional fan belt mileage.

Pulleys Out of Line Destroy Any Belt

Misalignment of fan belt pulleys causes most fan belt troubles. Pulleys out of line cause the belt to ride and wear unevenly. This causes a "cut" that robs the belt of thousands of miles of usefulness. Before putting on a new belt, place a straight edge against the fan pulley and the drive pulley to see if the pulleys are in line. If they are not, true them.

Belts Adjusted Too Tightly Cause Trouble

Be careful to avoid adjusting the belt too tightly. A tight belt invariably draws the pulleys out of line and may damage the pulley bearings. When the belt is on, place your hand on one of the fan blades; if the fan turns with the weight of your hand, without additional pressure, the tension is right. If it resists, the tension is too great. If the fan spins freely, the belt is too loose and should be tightened.

IF you have the least doubt of your own ability to install a fan belt properly, let a garage man do it and watch his methods. But be sure he installs a Gilmer.

"Carry a Spare"
A spare fan belt is as necessary as a spare tire—and when it is needed, it's needed even more than a spare tire.

L. H. GILMER CO.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gilmer
WOVEN ENDLESS
FAN BELTS

Manufacturers of Solid Woven Power and Conveyor Belting

(Continued from Page 150)

Mr. Blade counted the number of letters in the first two blocks—WIHESN: 6; OSLDTDICN: 9. To the other separations he paid no attention whatever. He multiplied the six by nine, and being good at figures Mr. Blade got 54 for the answer. Thereupon he separated the whole jumble into strings of 54, which took him in turn to the M of TM; to the V of LGV; to the last U of UAEBU; to the R of CR; to the R of EETR; to the E of OFCE; to the I of TNEI; to the N of ALIETN; and to the U of YUT. Fourteen letters were left over. Having checked off the pied mess of pica caps into 54's, he first separated each batch of 54 into two, giving him in each section two 27's, and then proceeded to transfer these sections, half by half, to the pad along with the tail-end 14 split into two 7's as well. The way Mr. Blade transferred the letters to the pad had some interest. He took the first 27 of each section and strung them out in a line with generous spacing between each two letters. He then fitted the other half of 27 letters beneath the first half. The result was like this:

WIHESNOSLDTDICNIETERLULAETM
JMCALOCNOIAEMDOTNNPTOEMEVSOO

Which, read up and down, states:

J. W. Michaelson, Consolidated Mid-Continent Petroleum, leaves to-mo——

Continuing in the same fashion to the end Mr. Blade had finally not the least trouble in reading this specimen of what cryptographers call the rail-fence cipher. In completed decoding the letters informed him:

J. W. Michaelson, Consolidated Mid-Continent Petroleum, leaves to-morrow to meet the old man. Big industrial proposition on foot will give old man publicity as soon as he gets out of the wilds. You have about five days before Michaelson reaches him. Look for him to be in Cartago or Barranquilla on Thursday; may send out cable from there which will queer us, so clean up in twenty-four hours. Office expects to be in touch with him any day now, so will wire you at once giving you sign to beat it fast. Get on your toes. Reports all fine. Sting the suckers proper. Watch the law and they can't touch you when you get back here. Luck.

Mr. Blade pondered the message. Over $100,000 worth of stocks had already been taken by Heliotrope City. Mr. Blade smiled and hummed to himself, "Fly, birdie, fly!"

The "old man" was emerging from the jungle of the Magdalena River, in Colombia. In the present avid state of Heliotrope City for everything remotely connected with oil the slightest mention of this in the press would immediately bring up the whole town with a start.

"But—but," the whole town would stammer—"he was in Texas ten days ago. Why, he sent a telegram to Ezra Tidewater. Why, there must be some mistake," Heliotrope City would say.

And then, when it found, and that speedily, that there wasn't a mistake—well, in a hackneyed phrase which Mr. Blade, reviewing the situation, used, "The lid would blow off hell!"

When Mr. Blade reached Obadiah's shop, which had been converted into the temporary headquarters of the Independent Producing and Refining Company, he found Mr. Tidewater, Micca & Slaterby and a sprinkling of lesser fry forgathered. It was Mr. Ezra Tidewater, aided and abetted by Caroline Mansions, who broke the ground for the excuses he must build to get away within twenty-four hours.

"Mr. Blade—hm!" said Mr. Tidewater, stroking his hairless chin, "we been looking over this letter here o' yourn," said he, fluttering the saccharine document which J. Merton Blade had received that morning. "And this, what with our other reports"—this a self-flattering euphuism derived from accepting J. Merton Blade's oratory at face value—"'bout conditions down there, we figger that you'd better be making tracks that-away, hm!" Ezra buzzed to his conclusion, his long fingers strolling caressingly round his shiny knob of a chin.

"Mr. Blade," said Mrs. Obadiah decisively, "we want to see our oil begin t' spout," she said, as though she would start the oil spouting at once if he didn't.

"Hm," said Mr. Tidewater. "We've got more'n $125,000 deposited in the bank to the credit o' the company a'ready, an' we ain't even started gettin' the common stock out yet. Thet twenty per cent o' the original issue's 'bout most all been took up a'ready, and it seems t' me like there's enough on hand for the Independent Producin' an' Refinin' Comp'ny to get busy on."

"I sh'd think so!" exclaimed Mrs. Obadiah.

Mr. Blade looked thoughtful for a moment, then he smiled an engaging smile at Mr. Tidewater.

"Well, now, Mr. Tidewater, if you say so," he said; "$125,000 here and the $100,000 o' mine down in Texas—well, that gives us pretty nigh a quarter million to begin getting the oil out," mused Mr. Blade.

"Not too much!" snapped Mrs. Mansions, glaring intimidatingly at Obadiah for some reason. "Not one cent too much to start right—mark my words!" she insisted, to show she was no piker.

Mr. Blade smiled a little sorrowfully. He had revised his earlier goal of $100,000. Heliotrope City seemed made of money.

"I hate to leave you," he said truthfully.

Hustled along by Mrs. Mansions and Mr. Tidewater, Mr. Blade found himself in readiness to leave Heliotrope City even before a telegram came for him that evening, which read:

Big shipment of oil supplies coming up from South America. Expected any moment. Deserted plant selling out. You must decide immediately if you want quick profits.

The import of it was simple to all. They well knew, thanks to Mr. Blade, the cost of drilling for oil, the ruinous prices asked in Texas for anything and everything connected with bringing up the liquid gold. True enough, Mr. Blade had told them over and over again of the oil machinery and tools he had on hand, sufficient to begin drilling at least two wells. But, as Ezra Tidewater now pointed out with a "Hm!" and stroking his chin, "What's the use o' wastin' time drillin' on'y two wells when we c'n get at the profits o' five or six o' them at once?"

It was plainly Mr. Blade's duty to go right down and grab off those bargains of the deserted company. When Ezra Tidewater, the canniest and most conservative business man in the county, spoke that way, who was there in Heliotrope City or elsewhere to gainsay him? And then Mr. Tidewater himself clinched the whole business, in a way which proved conclusively how deeply he held the community's interests at heart.

Mr. Tidewater himself decided to accompany Mr. Blade to Texas and have a look at the tract.

All along he had suggested privately to several of those associated with the Independent Producing and Refining Company that, no matter how trustworthy a proposition seemed, still speculation was speculation, no matter how you looked at it, and it should be examined at the source. Despite the fact that Heliotrope City was in the state of mind in which it would sooner have thought ill of its wives than of the Independent Producing and Refining Company, the town could not fail to appreciate Ezra's guardianship over its welfare.

Mr. Blade seemed to welcome Mr. Tidewater's company!

"That's first rate, Tidewater!" he said, lapsing into unwonted familiarity with the bank president. "Great stuff! That'll put me more at ease too; leave me freer to go right at the practical oil-digging details, and you can sort o' ease the financial matters into proper form down there."

"Yes—hm!" said Mr. Tidewater slowly. "Seein' as the bank's the transfer agent and registrar o' the comp'ny I think I ought t' see what we're dealin' in, hm!"

VI

THE next day Mr. Blade remained on the platform between the last two coaches of the five-coach nine-four for Philadelphia, waving his fond farewell to Heliotrope City, and when the train swung round and crossed the Willow River a hundred feet from Obadiah's hose factory he went to join Mr. Tidewater, who had no fondness for demonstrations, in the smoking car.

Mr. Blade carefully tucked his fine valise and brief case on the baggage rack, stretched himself luxuriously, lighted an excellent cigar, which he had kept in reserve for just this moment, and ensconced himself in the seat beside Mr. Tidewater. For a space of perhaps five minutes they puffed silently; Mr. Blade on his excellent cigar; Mr. Tidewater on his atrocious six-center. Then looking quickly round him Mr. Blade suddenly leaned close to Mr. Tidewater.

"Ezra," whispered Mr. Blade, "you're a small-town product, but I'm hog-tied and nailed to a hitching post if you aren't the best amateur actor I ever laid my eyes on—and I've traveled with the best."

"Hm!" murmured Mr. Tidewater, and thereupon he laid his head back and sighed faintly, as though a great strain had been removed from him.

His lean right hand then slowly began traveling up to his chin. Mr. Blade reached out quickly and caught it.

"Don't!" he said. "It gives me the willies. You're wearing your chin away. You ought to use it in moderation; it's worth a million dollars to you, man! There never could've been anything as honest as you look when you're petting it!"

"Hm!" said Mr. Tidewater, gently tugging his hand loose. "It was a mistake to have brung in that boost for you from the big fellow down there in Texas. I c'd 'a' swung the deal without him."

"And all that good coin still left back there—lying round loose, begging to come in out o' the cold—just begging!" moaned Mr. Blade softly.

"When I go back," said Mr. Tidewater musingly, fondling his nethermost facial projection, "I'm goin' t' pick up twenty-five thousan' more of it to add to the thirty thousan' comin' t' me right now out o' what you got in your pocket."

"Twenty-five thousand more when you get back!" exclaimed Mr. Blade in wonderment, dividing a sheaf of exalted bills. "Say—are you kidding me or have I overpeeped something?"

Mr. Tidewater's hands tenderly escorted thirty crisp imperial bills into a worn pocketbook and bore it out of sight with a single, soft, rhythmic, caressing motion. A faint twinkle hovered in his eyes—the pinpoint reflection of some dryly humorous fire deep within the long, railly farmer-banker that he was.

"Not overlooked anything," said Mr. Tidewater. "Hm, you'd jes' 'a' never thought of't," he said a little superiorly. "I'm goin' t' get it out o' Obadiah!"

"Mansions—that poor worm!" exclaimed Mr. Blade in amazement, wondering what it was all leading to; feeling that here from this hick banker he was learning something.

"Yes—hm. I'm goin' t' have him arrested," said Mr. Tidewater.

Mr. Blade nearly toppled into the aisle.

"What!"

"Bein' president'ssomethin', eh?" queried Mr. Tidewater with pride. "He ought t' be made t' pay fer 't, hm. He's pres'dent o' the Independent Producin' and Refinin' Comp'ny, an' he's the respons'ble head o' his comp'ny, ain't he? Well, as sech—hm—he's head o' a fraud'lent concern, ain't he?" asked Mr. Tidewater very slowly. "As sech he's got t' stand good fer his comp'ny or go t' jail, ain't he?"

"But arresting him!" exclaimed Mr. Blade.

"Or he'll make good," said Mr. Tidewater. "Hm—anyways—he'll pay me par fer my shares o' his fraud'lent concern!"

"Happy days!" breathed Mr. Blade intensely. "You got your nerve with you, old-timer!"

"We got to work fast," said Mr. Tidewater. "I don' know but they c'n find out any minute now back home how you stand. We got t' work fast—hm. When," said Mr. Tidewater, "we get t' Philadelphia we'll go t' a hotel; register all right an' proper," he explained, unfolding his fast-working plan, "an' make reservations fer our train t'-morrer fer the South. We'll be stayin' over fer some business—straight bank business they know 'bout back there—what I got t' fix up. I'll intraduce you t' a reg'lar stock-brokin' firm—Halstead, Mercer & Donohue, on Chestnut Street. Stock Exchange people—all right—big rep'tation."

"Sure—I know of 'em," said Mr. Blade, listening intently to Mr. Tidewater's scheme.

"I'll make you all right with 'em," went on Mr. Tidewater; "an' cover myself, hm. Hm—managin' field director o' our new oil comp'ny; shares all took up; limited issue; all that," said Mr. Tidewater.

"Go on," said Mr. Blade, all attention.

"We stay a while, an' come out; little later I'm havin' Ned Rousch, good lawyer, smart plunger, over to hotel—the Stratford, where we'll be at—t' meet you. See him 'lone first; you off on business of your own, an' then I come back. Come back—you're gone—no bags or nothing in the room."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Blade eagerly.

"When Rousch comes I'll be all worked up, hm. All excited."

"Say—maybe you won't!" said Mr. Blade enthusiastically. "I'd love to see you in the part!"

"I won't know what to do, hm," said Mr. Tidewater. "He'll see right away the need o' keepin' it quiet, if we don' want t' ruin all remainin' prospects o' the Independent Producin' an' Refinin' Comp'ny."

"That'll sort o' cover me too," said Mr. Blade, "though the coin I'm lugging is nothing more'n payment for my machinery down there for getting oil out of the driest desert hole this side o' Cairo, for which President Mansions has got a due and proper receipt."

"A bill o' sales—hm," corrected Mr. Tidewater mildly.

"It's a sell all right," chortled Mr. Blade.

"Late at night we'll go to the police," continued Mr. Tidewater. "Hm—by then you oughter be far away."

"'Far, far away," agreed Mr. Blade dreamily.

"An' 'fore we go to the police," added Mr. Tidewater, for his last perfect touch, "I'll telegraph to Marshall Jim Caulder and Sam Micca to have Obadiah watched ev'ry minute, an' thet I 'xpect somethin's wrong; thet Blade's disappeared, and I b'lieve Obadiah's right grave impl'cated. By the time I get back home Obadiah'll be right glad t' buy me out at par, and mebbe some others too, hm."

"Say," asked Mr. Blade abruptly, "d'you think anybody else is hep?"

"I think Sam Micca's got suspicions," answered Mr. Tidewater indifferently; "but—hm—Sam an' me's got a right good workin' 'greement, seein' I c'n send him t' prison most any time I want to, 'count of a little will an' receivership business."

"Friendly greetings!" exclaimed Mr. Blade, a little bewildered. "Some town you hail from, bo. They got nothing on you folks in the so-called centers of finance and learning."

"Yes—hm," murmured Mr. Tidewater, summing it all up, leaning back again and drawing stoically on his odoriferous weed; "I'll have my ticket and res'rvations bought fer Texas to show 'em; an' the rail clerk'll likely remember thet you was with me then an' bought one too. Then I'll've made a dozen trips, bein' more an' more worried like, each time, to the hotel desk, askin' 'bout you after I find you've slipped off—hm—askin' each time wasn't there no message fer me—no tel'phone call or sech. An' what with one detail an' another taken care of, I'll be high, dry an' clear."

Mr. Blade, also relaxing now and puffing his fragrant Havana, repeated: "Some town some actor some hairspring in your old gray dome, Ezra! They got nothing on the old-home folks in what they call the centers of learning and finance!"

VII

IT NEVER rains but it pours. It seemed to Obadiah that he had never really had anything to do with life before the fateful day succeeding the departure of Mr. Blade and Ezra Tidewater, presumably for the petroliferous El Dorado of the Independent Producing and Refining Company. Life just plainly came out from behind the bushes and whacked Obadiah over the head with a Liberty-engine drive. Only the immensity of the blow softened the shock, and he was as good as unconscious while his pockets were turned inside out.

Mr. Tidewater's telegram apprising Sam Micca and Marshal Caulder of the flitting of J. Merton Blade and his suspicions that Obadiah had been in connivance with the eloquent genius in the oil game started something which moved over Obadiah with the speed and effect of a cyclone. Mr. Micca rushed to Caulder's house before that simple forthright being could follow his first joyous impulse to clap Obadiah Mansions into jail and sit guard over him with a double-barreled gun. Mr Micca had a hint of Mr. Tidewater's purpose even at long distance. The senior member of Micca & Slaterby was no mean practical psychologist. He therefore stationed Jim Caulder in Tony Marsano's fruit, tobacco, cobbing and candy emporium across the street from the home office of the Independent Producing and Refining Company, with instructions not to let Obadiah out of sight should he step from his shop. In jail Obadiah might have called for a lawyer, in his own shop with Caulder watching him across the street, he would probably just let things drift him to his doom. He dragged Obadiah from his lair on Decatur Avenue, cleverly separating him from Mrs. Obadiah, who was busy preparing a breakfast which Obadiah was to have no stomach for.

"Ob'diah!" said Mr. Micca in the shop, surrounded by drifts of the literary paraphernalia brought to be by the fertility

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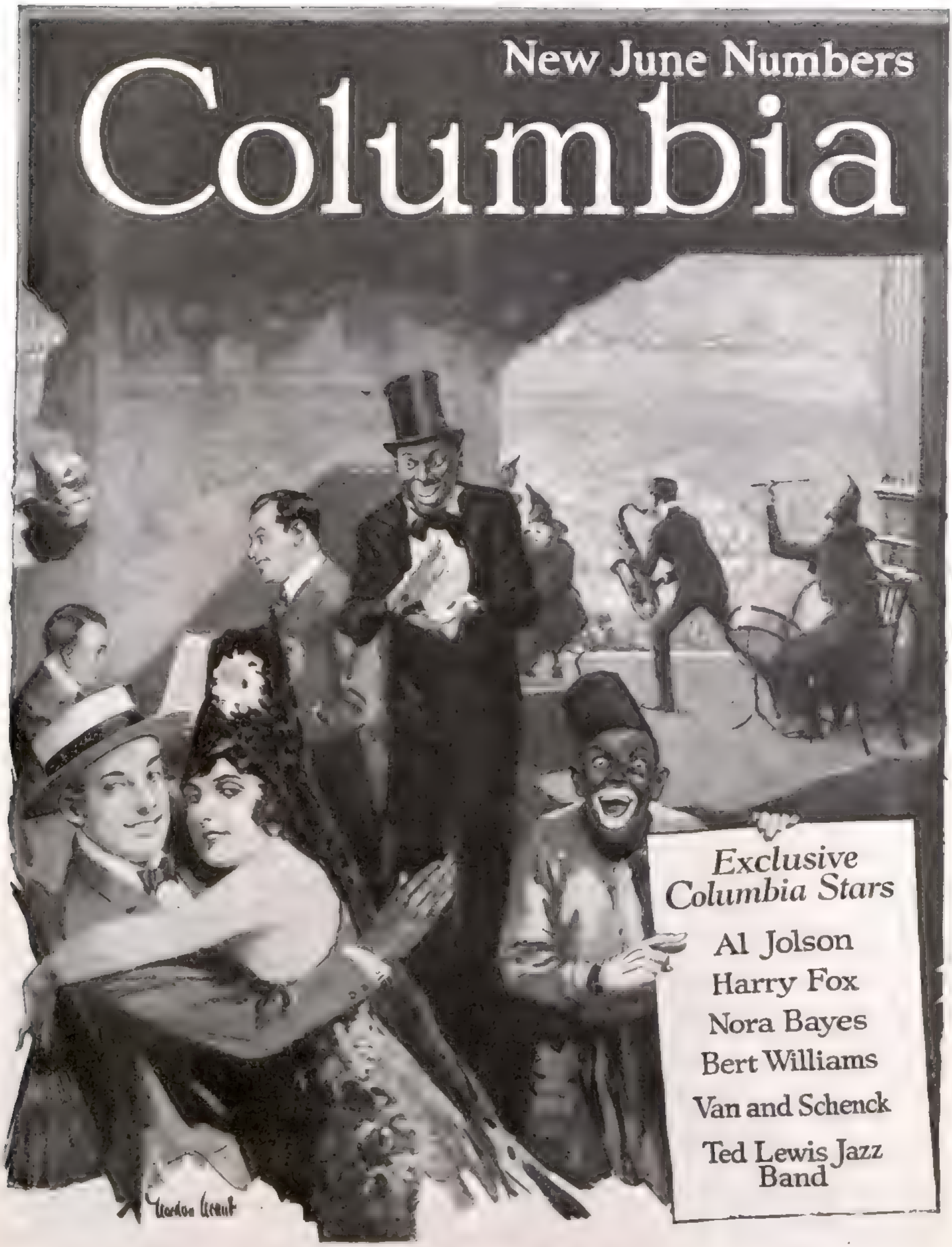
New June Numbers

Columbia



Exclusive Columbia Stars

Al Jolson
Harry Fox
Nora Bayes
Bert Williams
Van and Schenck
Ted Lewis Jazz Band

Now on Sale

Records

Jolson Sings To Spanish Sweetheart

A song with more than a touch of tabasco is "That Wonderful Kid from Madrid." This *exclusive* Columbia artist sings it with such snap and swing that he gets a laugh with every line.

A-2898—$1.00

"Lazy Mississippi" a Melodious Duet

This tenor duet by Campbell and Burr tells of a pickaninny's memories of his mammy on the Mississippi.

A-2909—$1.00

Laugh With Ted Lewis' Trombone

You can't resist the jocular mirth of "When My Baby Smiles at Me," the first laughing trombone record by these *exclusive* Columbia artists.

A-2908—$1.00

Other Great June Records

The place to find the music you want is at a Columbia dealer's store. From opera arias to concert selections, from popular song hits to orchestra overtures, from instrumental solos to negro folk songs, from band pieces to comic talks, from guitar duets to the latest dances, he has anything you want.

Swanee—Medley One-step Columbia Dance Orchestra **Mystery**—Medley Fox-trot . The Happy Six	A-2905 $1.00
Who Wants a Baby?—Medley Fox-trot Columbia Saxophone Sextette **The Crocodile**—Fox-trot Columbia Saxophone Sextette	A-2910 $1.00
Hold Me—Fox-trot, Art Hickman's Orchestra **Dance It With Me Again**—One-step Art Hickman's Orchestra	A-2899 $1.00
Oriental Stars—One-step Prince's Dance Orchestra **Bound in Morocco**—Fox-trot Prince's Dance Orchestra	A-2906 $1.00
Left Alone Again Blues—Medley Fox-trot Yerkes Jazarimba Orchestra **Alexandria,** from *Aphrodite*—Medley Fox-trot . Yerkes Jazarimba Orchestra	A-6148 $1.25
Delilah—Medley Waltz . Columbia Orchestra **In Shadowland**—Waltz . Prince's Orchestra	A-6147 $1.25
Khaki Boys' March—Bell Solo British Orchestra accompaniment **Among Flowers**—Waltz Columbia Mexican Band	E-4562 $1.00
Oh! Reign, Massa Jesus, Reign Fisk University Jubilee Singers **'Most Done Traveling** Fisk University Jubilee Singers	A-2901 $1.00
Hiawatha's Melody of Love . Lewis James **Underneath the Southern Skies** Lewis James and Charles Harrison	A-2914 $1.00
Who'll Take the Place of Mary? Peerless Quartette **Mother's Hands** . . . . Lewis James	A-2913 $1.00
Emmet's Cuckoo Song . Frank Kamplain **Emmet's Lullaby** . . Frank Kamplain	A-2904 $1.00
Jean . . . . . Peerless Quartette **What a Day That'll Be** . . Frank Crumit	A-2915 $1.00
Molly on the Shore—Piano Solo Percy Grainger **Brahms' Valse in A Flat and Juba Dance**—Piano Solo . . . Percy Grainger	A-6145 $1.50
Smoky Mokes . . . Prince's Orchestra **Happy Days in Dixie** . . Prince's Orchestra	A-2900 $1.00
Boston Commandery March . Columbia Band **Colonel Bogey March** . . Columbia Band	A-2903 $1.00
Dardanella Violin Solo . . Sascha Jacobsen **If You Could Care,** [illegible] Violin Solo . . . . Sascha Jacobsen	A-2912 $1.00
Hawaiian Smiles—Hawaiian Guitar Duet Ferera and Franchini **In the Heart of Hawaii**—Hawaiian Guitar Duet Louise and Ferera	A-2916 $1.00
Swallow Tail and Green Fields of America—Accordion Solo . . Patrick J. Scanlon **Liverpool and O'Neil's Favorite**—Accordion Solo . . Patrick J. Scanlon	A-2902 $1.00
Dinorah—Ombra Leggera . Maria Barrientos	49596 $1.50
Abe Kabibble at the Ball Game Harry Hershfield **Abe Kabibble Dictates a Letter** Harry Hershfield	A-2907 $1.00

New Columbia Records on Sale at All Columbia Dealers the 10th and 20th of Every Month.

Any Columbia Dealer will play you any Columbia Record.

Columbia Grafonola

Get the New Columbia Novelty Record Booklet. Every Columbia Dealer has it.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO., New York
Canadian Factory: Toronto

Lucy Gates Sings Sweet Lullabies

Lucy Gates, glorious soprano, makes you share all the mother's happy joy in that old-time ballad, "Baby Mine." Coupled with "Mammy's Song," by this *exclusive* Columbia artist.

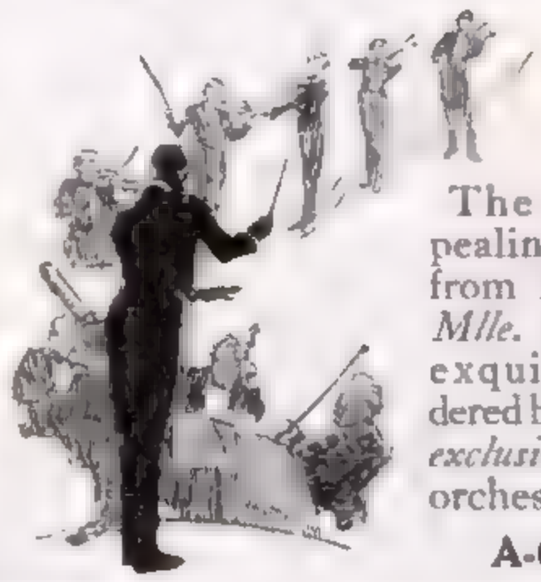
A-2911—$1.00

Graveure Glorifies Great Love Songs

"The Want of You" and "I Know a Lovely Garden" are this *exclusive* Columbia artist's two great songs of lovers' longing.

A-2897—$1.00

N.Y. Philharmonic Plays Light Opera Medleys



The most appealing numbers from *Mikado* and *Mlle. Modiste* are exquisitely rendered by this famous *exclusive* Columbia orchestra.

A-6146—$1.50

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of Mr. Blade's genius in the oil game. "Ob'diah," intoned Mr. Micca accusingly, "Blade's disappeared, an' somethin's wrong with this whole prop'sition!"

Obadiah's insides seemed simultaneously to freeze and thaw.

"I—I knew it!" he gasped, for some unaccountable reason.

And right there Mr. Micca had him. In vain did Obadiah plead that he had never wanted to be president of the company or anything; how he had wanted to—only wanted to—to go to Valparaiso. In his panic, created by something held back ominously in Sam Micca's manner, he blurted out that all he had wanted to do, all he now wanted to do, was to go to Valparaiso!

Well, I ask you—be fair to Mr. Micca for a minute. When the president of a concern suddenly discovered to be fraudulent to the extent of more than $100,000 of perfectly valid currency confesses outright that his one desire was and is to get to Valparaiso, what is the inference?

"Valpar-eye-zo!" bellowed Mr. Micca at the cowering worm before him. "Valpar-eye-zo!" he shouted still louder. He gripped Obadiah's arm and swung him round to the window. "Look there—see!"

Across the street in the doorway of Tony's, Marshal Jim Caulder was stuffing a corncob and explaining to a pop-eyed gathering just what he was doing there, and just what Ezra Tidewater had telegraphed.

"Move—just move outta here, I dare ye!" roared Mr. Micca. "You're a watched man, Mansions—the law's after you!"

He stalked out of the front door, giving what seemed to be some mystic and terrible signal to Marshal Caulder, who replied, as Obadiah clearly saw, in a still more mystic and terrible way and, leaving behind him a little frightened face peering through the window, took Main Street on high, never pulling up until he reached the post office and a feverish group gathered about Mr. Slaterby and Bob Smilax, letterwise, spelling out a paragraph in the financial section of a New York evening paper of the day before. The paragraph was all about the return of the famous old man, who had so heartily recommended J. Merton Blade to Heliotrope City, from a three weeks' trip in the wilds of Colombia, S. A.

Into this inflammable group Mr. Micca rammed his way, bearing the spark of Mr. Tidewater's telegram and a burly transcript of his experience with Obadiah, just undergone. In sixty minutes it was all over Heliotrope City that Sam Micca had come into the Obadiah Mansions household in the gray dawn just as the two inhabitants thereof were packing their bags to skip to Valparaiso. The evidence of a deep-laid plot to turn the pockets of Heliotrope City inside out and waste that honest cash in riotous dissipation in the land of the shimmy, the tango and the sauce was complete. Heliotrope City was mad with lost illusions and self-importance.

Looking out of his windows, panic swooping round in his suddenly capacious insides like a hungry eagle pecking for food and liberty at the same time, Obadiah felt like what he was—the sacrificial chief attraction to make a Heliotropian reckoning day.

At noon Ezra Tidewater telegraphed that he would be in Heliotrope City at six o'clock; no sign of Blade yet uncovered.

"Don't let Mansions get away till I come!" was the awful tenor of his message.

"Don't fire till you see the whites of his eyes!" Obadiah read in every Heliotropian countenance that glared into his shop through the long, long afternoon. He felt bleached to his toe tips.

But Mrs. Obadiah sallied forth. Truth to say, for once the cocksureness of this Heliotropian combination of Cassandra and Carrie Nation failed her. She simply at first didn't know what it was all about, and when she did she was too flabbergasted—well, not too flabbergasted for words, that she could never be; but decidedly too stunned for effective thought or action. She returned with the seven-seven mail, and hit into Obadiah.

When eight-thirty came, and with the cuckoo's sinister death-watch chime appeared Mr. Tidewater, flanked like the Grand Doge of Venice by Sam Micca and a lot of minor doges, to hear the local Jesse James to the trial chamber, Mrs. Obadiah made no attempt to go along and see what would happen to her husband. Through a bitter afternoon the successive stages of self-pity, outraged hope and the process of auto-hypnotism with which the devotee of the cult of I-told-you-so is enabled to meet all contingencies had left Mrs. Obadiah a sour woman. That Valparaiso business on Obadiah's part had done for her. The town was full of it, and when she confronted her spouse with the one luckless dream of his life as an act of marital treachery and he began to stammer some sort of incoherent explanation, she accepted it—mighty glad to, in fact—as the clincher of his guilt.

Not that really Mrs. Obadiah believed her spouse to have been in collusion with the eloquent J. Merton Blade; not that for an instant! It was simply that Caroline perceived a great quantity of dark and dismal blame falling, falling, and she was getting out from under, until the falling was done with. She had little enough idea, for all her gift of prophecy, of what Obadiah was being led to by the great mogul of Heliotrope City.

If she had perhaps she would not have snapped after him as he was being borne off: "Mind ye—you straighten this mess out ye got yourself into—Valp'raiso—szszsip!" she snorted. "Don't ye come back here till you got this settled, I tell ye, Ob'diah Mansions—and you too, Ezra Tidewater, and all the rest o' ye, 'long with fat Sam Micca there!"

The bitterness of Klondike gone glimmering right in front of her long-pointed nose seethed in her words. All along she had been the one person of whom Ezra Tidewater stood in fear, and now she had eliminated herself.

The hangman's procession trudged up Main Street to the bank. It was the cruelest ordeal man could have devised for the cowering little figure in its midst. He shrank from the accusing faces of his fellow townsmen and was glad when he was conducted into the grand inquisitorial chamber of Heliotrope City, that commonplace office room of Ezra Tidewater's, in which he had beheld with due inattention the creation of the Independent Producing and Refining Company and was made president as he awoke from a dream of Valparaiso Bay.

Mr. Tidewater told the tale of the defection of Mr. J. Merton Blade. The way Mr. Tidewater told of it—the straightforward, sorrowful simplicity of that telling—would have made any heart ache for the betrayed old man. No honest man could have believed otherwise than that Mr. Tidewater was entitled to a bonus over and above the redemption at par of the fraudulent stocks of the Independent Producing and Refining Company which he had been tricked into buying.

Obadiah alone of all in that solemn chamber understood less than half of what Mr. Tidewater was saying. There was something in the atmosphere of that room when a conclave of notable Heliotropians was under way which bewitched Obadiah. Again, and for the second time in his life, and for the second time in that room, a strange thing happened to Obadiah the worm.

Yearning re-entered his soul—only much stronger than before. He was suffused with wistfulness. A painfully keen longing to be off and alone somewhere—anywhere, so long as it was elsewhere—possessed him until his dream love of loves crowded out his general craving to be just somewhere else, and his yearning centered, as upon a creed of faith, upon Valparaiso, Valparaiso Bay.

He came to with a start, and now he was fully awakened out of the bemuddled state in which he had half listened to Mr. Tidewater's Iliad of betrayal. Mr. Tidewater was talking about Valparaiso himself!

"Val-preezo—hm. Thet's where he was plannin' t' go t' join thet other swindler, Blade," Mr. Tidewater was saying with ominous severity. "Hm, Val-preezo—mebbe we'll ketch thet fellow Blade there," continued Mr. Tidewater; and the thought that J. Merton Blade might be heading for Valparaiso Bay almost spoiled the picture for Obadiah.

"We got you, though, Obadiah Mansions!" shouted Mr. Tidewater, so abruptly raising his voice that Obadiah was not the only one to start violently. "You—hm!" shrilled Mr. Tidewater, pointing a condemning finger at the worm in front of him. "You'll see Val-preezo—hm. Aye, you'll see it, Obadiah Mansions, soon enough—in jail."

Obadiah sat there helpless under the devastating threat. Tell of his queer dream of southern cities? It is true he had just been dreaming of them again with greater cogency than in his first dreams. But how expect a man who has spent his life in making rubber hose and crawling under the stings and arrows of matrimony to tell of a half-formed start of a dream of freedom or explain the auroralike beginnings of intangible wistfulness and inarticulate yearning?

So Obadiah sat there helpless, and just wished on that he were in Valparaiso or any place other than Heliotrope City, with all the wishing power in him.

There was no hope for him, however; he felt it. What did they want, and why didn't they hurry up and say or do it? He remembered, by a curious, oblique bit of visioning, the faces of his townspeople along Main Street, and he felt he would rather die than confront them again. Was there no way out? Yes, Mr. Tidewater had a way.

Mr. Tidewater now began to explain the one way Obadiah could keep out of jail. He began to read from a little notebook. Immediately Obadiah recognized something familiar in what Mr. Tidewater was reading. It was an account of all his cash and convertible possessions. They totaled $54,327.81 besides his factory; $15,800.62 in the Citizens Union Bank of Heliotrope City; $14,527.19 in the Produce Exchange Bank of Ashhurst; mortgages and real property appraised at $24,000.

Ezra had it right, Obadiah unconsciously said to himself. Ezra was wonderful at figures.

When Mr. Tidewater had told Mr. Blade that he would get his shares of the Independent Producing and Refining Company redeemed at par he had been overshooting his own intentions, for the very human desire of eliciting a little more applause from a fellow artist. He had estimated to a penny what Obadiah could be dragooned into paying. He had invested $20,000 in the oil corporation, received it back before Mr. Blade left Heliotrope City with the $110,000, and collected his profit of $30,000 in the train; consequently he had no intention of slaughtering the goose who in this day of prices as they are was capable of laying a fresh egg. Neither had he any intention of driving Obadiah clean out of panic into desperation. He wanted no more than Obadiah possessed. If Obadiah could not pay three-thirds on the dollar, he would be content with two-thirds.

"Hm, the stock issued, hm," continued Mr. Tidewater, "up t' date, by this fraud'lent corp'ration of which Obadiah Mansions here is pres'dent, was 2526 shares of seven per cent cum'lative preferred votin' stock, rep'sentin' $126,300, hm."

Obadiah trembled under the weight of that august sum as it rolled from Mr. Tidewater's lips.

"One hunderd an' ten thousan' dollars was taken off by the crim'nal 'sociate of the pres'dent, a Mr. Blade, as he called hisself, who Obadiah here introduced t' us fer the first time, when he was gettin' ready t' org'nize his fraud'lent corp'ration."

This harrowing repetition of "fraud'lent corp'ration" was striking at the pit of Obadiah's stomach. It was like the leitmotif of an opera called Jail.

"Thet leaves $16,300 of the money invested in this fraud'lent concern still untetched. Hm, that is"—here Mr. Tidewater glowered at Obadiah, reading things in his soul Obadiah had never known were there—"of what was invested in this community. Where else this swindler callin' hisself Mr. Blade may've op'rated we can't tell yet—or mebbe Mr. Mansions c'n tell us?" asked Mr. Tidewater with a significant turn which did make Obadiah tremble.

He was almost at the point now of believing that he had spent most of his life running up and down the country swindling bank presidents and simple-minded folk like Sam Micca out of their savings; in fact, he could hardly see any way at all of keeping out of jail, and was beginning to doubt whether, even if a way should be uncovered through the charity and mercy of Mr. Tidewater, he ought, in duty to the community at large, to take it.

"No? You won't tell us—yet?" shouted Mr. Tidewater down at him suddenly, and Obadiah jumped in his chair; guiltily of course. "Hm, I'll continyeh," said Mr. Tidewater, again taking up the figuring at which he was so wonderful. "This $16,300 what they didn't get a chance t' carry off, plus the $61,427 of the pres'dent of this fraud'lent comp'ny, makes $70,627, which can be put to redeemin' the shares which this fraud'lent corp'ration sold to the unsuspectin' citizens o' Heliotrope City," announced Mr. Tidewater coolly, looking down at Obadiah to permit this proposal of the confiscation of his wealth to sink into that miscreant's inner consciousness.

Obadiah, however, was impervious to suggestions from without. He vaguely felt that he was called upon to do something, and so he soberly nodded. Whereupon a slight touch of cheeriness—just the shade of cheeriness—crept into Mr. Tidewater's tones; a bit of jazz you might say.

"Now," added Mr. Tidewater, as though the rest were easy, "we haven't said anything yet about Mr. Mansions' fact'ry."

Obadiah started. His factory!

"You c'n see—hm—right well," Mr. Tidewater pursued genially, "thet thepres'dent o' this fraud'lent oil corp'ration ain't able t' pay any dollar on a dollar originally invested in his comp'ny. Hm, we c'd send him to jail; but I rec'mend what consid'ration we c'n work up t' give him, because we've known him a long time, an' far's I know"—Mr. Tidewater paused, eyed Obadiah speculatively and seemed to wait for other opinions on the matter—"far's I know he's never tried anything dishonest in this community 'fore. Thirty-three an' a third cents' loss on every dollar we put into his fraud'lent corp'ration ain't easy fer none of us t' stand; but I rec'mend thet we permit him t' meet his obl'gations t' this commun'ty by payin' back two-thirds o' each dollar he took from us. Two-thirds return o' what we sunk into this dishonest spec'lation, if ye can even talk of't as a spec'lation, is $84,200."

"Make him pay it all!" shouted Mr. Micca.

Obadiah shrank together under the attack of that crushing voice. He looked up at Mr. Tidewater with pathetic appeal. Mr. Tidewater allowed his long, lean fingers to wander up to his chin, round which they curled like a quintet of adder snakes round a mushroom.

"I rec'mend—hm—mercy," repeated Mr. Tidewater severely, massaging his chin and waiting to see if there were any others who disagreed with him. "Hm," he continued; "with his capital, as I jes' pointed out, t'gether with what's left o' the money put in this concern bein' on'y $70,627, there's a deficit on the two-thirds o' the money sunk into this concern o' $13,573. Thet's what he's got to raise t' bring it up to $84,200—hm, and give us back 66⅔ cents on each dollar we put in, hm. Now," said Mr. Tidewater, proving himself again the public-spirited citizen that he was, "I'll see to't he raises thet on his fact'ry. This bank'll loan him the sum on thet security, at the proper rate o' int'rest; an'—hm—thet's all!" concluded Mr. Tidewater rather precipitously.

For a second he stood there glowering down on the worm before him, and the worm, muddled and befuddled, hesitated a fraction of that second, and nodded.

It was noteworthy that through all his speech, in all his calculations of Obadiah's resources and what he could raise to pay back to honest Heliotropians what he had swindled them out of with his fraud'lent corp'ration, no mention was made by Mr. Tidewater or suggested by any other in the room of that purloined money itself as one of the possible assets of the president of the Independent Producing and Refining Company. Mentally numbed, Obadiah felt that he ought to thank Mr. Tidewater for having given him the one chance to save himself from jail. It was marvelous really how justly Ezra had worked it out. He was in a state where he would have signed his death warrant gratefully had it been handed to him with the least of kind words. He was beyond thanking even of Caroline now. It was his first attempt at thinking solely for himself, and it was calamitous.

He signed everything, checks covering his ready cash; made over his mortgages and deeds, the whole company trooping through the darkened bank to the single safety-box chamber, where he worked the combination with trembling, clumsy fingers, the mind behind them for the time nonexistent, and brought out his papers. He signed everything away, without thought of Caroline, who so often had popped into his thoughts at crucial moments, signed away his very house, and took a mortgage on his factory, a burdened man henceforth, who had been a free man before the great dark shadow of jail rested on him.

Solemnly the prominent Heliotropians there in power assembled handed over their certificates of seven per cent cumulative voting preferred stock in the Independent Producing and Refining Company. He got it all. Blade's forty per cent of stock, his own forty per cent, and now this twenty per cent, which Heliotrope City had been so anxious to snatch up; along with the machinery which the eloquent Mr. Blade had claimed waited on the great

(Continued on Page 159)

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(Continued from Page 156)

Duppeltag-Eller tract in readiness for getting the marvelous oil out—pipes, drills, rotary rigs, bull wheels, sucker rods and everything, even the nitroglycerin to drop into the holes when the wells were about to be shot. He got it all, and there never was a thing a man wanted less.

"Hm, you own the hull comp'ny now, Obadiah," said Mr. Tidewater, his hawk's claw of a hand curving round his chin.

"Ye've got the whole show now!" bellowed Mr. Micca, with the implication of "I hope ye're satisfied!"

Obadiah was. He hadn't seen earlier in the evening how he was going to keep out of jail, until Mr. Tidewater kindly fixed it.

"May—may I go?" he asked timidly.

Mr. Tidewater frowned. You could see that he hadn't made up his mind quite whether he ought to permit Obadiah to roam at large.

"Hm," he said finally, and nodded.

Obadiah could have made an obeisance to him if he had not been so dizzy. He got out of the bank somehow, leaving them to apportion his savings at 66⅔ cents on the Independent Producing and Refining Company's dollar.

He crawled off down Main Street, a pathetic little worm who in some fashion had once gathered together more than half a hundred thousand dollars of honest earnings, and for which he had never got the least gesture of respect from others who regarded themselves any number of thousand times his superiors. He crawled down Main Street to his shop, the temporary home office of the Independent Producing and Refining Company, and all the time, in a rhythmic throbbing, there ran through his dazed mind a weird Walpurgis Night bubble-and-trouble chanty, as though all the witches of Brocken were dancing and duetting inside his cranium, while out of the nebulous darkness ahead, rising right out of the dim cleft where the Willow River dragged its sluggish course, a still terrifying object formed itself, bigger and bigger—the county jail. He still wasn't rid of its threat.

On and on went the haggard witch's incantation in his weary brain:

"Jail—penniless! Jail—penniless! Jail—Valparaiso, Valparaiso, Valparaiso!"

Why Valparaiso? someone please tell; but Valparaiso it was that repeated itself like the fire song of a specter on a Scotch hillside or some place. Valparaiso—one place he would never see; and all the time that growing thing ahead there was ——

He stopped stock-still. It was as though an icy cataract had descended upon him.

Caroline! The worst was yet to come!

She was there waiting for him, like Xanthippe at the Styx. In some way or other he stumbled into speech, as intelligible to one who didn't know him as a Burmese dissertation on the mystic divisibility of Buddha. But Mrs. Obadiah understood. Not at once—eventually.

She gave a shriek, and the next moment Obadiah found himself in the flailing clutch of her gaunt hands.

"What—what—what!" she screamed.

She battled with a kind of spiritual tetanus in her lust to unlock her jaws. The unusual restraint on her powers of speech broke, and the torrential English which beat over Obadiah now was, to use a homely Heliotrope City phrase, a caution. Like the art of Eva Tanguay, it wasn't what she said but how she said it—unreproducible.

Like a lightning calculator imbued with the emotions of Nazimova, Mrs. Obadiah gave an instantaneous summary of all her marital tribulations with Obadiah from inception to date. As he cowered, shivered and attempted to draw inside of himself, she told him how she had made him what he was to-day—that is to say, what he had been yesterday; how all her life she had slaved for his good; how she had been prudent to guard him from the alluring snares of easy money which had beset his reckless rubber-hose-making career at every step; how she had distrusted that razory Blade from the moment he entered her house; how she had warned and warned Obadiah, miserable, self-seeking worm that he was; how she cried and cried and cried out some more against the transparent wiles of that guy; how by the very way he had cheated poor old man Duppeltag down there in that robbers' grove of a Texas she might have known he would skin the eyeteeth of Heliotrope City, where there wasn't a male who had enough sense to know whether the Willow River ran up or down; how —— There was this to be said of Caroline—she had more perfect explanatory hows at her command at any time than Ezra Tidewater could dig up. And that brings us—rather it brought Mrs. Obadiah, bearing the miserable cringing worm before her along on a freshet of abuse—to Mr. Tidewater himself

"Don't tell me that skinny thief, Ezra Tidewater, was ever took in by anybody!" she screamed, unhampered by consistency in alighting on a great instinctive truth. "Or that fat thief, Sam Micca!"

She clutched Obadiah afresh.

"You—you go back, you—you mis'ble worm—back there right off and get back every cent they stole from you, Obadiah Mansions—d'ye hear me?—or don't you ever come in here again!"

With this she pounded Obadiah violently against the door leading to his own porch. As Obadiah's little back struck the portal of his home something snapped inside him, something immense and repressing.

Two little hands convulsively balled into fists pushed desperately out straight ahead and struck off Mrs. Obadiah's gaunt grippers. Two little hands suddenly began to shoot out right and left to all sides, touching and clutching convulsively at the accumulated bric-a-brac of the Obadiah Mansions' marital era, and as abruptly as the bursting of a shrapnel shell the notoriously well-ordered Obadiah parlor became a devastating whirlwind of mid-Victorian junk.

For one speechless second Mrs. Obadiah's eyes, opened to the cracking point, were fixed upon the miniature berserker, who had sprung full grown out of the grub which had been her husband. For one second only, and then, as the quick-working convulsive little hands reached out for the four-foot Japanese umbrella vase, made within speaking distance of a well-known Atlantic port, Mrs. Obadiah—yes, she did—she ran! She got inside her sacred dining room so fast she couldn't have got in any faster, and with a shriek of terror she slammed the single door and turned the key, just as the fifty-pound blue-and-white monstrosity came galloping through the air at a speed Ruth could not have hit, and smashed and crashed and shattered against the complaining pine with the jolliest heave-ho-my-hearties dent and eruption that was ever heard in Heliotrope City.

Somebody banging at the porch door and windows momentarily deflected Obadiah's objective. He picked up another chunky porcelain bowl vase filled with hydrangeas and grabbed a full-bellied mahogany sewing box from the mantel. He heave-hoed the first bloated missile through the window pane and lambasted the second bloated missile against the door and with a war screech he darted into the hall and upstairs.

Fearful quiet reigned—for a moment. Then, though not a peep was heard from the terrified Caroline sharing the underneath of the dining-room table with five bulky inhospitable legs and staring at the door to the parlor as though she were seeing the accumulated multitude of her ancestors shooting craps on her green Wilton carpet in that suddenly converted den of horror; and though there wasn't another knock on window or door from the augmented throng of pop-eyed Heliotropians on the sidewalk—terrific stevedore noises all at once filled the house.

Obadiah was packing.

In order to do it properly, when he thought with affection of his blue tie with yellow diagonals he overthrew the whole blasted dresser in which he couldn't find it, and then miraculously picked it up off the floor. In the course of filling his little antique alligator-skin bag with three collars, two shirts, a set of underwear, his razor, a bunch of handkerchiefs, three socks, all different, and his new police-and-fireman's suspenders, he knocked a mirror down, a chest of drawers over, and tossed a loaded 200-pound trunk down the back stairs as though it were a box of poker chips; and when it landed against—for only a second against—the closed kitchen door down there it took door and all with it and collapsed on the kitchen floor with the boom of Niagara, and Mrs. Obadiah threw her arms round the northwest table leg and clinched the south and the southeast ones in a back scissors stroke, closed her eyes and yelled bloody murder.

But that wasn't all for Obadiah. He set the sewing machine bottom side up on the bed so that the bed springs greeted the floor, and swung a fat clothes hamper through the window, only it wouldn't go but part way through, and stuck. This brought him by the natural process of elimination to an overstuffed rocker, and this he deposited in a closet, waiving the formality of first opening the flimsy door. A shower of minor household impedimenta, such as pin trays, pin cushions and any old kind of cushions, shoes, clothes hangers, family portraits, mirrors, soap dishes, tumblers, a tin bucket and a broom, poured through windows and whatever bit of space roundabout was momentarily unoccupied. When he finally dissevered the tall head part of the honorable old walnut bed of the house of Mansions from its side adjuncts, and tucked it into the top drawer of the one bureau standing where it had always stood, except on cleaning days, Obadiah called it a day, and concluded he had packed enough. When Obadiah left that house it looked like Kansas.

He left by the same route the trunk had taken, and now he didn't even have to hesitate to open the kitchen door. Mrs. Obadiah heard him clattering down the back stairs like Kolchak leaving Omsk, and she sought for a grip on those dining-room-table legs that she hadn't tried yet.

She couldn't find one, and at the top of her voi e she shrieked in her lonely terror: "O-O-Obadiah!"

For just one second did Obadiah pause, cocking his head like a worm who has just swallowed a robin, in the direction of the voice.

"Go to hell!" answered Obadiah at the top of his voice.

The next instant he was out in that indeterminate hinterland flanked by his residence, his erstwhile shop and Fitzwater Halleck's barber palace. A few venturesome figures flitting about immediately vanished. He was in his shop in one dart across the triangular yard. He found what he was after in just the time it took to pick it up and stuff it into his bag. It was the bill of sale of the machinery Mr. Blade had collected for taking oil from the state of Texas. He also stuffed all the stock certificates and a batch of organizing paraphernalia and the seven-seven mail, which Caroline had brought home, into the grip and his pockets, and then out of the front door and into Main Street surged Obadiah.

There was but one other thing he still wanted to do in Heliotrope City. Heaven protect the immediate surroundings when the worm turneth! Also all the adjacent early birds who have had a festive time pecking at him in the dawn. None so terrible as the congenitally meek, once you get 'em started. It had taken about forty years to start Obadiah—and he was.

He sailed up Main Street in the direction of the bank like a rooster beating out a gale to get at another rooster. But the bank was dark. This worried him not at all. He knew where all the Heliotropians lived he wanted to do business with that night. He sped through the blocked shadows of Wayne Avenue and reached Parkman Street just as a bulky form paused at a lamp-post to take out a jangling bunch of keys. Sam Micca never knew what struck him. We shall give it chronologically, however.

First, it was a little antique alligator bag, loaded with stock certificates, a blue tie with the yellow diagonals, three collars, two shirts, a set of underwear, a razor, a bunch of handkerchiefs, three different socks and a new pair of police-and-fireman's suspenders. This struck Mr. Micca back of and slightly below the right ear. Mr. Micca went down.

Next, 111 pounds of wildcat struck Mr. Micca, all in one solid concentrated lump. It struck Mr. Micca with what might be called variety. Twelve pairs of feet, nineteen pairs of fists, six elbows, twenty-two knees and six battering-ram heads—this was all that struck Mr. Micca. He wasn't the same, however. His waistcoat was draping his left ear; his trousers lay on his chest; his shirt was visiting his shoe laces and his coat wasn't. Only his boots were still on. Long before he began to breathe uneasily again, hating like the devil the idea of coming to, that which had hit Mr. Micca, little antique alligator bag and all, was hurtling through the black shadows down Parkman Street, crossing into Church Avenue, forsaking this exalted thoroughfare at the next corner for Lafayette Street, and two blocks farther on came up behind a dim, tall figure striding through the night with exactly the dignity which should always sit upon—observed or unobserved, day or night—the president of the Heliotrope City Citizens Union Bank.

It was directly in front of the residence of Mr. Robert Smilax, who held more mortgages than anybody else in town and always agreed to anything Mr. Tidewater suggested, that what struck Mr. Ezra Tidewater—struck. Mr. Tidewater, who certainly knew most things in which he was intimately concerned, never, never knew the exact sequence of the events that took place on this occasion when he passed in front of Mr. Smilax's house, the most intimate of all. We shall give it in chronological order.

First, it was a little antique alligator bag, loaded with stock certificates, a blue tie with yellow diagonals, three collars, two shirts, a set of underwear, a razor, a bunch of handkerchiefs, three different socks and a new pair of police-and-fireman's suspenders. This struck Mr. Tidewater back of and a little lower below the right ear than it had struck Mr. Micca below his. Mr. Tidewater, it must be remembered, was a taller man. However, to quote the immortal Fitzsimmons, "The taller they are the longer they fall." Mr. Tidewater fell.

Next, 110½ pounds of wildcat struck him—a half pound had been expended upon Mr. Micca—all in one solid concentrated lump. It struck Mr. Tidewater also with variety. Twelve pairs of feet, nineteen pairs of fists, six elbows, twenty-two knees and six battering-ram heads—this was all that struck Mr. Tidewater. When facetious Charlie Yerger came upon Mr. Tidewater's slowly reviving form some time later he demanded to know what Mr. Tidewater meant by undressing in the street, and then he asked the president of the Citizens Union Bank of Heliotrope City where he got the stuff these days.

By that time a little dark figure carrying a little old alligator bag was swinging jauntily along the highroad that connected Heliotrope City and Fairland Junction, twelve miles distant. There was a quaint singing going on in that little figure's heart, a silvery paean to the great god Freedom. Both the great god and the little figure so jauntily swinging the little old alligator bag containing oil stocks and suspenders supposed to be worn by all the policemen and all the firemen came into Fairland Junction at the same time, just as the dawn was also about to come into Fairland Junction.

Three pleasant companions these, indeed—the little figure, the great god Freedom, and the silvery dawn, silvery like the song singing itself in the little figure's heart. There was a wait of a few hours before the New York train, which didn't come through by way of Heliotrope City but came by way of Nanset Point, was due. And during that time, as the dawn came up stronger and stronger, and the great god Freedom dozed on the bench beside his little companion, the little fellow was thinking a lot of thoughts which might occur to a worm that has turned, and they all pleased him so much that from time to time he smiled—an open, engaging sort of smile it was too. Then toward the end, just before the train for New York came thundering down the track from Nanset Point, the little figure sank into a deep pondering, where for a time there was no room even for warm southerly dreams of Valparaiso Bay.

What, by all that was revolution, was he to do now? You can't clip away old habit and old things from a man in an instant, and expect him to be utterly and continuously cheerful merely with the company of the great god Freedom and the dawn. The dawn gives place to day; the great god Freedom is apt to become a little boring sometimes, don't you know.

So Obadiah thought and thought. What was he to do now?

And moreover, some place or other, there was still a Mr. Blade to be accounted for, this side of Valparaiso Bay.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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To maintain the high standard of this world-wide business service, Remington has establishments in 586 cities.

Remington Sales and Service Cover the Civilized World

In every important center, in every country of every continent, Remington Typewriters and Remington Typewriter Supplies are leading factors in the conduct of business.

Remington Typewriters are made to write in 156 different languages. And Remington service goes hand in hand with Remington Typewriters.

Wherever Remington is writing the world's business correspondence, Remington typewriter papers, ribbons and carbon papers are also in demand.

It is estimated that the cost of the supplies used on the average typewriter exceeds the original price of the machine.

Without good supplies, good typewriting cannot be produced.

Remington service furnishes to all the world, therefore, typewriter supplies so superior that they win from business men, and from operators, the same generous praise which is accorded Remington machines.

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The same great business service that produced the Self-Starting Remington—which eliminates an average of 12 hand operations, and saves 48 seconds in typing each letter—also gave the world Paragon Typewriter Ribbons and Red Seal Carbon Papers.

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Remington is the recognized leader of the typewriter industry in the production of highest quality typewriter supplies.

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Key-Set Tabulating Remington

Typewriters

Facts You Should Know About the Wheels of Your Motor Car

The first essential of a Motor Car Wheel is to stay round and run true and to hold the tire straight and firm in the line of the wheel.

A Wobbly Wheel, such as shown on the old "buggy," is not beautiful. On a motor car it has more serious objections. It retards the progress of the car. It wracks the mechanism of the car. It wastes power and gasoline. It destroys the tire.

A Wheel that is not round, that does not hold the tire firm and true destroys the all-needful resiliency which is produced by the combined action of springs, tires and seat cushions.

Rattling spokes, squeaking rims, wheels "out of true" are caused by several things. Demountable rims get bent in service. Clamps work loose. Felloe bands shrink unevenly. Most of this is caused by the uneven shrinking and expanding due to the variations in degrees of moisture and temperature.

A Disteel Wheel is spokeless and noiseless. It is a single tapered disc. It is all Steel. Therefore all parts re-act equally to moisture and temperature.

There is nothing to work loose and rattle.

Disteel Wheels stay round and run true and hold the tire straight and firm.

The motoring public which instantly recognized the greater Beauty of Disteel Wheels has now given them world-wide endorsement because they are, literally, Science Brought to the Wheels of the Motor Car.

Detroit Pressed Steel Company, Detroit, U. S. A.

Disteel Wheel Plant, Cabot Avenue — Automobile Frame Plant, Mt. Elliott Avenue
New York: 1846 Broadway at 61st St. — Chicago: 732 Michigan Avenue
Boston: 915 Boylston Street — San Francisco: 326 Rialto Building

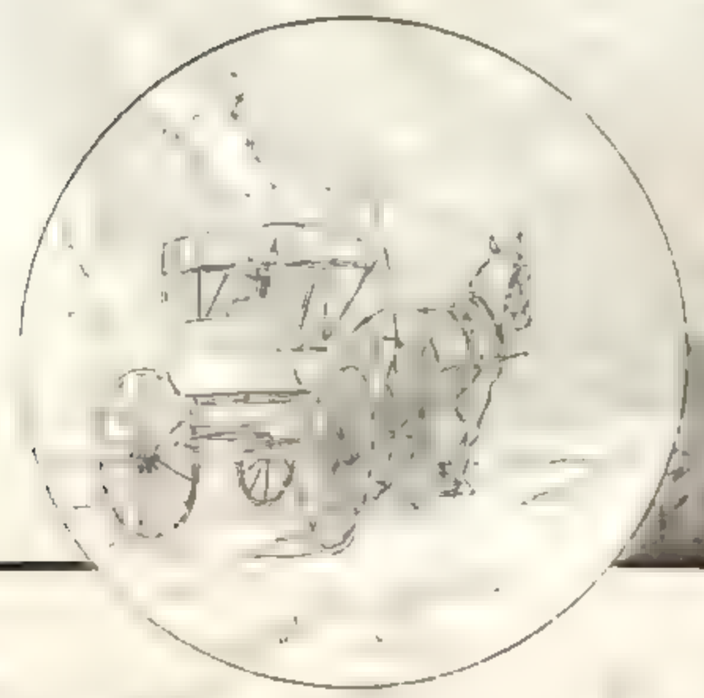
Wheel-Talk Number Six

You should be just as critical of the wheels as you are of the motor or body-design or spring-suspension of your motor car.

It is difficult to over-emphasize the importance of the part played by the wheels in the safety, comfort and economy of your motoring.

The purpose—and the only purpose—of this series of Wheel-Talks is to inform the intelligent motorist of what progress Science has made and continues to make in the design and construction of motor car wheels.

They are now published in book form and will be sent upon request



DISTEEL WHEELS

The Wheels That Complete The Car

THE ICE PALACE

(Continued from Page 19)

tobogganing and sleigh riding and all sorts of torchlight parades on snowshoes. They haven't had one for years, so they're going to make it a knock-out."

"Will it be cold, Harry?" she asked suddenly.

"You certainly won't. You may freeze your nose, but you won't be shivery cold. It's hard and dry, you know."

"I guess I'm a summer child. I don't like any cold I've ever seen."

She broke off and they were both silent for a minute.

"Sally Carrol," he said very slowly, "what do you say to March?"

"I say I love you."

"March?"

"March, Harry."

III

ALL night in the Pullman it was very cold. She rang for the porter to ask for another blanket, and when he couldn't give her one she tried vainly, by squeezing down into the bottom of her berth and doubling back the bedclothes, to snatch a few hours' sleep.

Sally Carrol wanted to look her best in the morning.

She rose at six and sliding uncomfortably into her clothes stumbled up to the diner for a cup of coffee. The snow had filtered into the vestibules and covered the floor with a slippery coating. It was intriguing, this cold, it crept in everywhere. Her breath was quite visible and she blew into the air with a naïve enjoyment. Seated in the diner she stared out the window at white hills and valleys and scattered pines with each branch a green platter for a cold feast of snow.

Sometimes a solitary farmhouse would fly by, ugly and bleak and lone on the white waste; and with each one she had an instant of chill compassion for the souls shut in there waiting for spring.

As she left the diner and swayed back into the Pullman she experienced a surging rush of energy and wondered if she was feeling the bracing air of which Harry had spoken. This was the North, the North—her land now!

Then blow, ye winds, heigho!
A-roving I will go,

she chanted exultantly to herself.

"What's 'at?" inquired the porter politely.

"I said, 'Brush me off.'"

The long wires of the telegraph poles doubled; two tracks ran up beside the train—three—four; came a succession of white-roofed houses, a glimpse of a trolley car with frosted windows, streets—more streets—the city.

She stood for a dazed moment in the frosty station before she saw three fur-bundled figures descending upon her.

"There she is!"

"Oh, Sally Carrol!"

Sally Carrol dropped her bag.

"Hi!"

A faintly familiar icy-cold face kissed her, and then she was in a group of faces all apparently emitting great clouds of heavy smoke; she was shaking hands. There was Gordon, a short, eager man of thirty who looked like an amateur knocked-about model for Harry; and his wife Myra, a listless lady with flaxen hair under a fur automobile cap. Almost immediately Sally Carrol thought of her as vaguely Scandinavian. A cheerful chauffeur adopted her bag and amid ricochets of half phrases, exclamations and perfunctory, listless "my dear's" from Myra they swept each other from the station.

Then they were in a sedan bound through a crooked succession of snowy streets where dozens of little boys were hitching sleds behind grocery wagons and automobiles.

"Oh," cried Sally Carrol, "I want to do that! Can we, Harry?"

"That's for kids. But we might ——"

"It looks like such a circus!" she said regretfully.

Home was a rambling frame house set on a white lap of snow, and there she met a big, gray-haired man of whom she approved, and a lady who was like an egg and who kissed her—these were Harry's parents. There was a breathless, indescribable hour crammed full of half sentences, hot water, bacon and eggs and confusion; and after that she was alone with Harry in the library asking him if she dared smoke.

It was a large room with a Madonna over the fireplace and rows upon rows of books in covers of light gold and dark gold and shiny red. All the chairs had little lace squares where one's head should rest, the couch was just comfortable, the books looked as if they had been read—some—and Sally Carrol had an instantaneous vision of the battered old library at home with her father's huge medical books and the oil paintings of her three great-uncles and the old couch that had been mended up for forty-five years and was still luxurious to dream in. This room struck her as being neither attractive nor particularly otherwise. It was simply a room with a lot of fairly expensive things in it that all looked about fifteen years old.

"What do you think of it up here?" demanded Harry eagerly. "Does it surprise you? Is it what you expected, I mean?"

"You are, Harry," she said quietly, and reached out her arms to him.

But after a brief kiss he seemed anxious to extort enthusiasm from her.

"The town, I mean. Do you like it? Can you feel the pep in the air?"

"Oh, Harry," she laughed, "you'll have to give me time. You can't just fling questions at me."

She puffed at her cigarette with a sigh of contentment.

"One thing I want to ask you," he began rather apologetically; "you Southerners put quite an emphasis on family and all that—not that it isn't quite all right, but you'll find it a little different here. I mean—you'll notice a lot of things that'll seem to you sort of vulgar display at first, Sally Carrol; but just remember that this is a three-generation town. Everybody has a father and about half of us have grandfathers. Back of that we don't go."

"Of course," she murmured.

"Our grandfathers, you see, founded the place, and a lot of them had to take some pretty queer jobs while they were doing the founding.

"For instance, there's one woman who at present is about the social model for the town; well, her father was the first public ash man—things like that."

"Why," said Sally Carrol, puzzled, "did you s'pose I was goin' to make remarks about people?"

"Not at all," interrupted Harry; "and I'm not apologizing for anyone either. It's just that—well, a Southern girl came up here last summer and said some unfortunate things, and—oh, I just thought I'd tell you."

Sally Carrol felt suddenly indignant—as though she had been unjustly spanked—but Harry evidently considered the subject closed, for he went on with a great surge of enthusiasm.

"It's carnival time, you know. First in ten years. And there's an ice palace they're building now that's the first they've had since Eighty-five. Built out of blocks of the clearest ice they could find—on a tremendous scale."

She rose and walking to the window pushed aside the heavy Turkish portières and looked out.

"Oh!" she cried suddenly. "There's two little boys makin' a snow man! Harry, do you reckon I can go out an' help 'em?"

"You dream! Come here and kiss me."

She left the window rather reluctantly.

"I don't guess this is a very kissable climate, is it? I mean, it makes you so you don't want to sit round, doesn't it?"

"We're not going to. I've got a vacation for the first week you're here, and there's a dinner dance to-night."

"Oh, Harry," she confessed, subsiding in a heap, half in his lap, half in the pillows, "I sure do feel confused. I haven't got an idea whether I'll like it or not, an' I don't know what people expect or anythin'. You'll have to tell me, honey."

(Continued on Page 167)

"I Told You I Wouldn't Want to Tie My Life to Any of the Boys That are Round Tarleton Now, But I Never Made Any Sweepin' Generalities"

This is the famous Hoosier flour sifter found on no other kitchen cabinet. One sifting with this sifter makes flour as fine and fluffy as four siftings with the ordinary sifter.

HOOSIER

THE SILENT SERVANT

Is Your Kitchen a Prison or a Playground

THE average woman spends twenty years of her three-score and ten in the kitchen. A kitchen cluttered up is the most depressing and discouraging spot on earth. A tidy, orderly kitchen is a real joy to any woman who possesses the true domestic instinct. Everything hinges on how a woman manages her work. But—how can she manage her work if she has nothing to work with?

A Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet is the solution.

It is the cheerful, efficient, always-at-your-elbow slave of the woman who refuses to drudge.

Thought, study, experiment, and the opinion of the best-known domestic scientists, over a period of twenty years, are built into every Hoosier. Two million American housewives have brought the Hoosier into their daily lives. In their opinion, it is the best, or they would have chosen some other kind.

There is not a detail of the Hoosier that has not been planned, proportioned, and placed scientifically—with the housewife's comfort in mind.

It must be a great satisfaction to a woman who buys a Hoosier to know that it possesses every proved improvement, that it is the standard kitchen cabinet, and that it possesses no untried and uncertain features.

The strongest and most convincing thing that any salesman can say about this cabinet is the simple statement that it is a Hoosier.

Go to any authorized Hoosier dealer's store, and sit in front of the Hoosier. See for yourself how the convenient grouping of tools, utensils, and food supplies saves labor. By making this practical test, you will be able to visualize how the Hoosier will save miles of steps for you this summer.

Any Hoosier dealer will be glad to tell you about the famous Hoosier guarantee, "Your money back if you are not delighted." Write for his name and ask for the book "New Kitchen Short Cuts."

The Hoosier stationary, built-in flour bin has been repeatedly tested by kitchen efficiency experts, and invariably selected as the best designed and most practical. This, however, is inconsequential, compared with the fact that over two million housewives prefer it—simply because it can't get out of order.

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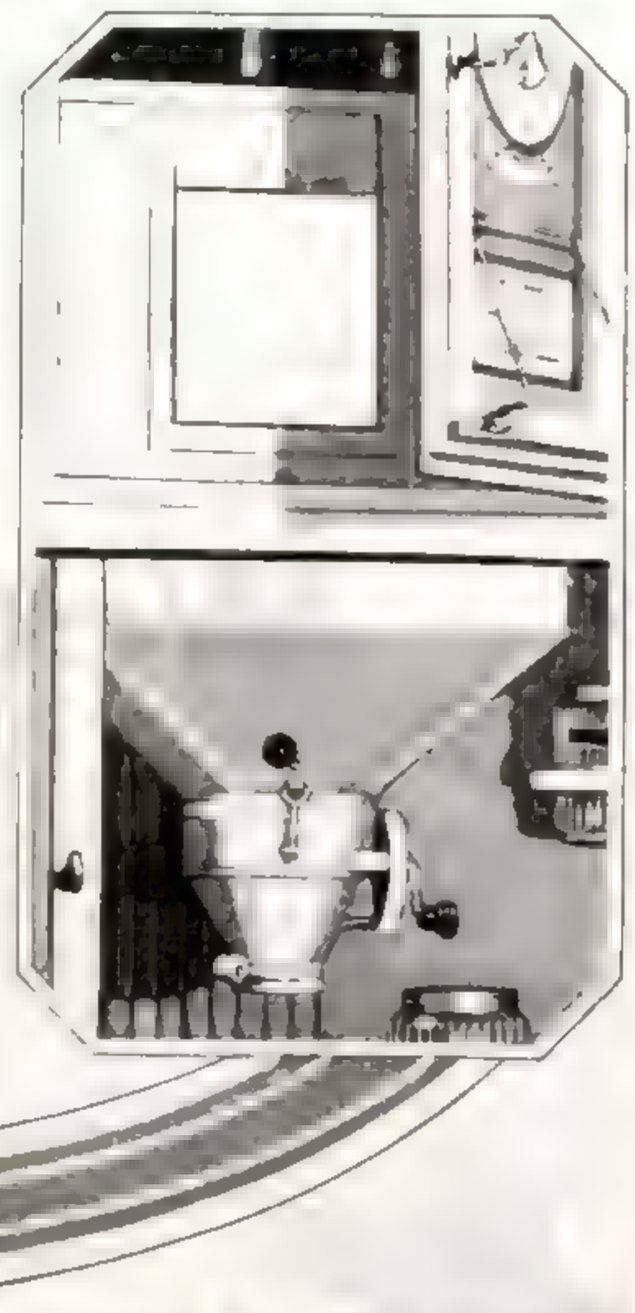
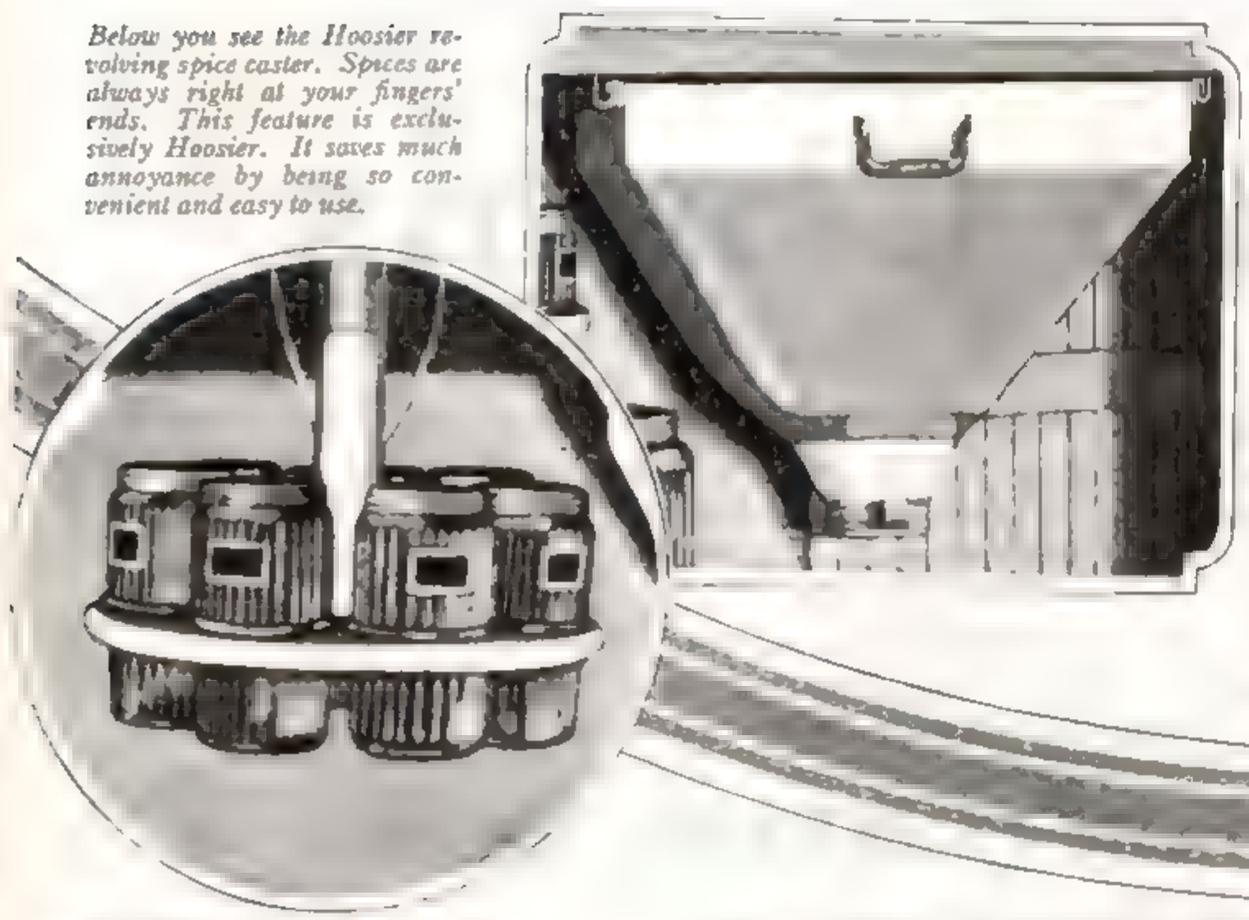


Below you see the Hoosier revolving spice caster. Spices are always right at your fingers' ends. This feature is exclusively Hoosier. It saves much annoyance by being so convenient and easy to use.



At the left you see the Hoosier sugar bin. As you sit in front of the Hoosier, you can reach over and extract sugar from the automatic valve at the bottom, or it is just as easy to scoop a cup of sugar out of the top. This is the only bin of its kind made. It was perfected after years of experience with all other kinds of bins.

CABINET

WITH A HUNDRED HANDS

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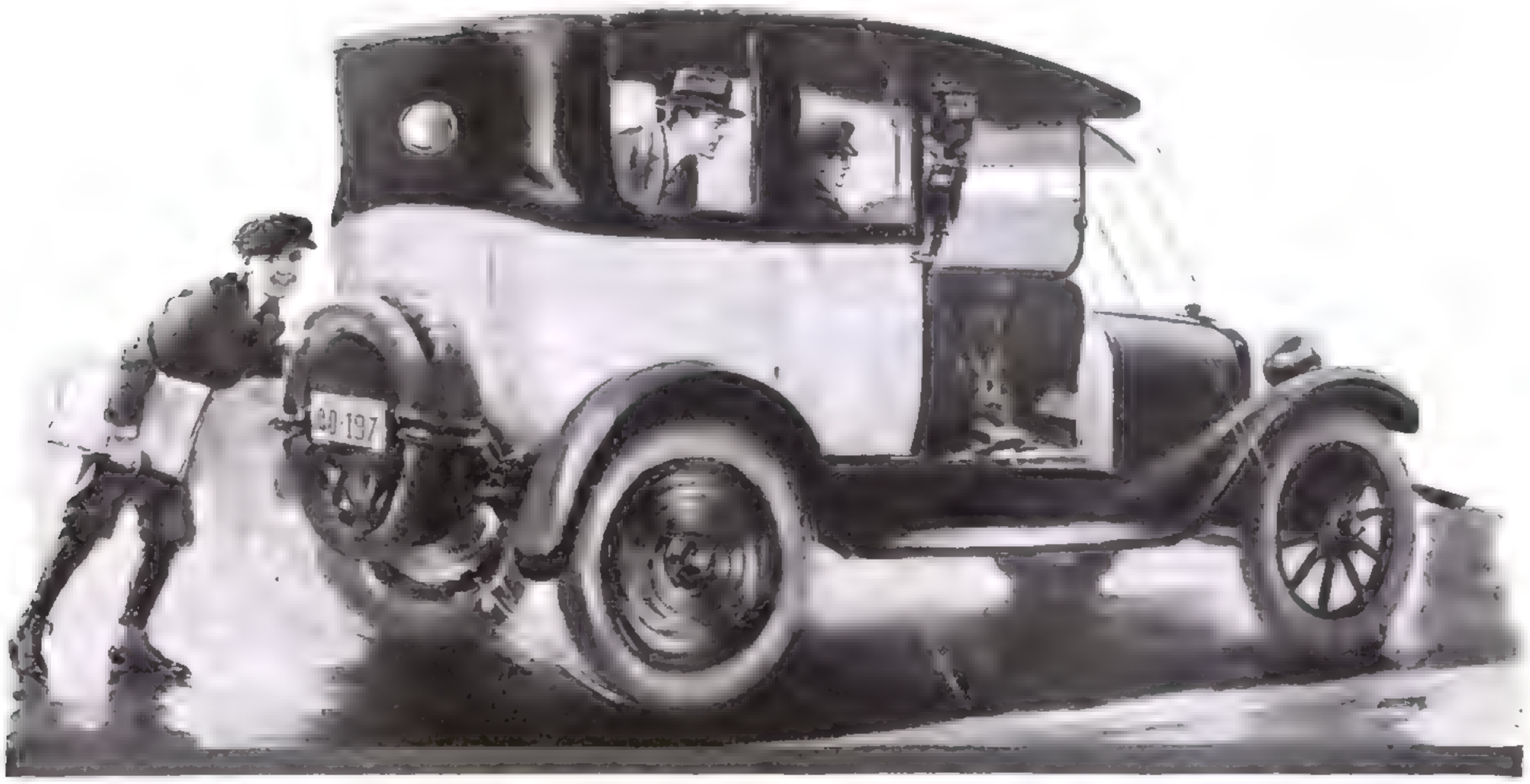

**Plenty of Power but no Traction—
spinning wheels that get nowhere**

—and the man in the taxi believes he is paying for the futile spinning of the wheels. The meter on his car back home would register them in miles.

He believes the taximeter is registering a charge against him for the useless spinning of the rear wheels and the resulting damage to the tires.

A *valuable object lesson*, if it makes him think of his own car and how he abuses his own tires when he fails to put on

Weed Tire Chains

For Sure and Certain Traction

The taxicab companies protect the Public and themselves from skidding accidents—from excessive costs. *Taxicab wheels spin only when drivers disobey the companies' order to "Put on Tire Chains when streets are wet and slippery."* And to safeguard their patrons against the drivers' possible negligence, the taximeter is attached to *front* wheels.

Weed Tire Chains, when used judiciously, *lengthen the life of tires.* Whether they are used on taxicabs or on pleasure cars, Weed Tire Chains materially *reduce operating expenses.*

Nothing looks more ridiculous than a spinning tire—nothing more brainlessly extravagant. Put on Weed Tire Chains "at the first drop of rain."

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The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

General Sales Office: Grand Central Terminal, New York City

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(Continued from Page 163)

"I'll tell you," he said softly, "if you'll just tell me you're glad to be here."

"Glad—just awful glad!" she whispered, insinuating herself into his arms in her own peculiar way. "Where you are is home for me, Harry."

And as she said this she had the feeling for almost the first time in her life that she was acting a part.

That night, amid the gleaming candles of a dinner party where the men seemed to do most of the talking while the girls sat in a haughty and expensive aloofness, even Harry's presence on her left failed to make her feel at home.

"They're a good-looking crowd, don't you think?" he demanded. "Just look round. There's Spud Hubbard, tackle at Princeton last year, and Junie Morton—he and the red-haired fellow next to him were both Yale hockey captains; Junie was in my class. Why, the best athletes in the world come from these states round here. This is a man's country, I tell you. Look at John J. Fishburn!"

"Who's he?" asked Sally Carrol innocently.

"Don't you know?"

"I've heard the name."

"Greatest wheat man in the Northwest, and one of the greatest financiers in the country."

She turned suddenly to a voice on her right.

"I guess they forgot to introduce us. My name's Roger Patton."

"My name is Sally Carrol Happer," she said graciously.

"Yes, I know. Harry told me you were coming."

"You a relative?"

"No, I'm a professor."

"Oh," she laughed.

"At the university. You're from the South, aren't you?"

"Yes; Tarleton, Georgia."

She liked him immediately—a reddish-brown mustache under watery blue eyes that had something in them that these other eyes lacked, some quality of appreciation. They exchanged stray sentences through dinner and she made up her mind to see him again.

After coffee she was introduced to numerous good-looking young men who danced with conscious precision and seemed to take it for granted that she wanted to talk about nothing except Harry.

"Heavens," she thought, "they talk as if my being engaged made me older than they are—as if I'd tell their mothers on them!"

In the South an engaged girl, even a young married woman, expected the same amount of half-affectionate badinage and flattery that would be accorded a débutante, but here all that seemed banned. One young man, after getting well started on the subject of Sally Carrol's eyes and how they had allured him ever since she entered the room, went into a violent confusion when he found she was visiting the Bellamys—was Harry's fiancée. He seemed to feel as though he had made some risqué and inexcusable blunder, became immediately formal and left her at the first opportunity.

She was rather glad when Roger Patton cut in on her, and suggested that they sit out a while.

"Well," he inquired, blinking cheerily, "how's Carmen from the South?"

"Mighty fine. How's—how's Dangerous Dan McGrew? Sorry, but he's the only Northerner I know much about."

He seemed to enjoy that.

"Of course," he confessed, "as a professor of literature I'm not supposed to have read Dangerous Dan McGrew."

"Are you a native?"

"No, I'm a Philadelphian. Imported from Harvard to teach seventeenth-century French. But I've been here ten years."

"Nine years, three hundred an' sixty-four days longer than me."

"Like it here?"

"Uh-huh. Sure do!"

"Really?"

"Well, why not? Don't I look as if I were havin' a good time?"

"I saw you look out the window a minute ago—and shiver."

"Just my imagination," laughed Sally Carrol. "I'm used to havin' everythin' quiet outside, an' sometimes I look out an' see a flurry of snow, an' it's just as if somethin' dead was movin'."

He nodded appreciatively.

"Ever been North before?"

"Spent two Julys in Asheville, North Carolina."

"Nice-looking crowd, aren't they?" suggested Patton, indicating the swirling floor.

Sally Carrol started. This had been Harry's remark.

"Sure are! They're—canine."

"What?"

She flushed.

"I'm sorry; that sounded worse than I meant it. You see I always think of people as feline or canine, irrespective of sex."

"Which are you?"

"I'm feline. So are you. So are most Southern men an' most of these girls here."

"What's Harry?"

"Harry's canine, distinctly. All the men I've met to-night seem to be canine."

"What does 'canine' imply? A certain conscious masculinity as opposed to subtlety?"

"Reckon so. I never analyzed it—only I just look at 'people an' say 'canine' or 'feline' right off. It's right absurd, I guess."

"Not at all. I'm interested. I used to have a theory about these people. I think they're freezing up."

"What?"

"I think they're growing like Swedes—Ibsenesque, you know. Very gradually getting gloomy and melancholy. It's these long winters. Ever read any Ibsen?"

She shook her head.

"Well, you find in his characters a certain brooding rigidity. They're righteous, narrow and cheerless, without infinite possibilities for great sorrow or joy."

"Without smiles or tears?"

"Exactly. That's my theory. You see there are thousands of Swedes up here. They come, I imagine, because the climate is very much like their own, and there's been a gradual mingling. They're probably not half a dozen here to-night, but—we've had four Swedish governors. Am I boring you?"

"I'm mighty interested."

"Your future sister-in-law is half Swedish. Personally I like her, but my theory is that Swedes react rather badly on us as a whole. Scandinavians, you know, have the largest suicide rate in the world."

"Why do you live here if it's so depressing?"

"Oh, it doesn't get me. I'm pretty well cloistered, and I suppose books mean more than people to me anyway."

"But writers all speak about the South being tragic. You know—Spanish señoritas, black hair and daggers an' hauntin' music."

He shook his head.

"No, the Northern races are the tragic races—they don't indulge in the cheering luxury of tears."

Sally Carrol thought of her graveyard. She supposed that that was vaguely what she had meant when she said it didn't depress her.

"The Italians are about the gayest people in the world—but it's a dull subject," he broke off. "Anyway, I want to tell you you're marrying a pretty fine man."

Sally Carrol was moved by an impulse of confidence.

"I know. I'm the sort of person who wants to be taken care of after a certain point, and I feel sure I will be."

"Shall we dance? You know," he continued as they rose, "it's encouraging to find a girl who knows what she's marrying for. Nine-tenths of them think of it as a sort of walking into a moving-picture sunset."

She laughed, and liked him immensely.

Two hours later on the way home she nestled near Harry in the back seat.

"Oh, Harry," she whispered, "it's so co-old!"

"But it's warm in here, darling girl."

"But outside it's cold; and oh, that howling wind!"

She buried her face deep in his fur coat and trembled involuntarily as his cold lips kissed the tip of her ear.

IV

THE first week of her visit passed in a whirl. She had her promised toboggan ride at the back of an automobile through a chill January twilight. Swathed in furs she put in a morning tobogganing on the country-club hill; even tried skiing, to sail through the air for a glorious moment and then land in a tangled, laughing bundle on a soft snowdrift. She liked all the winter sports, except an afternoon spent snow-shoeing over a glaring plain under pale yellow sunshine; but she soon realized that these things were for children—that she was being humored and that the enjoyment round her was only a reflection of her own.

At first the Bellamy family puzzled her. The men were reliable and she liked them; to Mr. Bellamy especially, with his iron-gray hair and energetic dignity, she took an immediate fancy once she found that he was born in Kentucky; this made of him a link between the old life and the new. But toward the women she felt a definite hostility. Myra, her future sister-in-law, seemed the essence of spiritless conventionality. Her conversation was so utterly devoid of personality that Sally Carrol, who came from a country where a certain amount of charm and assurance could be taken for granted in the women, was inclined to despise her.

"If those women aren't beautiful," she thought, "they're nothing. They just fade out when you look at them. They're glorified domestics. Men are the center of every mixed group."

Lastly there was Mrs. Bellamy, whom Sally Carrol detested. The first day's impression of an egg had been confirmed—an egg with a cracked, veiny voice and such an ungracious dumpiness of carriage that Sally Carrol felt that if she once fell she would surely scramble. In addition, Mrs. Bellamy seemed to typify the town in being innately hostile to strangers. She called Sally Carrol "Sally," and could not be persuaded that the double name was anything more than a tedious, ridiculous nickname. To Sally Carrol this shortening of her name was like presenting her to the public half clothed. She loved "Sally Carrol"; she loathed "Sally." She knew also that Harry's mother disapproved of her bobbed hair; and she had never dared smoke downstairs after that first day when Mrs. Bellamy had come into the library sniffing violently.

Of all the men she met she preferred Roger Patton, who was a frequent visitor at the house. He never again alluded to the Ibsenesque tendency of the populace, but when he came in one day and found her curled up on the sofa bent over Peer Gynt he laughed and told her to forget what he'd said—that it was all rot.

And then one afternoon in her second week she and Harry hovered on the edge of a dangerously steep quarrel. She considered that he precipitated it entirely, though the Serbia in the case was an unknown man who had not had his trousers pressed.

They had been walking homeward between mounds of high-piled snow and under a sun which Sally Carrol scarcely recognized. They passed a little girl done up in gray wool until she resembled a small Teddy bear, and Sally Carrol could not resist a gasp of maternal appreciation.

"Look! Harry!"

"What?"

"That little girl—did you see her face?"

"Yes, why?"

"It was red as a little strawberry. Oh, she was cute!"

"Why, your own face is almost as red as that already! Everybody's healthy here. We're out in the cold as soon as we're old enough to walk. Wonderful climate!"

She looked at him and had to agree. He was mighty healthy looking; so was his brother.

And she had noticed the new red in her own cheeks that very morning.

Suddenly their glances were caught and held and they stared for a moment at the street corner ahead of them. A man was standing there, his knees bent, his eyes gazing upward with a tense expression as though he were about to make a leap toward the chilly sky. And then they both exploded into a shout of laughter, for coming closer they discovered it had been a ludicrous momentary illusion produced by the extreme bagginess of the man's trousers.

"Reckon that's one on us," she laughed.

"He must be a Southerner, judging by those trousers," suggested Harry mischievously.

"Why, Harry!"

Her surprised look must have irritated him.

"Those damn Southerners!"

Sally Carrol's eyes flashed.

"Don't call 'em that!"

"I'm sorry, dear," said Harry, malignantly apologetic, "but you know what I think of them. They're sort of—sort of degenerates—not at all like the old Southerners. They've lived so long down there with all the colored people that they've gotten lazy and shiftless."

"Hush your mouth, Harry!" she cried angrily. "They're not! They may be lazy—anybody would be in that climate—but they're my best friends, an' I don't want to hear 'em criticized in any such sweepin' way. Some of 'em are the finest men in the world."

"Oh, I know. They're all right when they come North to college, but of all the hangdog, ill-dressed, slovenly lot I ever saw a bunch of small-town Southerners are the worst!"

Sally Carrol was clenching her gloved hands and biting her lip furiously.

"Why," continued Harry, "there was one in my class at New Haven and we all thought that at last we'd found the true type of Southern aristocrat, but it turned out that he wasn't an aristocrat at all—just the son of a Northern carpetbagger who owned about all the cotton round Birmingham."

"A Southerner wouldn't talk the way you're talking now," she said evenly.

"They haven't the energy!"

"Or the somethin' else."

"I'm sorry, Sally Carrol, but I've heard you say yourself that you'd never marry ——"

"That's quite different. I told you I wouldn't want to tie my life to any of the boys that are round Tarleton now, but I never made any sweepin' generalities."

They walked along in silence.

"I probably spread it on a bit thick, Sally Carrol. I'm sorry."

She nodded, but made no answer. Five minutes later as they stood in the hallway she suddenly threw her arms round him.

"Oh, Harry," she cried, her eyes full of tears, "let's get married next week. I'm afraid of having fusses like that. I'm afraid, Harry. It wouldn't be that way if we were married."

But Harry being in the wrong was still irritated.

"That'd be idiotic. We decided on March."

The tears in Sally Carrol's eyes faded; her expression hardened slightly.

"Very well—I suppose I shouldn't have said that."

Harry melted.

"Dear little nut!" he cried. "Come and kiss me and let's forget."

That very night at the end of a vaudeville performance the orchestra played Dixie, and Sally Carrol felt something stronger and more enduring than her tears and smiles of the day brim up inside her. She leaned forward, gripping the arms of her chair until her face grew crimson.

"Sort of get you, dear?" whispered Harry.

But she did not hear him. To the spirited throb of the violins and the inspiring beat of the kettledrums her own old ghosts were marching by and on into the darkness, and as fifes whistled and sighed in the low encore they seemed so nearly out of sight that she could have waved good-by.

Away, away, away down South in Dixie!
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!

▼

IT WAS a particularly cold night. A sudden thaw had nearly cleared the streets the day before, but now they were traversed again with a powdery wraith of loose snow that traveled in wavy lines before the feet of the wind and filled the lower air with a fine-particled mist. There was no sky—only a dark, ominous tent that draped in the tops of the streets and was in reality a vast approaching army of snowflakes—while over it all, chilling away the comfort from the brown-and-green glow of lighted windows and muffling the steady trot of the horse pulling their sleigh, interminably washed the north wind. It was a dismal town after all, she thought—dismal.

Sometimes at night it had seemed to her as though no one lived here—they had all gone long ago, leaving lighted houses to be covered in time by tombing heaps of sleet. Oh, if there should be snow on her grave! To be beneath great piles of it all winter long, where even her headstone would be a light shadow against light shadows. Her grave—a grave that should be flower-strewn and washed with sun and rain.

She thought again of those isolated country houses that her train had passed, and of the life there the long winter through—the ceaseless glare through the windows, the crust forming on the soft drifts of snow, finally the slow, cheerless melting and the harsh spring of which Roger Patton had told her. Her spring—to lose it forever—with its lilacs and the

(Concluded on Page 170)

Hyatt Engineers go directly into the manufacturers' plants and explain fully the correct method of incorporating Hyatt Roller Bearings into the particular mechanisms for which they have been manufactured, thereby making the correct installation of Hyatt Bearings a simple matter.

Before manufacturers buy a single Hyatt Roller Bearing—Hyatt engineers co-operate fully in determining the right size and type of Hyatt Bearings to give maximum service for the desired purpose. They also submit complete designs showing the best way of incorporating these bearings in the particular mechanisms involved.

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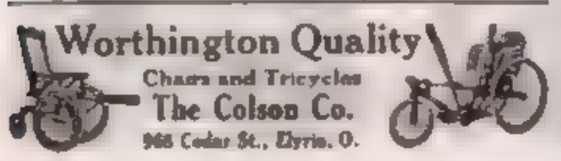


(Concluded from Page 167)

lazy sweetness it stirred in her heart. She was laying away that spring—afterward she would lay away that sweetness.

With a gradual insistence the storm broke. Sally Carrol felt a film of flakes melt quickly on her eyelashes and Harry reached over a furry arm and drew down her complicated flannel cap. Then the small flakes came in skirmish line and the horse bent his neck patiently as a transparency of white appeared momentarily on his coat.

"Oh, he's cold, Harry," she said quickly.

"Who? The horse? Oh, no, he isn't. He likes it!"

After another ten minutes they turned a corner and came in sight of their destination. On a tall hill outlined in vivid glaring green against the wintry sky stood the ice palace. It was three stories in the air, with battlements and embrasures and narrow icicled windows, and the innumerable electric lights inside made a gorgeous transparency of the great central hall. Sally Carrol clutched Harry's hand under the fur robe.

"It's beautiful!" he cried excitedly. "My golly, it's beautiful, isn't it? They haven't had one here since eighty-five!"

Somehow the notion of there not having been one since eighty-five oppressed her. Ice was a ghost, and this mansion of it was surely peopled by those shades of the eighties, with pale faces and blurred snow-filled hair.

"Come on, dear," said Harry.

She followed him out of the sleigh and waited while he hitched the horse. A party of four—Gordon, Myra, Roger Patton and another girl—drew up beside them with a mighty jingle of bells. There was quite a crowd already, bundled in fur or sheepskin, shouting and calling to each other as they moved through the snow, which was now so thick that people could scarcely be distinguished a few yards away.

"It's a hundred and seventy feet tall," Harry was saying to a muffled figure beside him as they trudged toward the entrance; "covers six thousand square yards."

She caught snatches of conversation: "One main hall"—"walls twenty to forty inches thick"—"and the ice cave has almost a mile of"—"This Canuck who built it ——"

They found their way inside, and dazed by the magic of the great crystal walls Sally Carrol found herself repeating over and over two lines from Kubla Khan:

It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

In the great glittering cavern with the dark shut out she took a seat on a wooden bench, and the evening's oppression lifted. Harry was right—it was beautiful; and her gaze traveled the smooth surface of the walls, the blocks for which had been selected for their purity and clearness to obtain this opalescent, translucent effect.

"Look! Here we go—oh, boy!" cried Harry.

A band in a far corner struck up Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here! which echoed over to them in wild muddled acoustics, and then the lights suddenly went out; silence seemed to flow down the icy sides and sweep over them. Sally Carrol could still see her white breath in the darkness, and a dim row of pale faces over on the other side.

The music eased to a sighing complaint, and from outside drifted in the full-throated resonant chant of the marching clubs. It grew louder like some pæan of a viking tribe traversing an ancient wild; it swelled they were coming nearer; then a row of torches appeared, and another and another, and keeping time with their moccasined feet a long column of gray-mackinawed figures swept in, snowshoes slung at their shoulders, torches soaring and flickering as their voices rose along the great walls.

The gray column ended and another followed, the light streaming luridly this time over red toboggan caps and flaming crimson mackinaws, and as it entered it took up the refrain; then came a long platoon of blue and white, of green, of white, of brown and yellow.

"Those white ones are the Wacouta Club," whispered Harry eagerly. "Those are the men you've met round at dances."

The volume of the voices grew; the great cavern was a phantasmagoria of torches waving in great banks of fire, of colors and the rhythm of soft leather steps. The leading column turned and halted platoon deployed in front of platoon until the whole procession made a solid flag of flame, and then from thousands of voices burst a mighty shout that filled the air like a crash of thunder and sent the torches wavering. It was magnificent, it was tremendous! To Sally Carrol it was the North offering sacrifice on some mighty altar to the gray pagan God of Snow.

As the shout died the band struck up again and there came more singing, and then long reverberating cheers by each club. She sat very quiet listening while the staccato cries rent the stillness; and then she started, for there was a volley of explosion, and great clouds of smoke went up here and there through the cavern—the flashlight photographers at work—and the council was over. With the band at their head the clubs formed in column once more, took up their chant and began to march out.

"Come on!" shouted Harry. "We want to see the labyrinths downstairs before they turn the lights off!"

They all rose and started toward the chute—Harry and Sally Carrol in the lead, her little glove buried in his big fur gauntlet. At the bottom of the chute was a long empty room of ice with the ceiling so low that they had to stoop—and their hands were parted. Before she realized what he intended Harry had darted down one of the half dozen glittering passages that opened into the room, and was only a vague receding blot against the green shimmer.

"Harry!" she called.

"Come on!" he cried back.

She looked round the empty chamber: the rest of the party had evidently decided to go home, were already outside somewhere in the blundering snow. She hesitated and then darted in after Harry.

"Harry!" she shouted.

She had reached a turning point thirty feet down; she heard a faint muffled answer far to the left, and with a touch of panic fled toward it. She passed another turning, two more yawning alleys.

"Harry!"

No answer. She started to run straight forward, and then turned like lightning and sped back the way she had come, enveloped in a sudden ice terror.

She reached a turn—was it here?—took the left and came to what should have been the outlet into the long low room, but it was only another glittering passage with darkness at the end. She called again, but the walls gave back a flat lifeless echo with no reverberations. Retracing her steps she turned another corner, this time following a wide passage. It was like the green lane between the parted waters of the red sea, like a damp vault connecting empty tombs.

She slipped a little now as she walked, for ice had formed on the bottom of her overshoes; she had to run her gloves along the half-slippery, half-sticky walls to keep her balance.

"Harry!"

Still no answer. The sound she made bounced mockingly down to the end of the passage.

Then on an instant the lights went out and she was in complete darkness. She gave a small frightened cry and sank down into a cold little heap on the ice. She felt her left knee do something as she fell, but she scarcely noticed it as some deep terror far greater than any fear of being lost settled upon her. She was alone with this presence that came out of the North, the dreary loneliness that rose from ice-bound whalers in the Arctic seas, from smokeless trackless wastes where were strewn the whitened bones of adventure. It was an icy breath of death; it was rolling down low across the land to clutch at her.

With a furious despairing energy she rose again and started blindly down the darkness. She must get out. She might be lost in here for days, freeze to death and lie embedded in the ice like corpses she had read of, kept perfectly preserved until the melting of a glacier. Harry probably thought she had left with the others—he had gone by now; no one would know until late next day. She reached pitifully for the wall. Forty inches thick they had said—forty inches thick!

"Oh!"

On both sides of her along the walls she felt things creeping, damp souls that haunted this palace, this town, this North.

"Oh, send somebody—send somebody!" she cried aloud.

Clark Darrow—he would understand; or Joe Ewing; she couldn't be left here to wander forever—to be frozen, heart, body and soul. This her—this Sally Carrol! Why, she was a happy thing. She was a happy little girl. She liked warmth and summer and Dixie. These things were foreign—foreign.

"You're not crying," something said aloud. "You'll never cry any more. Your tears would just freeze; all tears freeze up here!"

She sprawled full length on the ice.

"O God!" she faltered.

A long single file of minutes went by, and with a great weariness she felt her eyes closing. Then someone seemed to sit down near her and take her face in warm soft hands. She looked up gratefully.

"Why, it's Margery Lee," she crooned softly to herself. "I knew you'd come." It really was Margery Lee, and she was just as Sally Carrol had known she would be, with a young white brow and wide welcoming eyes and a hoop skirt of some soft material that was quite comforting to rest on.

"Margery Lee."

It was getting darker now and darker—all those tombstones ought to be repainted, sure enough, only that would spoil 'em of course. Still, you ought to be able to see 'em.

Then after a succession of moments that went fast and then slow, but seemed to be ultimately resolving themselves into a multitude of blurred rays converging toward a pale yellow sun, she heard a great cracking noise break her new-found stillness.

It was the sun, it was a light: a torch, and a torch beyond that, and another one, and voices; a face took flesh below the torch, heavy arms raised her and she felt something on her cheek, it felt wet. Someone had seized her and was rubbing her face with snow. How ridiculous—with snow!

"Sally Carrol! Sally Carrol!"

It was Dangerous Dan McGrew; and two other faces she didn't know.

"Child, child! We've been looking for you two hours. Harry's half crazy!"

Things came rushing back into place—the singing, the torches, the great shout of the marching clubs. She squirmed in Patton's arms and gave a long low cry.

"Oh, I want to get out of here! I'm going back home. Take me home"—her voice rose to a scream that sent a chill to Harry's heart as he came racing down the next passage—"to-morrow!" she cried with delirious, unrestrained passion—"To-morrow! To-morrow! To-morrow!"

VI

THE wealth of golden sunlight poured a quite enervating yet oddly comforting heat over the house where day long it faced the dusty stretch of road. Two birds were making a great to-do in a cool spot found among the branches of a tree next door, and down the street a colored woman was announcing herself melodiously as a purveyor of strawberries. It was April afternoon.

Sally Carrol Happer, resting her chin on her arm and her arm on an old window seat, gazed sleepily down over the spangled dust whence the heat waves were rising for the first time this spring. She was watching a very ancient flivver turn a perilous corner and rattle and groan to a jolting stop at the end of the walk. She made no sound, and in a minute a strident familiar whistle rent the air. Sally Carrol smiled and blinked.

"Good mawnin'."

A head appeared tortuously from under the car top below.

"'Taint mawnin', Sally Carrol."

"Sure enough," she said in affected surprise. "I guess maybe not."

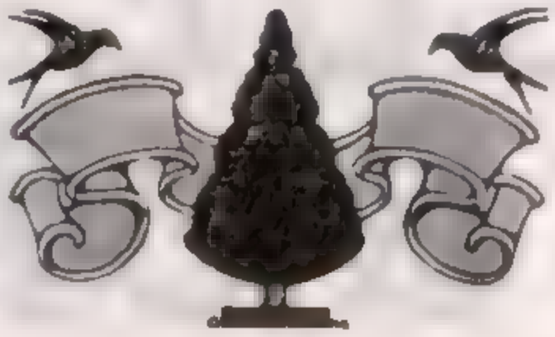
"What you doin'?"

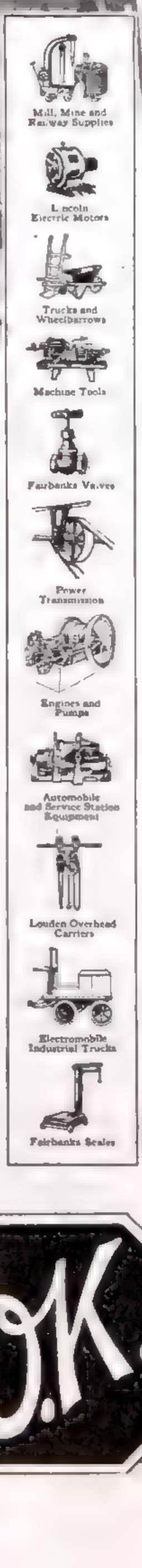
"Eatin' green peach. 'Spect to die any minute."

Clark twisted himself a last impossible notch to get a view of her face.

"Water's warm as a kettle steam, Sally Carrol. Wanta go swimmin'?"

"Hate to move," sighed Sally Carrol lazily, "but I reckon so."





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The diagrams at the top tell the story. The old idea is illustrated at the left. If, for example, a screw with a one-inch hexagon head is to be made, a bar of steel of the same size and shape as the head is used. The round shank of the screw, in diameter much smaller than the head, is made by cutting down the bar.

As a result of this comparatively slow and tedious method, the steel that is milled away is practically a dead waste.

Thomas Ferry's process

Thomas Ferry's process—perfected out of a lifetime of screw-making experience—is illustrated at the right.

It is a complete reversal of the old method. Note that he uses a bar of steel—its size not that of the head, but *of the shank*.

There is little cutting down to do—the waste of raw material is inconsequential.

His principle is simple enough. His real problem rested in finding a way to form the head. As an experienced metallurgist he knew it would not do to batter a shapeless knob on the end of the shank, and then to cut this knob to the desired size and shape of the head. Steel will not stand such treatment.

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For years Thomas Ferry labored with this problem. And out of his experiments, finally, came an ingenious matrix, or die, that gave perfect results.

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Perfect from the standpoint of economical manufacture, of precision accuracy, of engineering design, of practical metallurgy.

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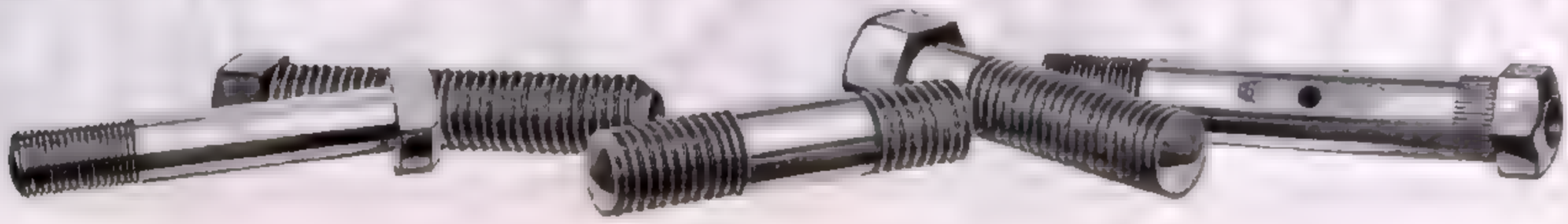

THE CUFF SHOOTER

(Continued from Page 7)

girl beside the engine or the man in the car seat. Then when he had reached her side and removed his hat and asked her with his habitually wistful smile if he could be of any service to her she merely accosted him with an impersonal side glance over her shoulder and said in an equally impersonal tone, "No, I think not." And when in his discomfiture he had glanced engagingly up at the morose-eyed man in the car, who appeared about as sociable as an Aberdeen terrier, that individual had looked not at him but through him.

Now this was a manner of welcome quite novel to the star of the Augmented Aylwyn Films, and he was both wounded and startled by it. He would in fact have retreated with promptness and dignity had it not been for one thing: And this was the discovery that the girl who was giving him the benefit of her rose-clad back, instead of being the type of person in keeping with the type of car she was driving, was a young woman of quite exceptional appearance.

In the first place she was startlingly fair, with the bluest of cool-blue eyes and an apple-blossom skin that deepened into Cherokee-rose color just above the cheek bones. What he could see of her hair, which was very thick and heavy, seemed a tawny gold shot through with that vital copper undertone which he had never remarked in the hydrogenated tresses of the mill-run blondes with whom studio life had made him more or less familiar. And about her, with her clear-cut profile and her disdainful mouth of misty rose, was an air of authority, of distinction, of unruffled regal composure, which both piqued and challenged Arthur Aylwyn.

"I'm afraid you're hung up in a horribly uncomfortable bit of road," he said, swallowing his pride.

There was no response to this. But his glimpse of an amazingly white and rounded wrist smudged with engine oil kept his courage from oozing away.

"I think I could locate the trouble there, if you'd let me look over your motor," he said with his hat still in his hand.

Instead of answering him, the girl stood up and looked at the man in the car seat. Her eyes seemed to be questioning him, for he in turn looked steadily down at her. Then as though his answer hinged upon some aspect or activity of the newcomer, they both turned and glanced with pointed impassivity at the slightly flustered Sir Arthur.

They saw a dapper and by no means obsequious figure in a tight-fitting and elaborately tailored suit of checkered taupe and fawn, narrow tan shoes cloth-topped with the same material as the suit, and a tan-colored fedora harmoniously embellished with a puggree of the same checkered taupe and fawn. They saw a natty and narrow-waisted coat elaborately braided and belted and adorned with altogether sinecure buttons, a sharp-angled waistcoat of deep violet faintly lined with lavender and a lavender silk shirt with a moonstone stud in its pleated bosom and moonstone links holding together the slightly ruched edges of its voluminous French cuffs. They saw heavily clocked lavender silk socks and a handkerchief of pale lavender obtruding with studied carelessness from one pocket, while a chased gold cigarette case obtruded with equal nonchalance from another. It was in fact a carefully achieved symphony in what Sir Arthur regarded as the subtler half tones, and had he been asked he might have explained that his addiction to lavender was anything but a mere caprice, being rather a cool-headed extension of professional interests, since every studio worker learns only too soon that this particular color will photograph infinitely better than white.

But Sir Arthur was not asked about that attire in which he took such childlike and unchallenged pride. On the face of the man inspecting him from the car seat, in fact, he seemed to detect a mild incredulity touched with pity. And as the girl in the old-rose sweater continued to study him with her remote and impersonal eyes and made him feel not a little like the alkali dust under her feet, he saw that he had not been recognized. His first impulse was to take out his heavily jeweled cardcase and hand to her the heavily embossed card which would startle her into sudden knowledge of the personage she was failing to appreciate. But he resisted this impulse on second thought, reveling in the dramatic irony of a situation which he became more and more anxious to prolong. And if there was any explaining to be done, he finally decided, it could come from the other side of the fence.

The next moment, however, he stood ready to weaken on that ultimatum, for the girl's abstracted face had broken into a smile. It was an impassive and mildly remote smile; a smile of retarded concession still conditioned on undiscerned possibilities. But it humanized the cameo-clear profile and left it so altogether adorable that the disturbed Sir Arthur felt his pulse quicken and skip a beat.

"Could you really tell me what's wrong with the thing?" she said in a quiet and full-throated contralto which fell intriguingly musical on the other's bewildered ears.

And Sir Arthur, bowing solemnly, gave his attention to the engine. He gave his attention to that engine, but not all his attention, for the look that passed between the girl and the man on the car seat did not entirely escape him. It was a look which he resented, which prodded him with a quick sense of injustice and shadowed his rose glow of knightly generosity with some darker impulse toward retaliation.

"How long have you been running this old boat?" he asked with slightly contemptuous curiosity. And he had the satisfaction of seeing the Cherokee rose darken above the girl's cheek bones.

"We just bought it in Los Angeles a little over a week ago," the girl told him. "And I'm rather afraid we were done."

"Done is good!" agreed Sir Arthur, wondering what it was that made everything this calm-eyed stranger said and did seem so absurdly and yet so unquestionably the right thing to say and do. They were a pretty shabby-looking pair, but they were undoubtedly somebody in the world. Of that there was not a shadow of doubt. The only thing in which they failed apparently was in their estimate of him. And until he had further collected his thoughts he pretended to give his undivided attention to the engine.

"How far are you going?" he asked after his eye had alighted on the disconnected commutator wire which announced itself as the seat of the trouble.

"As far as the old Hardscrabble Ranch," the girl told him.

"Oh, yes! We used the patio there for one of our pictures," announced Sir Arthur.

He was rewarded by the quick look of comprehension which passed between the girl and the man of silence on the car seat. And he had decided by this time to let that commutator wire remain disconnected.

"I think the best thing to do is to let me run you out to that ranch in my car," he explained. "Then I can send my mechanician out from town—he's a very good man—and have him do what's needed to this lame duck and take it wherever you want it taken."

"That's very kind of you," said the girl with no undue amount of warmth. But she flushed slightly for the second time as she seemed to realize some inadequacy in that speech. "My brother is not at all strong," she added. "And I hate to have him held up on the road this way."

"I can have you home in forty minutes," announced Sir Arthur with a reassuring hand movement toward the shimmering roadster, which the girl, as she turned about, seemed to see for the first time.

"What do you think, Bertie?" she asked, turning back to her brother.

"We don't seem to have much choice in the matter," was the none-too-gracious retort from the none-too-genial invalid in the car seat.

But a glance into the troubled azure eyes of the girl left Sir Arthur indifferent to what he was willing enough to accept as the peevishness of ill health. He helped transfer a surprising number of parcels from one car to the other; he showed how the abandoned vehicle could be made safe with the control lock from his own roadster, and he jockeyed the seating arrangements so that the girl's old-rose sleeve was close to his taupe-and-fawn one as they got under way.

He talked courageously if not always contentedly as he drove, explaining who he was and the nature of his calling with a modesty which was quite new to him. And in return he was finally permitted to know that the morose-eyed man in the somewhat worn Panama was Lord Brantling, though for some incomprehensible reason that over-retiring individual requested that he be addressed as Mr. Washburnham in America. And when Sir Arthur addressed the girl beside him as Lady Brantling—triumphantly reminding himself as he did so that instinct had not played him false when he saw at the first glance she was the real thing—she laughingly reminded him that she was merely the Honorable Georgina Berkeley Washburnham, and explained that on Lady Alicia Newland's advice they had come down from Banff and bought the Hardscrabble Ranch, which they intended turning into an orange grove. She knew she was going to like the work, once she got used to the New World way of doing things, and the land agent in Los Angeles had told them their valley was exactly the place for either oranges or grapefruit.

Sir Arthur, who knew a thing or two about that particular valley, remained politely silent on this point, and remained vaguely depressed at the thought of what those two unpractical and deluded outlanders were up against, and made note of the land agent's name for future reference. Yet when he had deposited his two fares at the picturesque enough *rancho* his customary suavity of manner seemed to have evaporated, and he experienced considerable difficulty in effecting a graceful withdrawal.

He had failed to produce an impression, and he knew it. He had tried every firearm in his little pink-and-white arsenal, and to that self-immured girl with the heavenly blue eyes he still seemed nothing more than a jitney driver.

"I guess I'll run out to-morrow and make sure your car's got here all right," he announced as with head bared and with the puggreed fedora held flattened against his short ribs he swung open the roadster door.

"That is very kind of you," said the girl in her neutral English contralto, with her impersonal little nod of farewell. And she and her brother stood side by side, watching the lavender-colored automobile as it turned about and thrummed off through the heat in a cloud of dust.

"What an extraordinary little fop!" said the man, with genuine amazement in his voice.

"But he's not little, Bertie," contended the girl, coming out of her trance. "He's almost as tall as you are. I noticed that when you were standing together."

"Well, he may not be so small as he seems," conceded the other. "But somebody really ought to speak to him about those togs of his."

"They're rather awful, aren't they?" admitted the girl, without meeting her brother's eye.

"Not as awful as the bounder inside of 'em!"

III

ARTHUR AYLWYN in the meantime made his way cityward, both humbled and elated. His somewhat disjointed thoughts pirouetted about belted earls and blue eyes and lords of the realm and sand flats that could never possibly make orange groves and the softest-toned speaking voice he had ever in all his life listened to. The cool and full-throated cadences of that voice, in fact, stayed with him for the rest of the day and haunted him during the night and left him counting the hours until he could once more decently head his roadster for Hardscrabble Ranch.

He arrived at the *rancho* just at the tea hour in the wake of a heavily crated and much padded grand piano which had completed its journey from Bristol, England, to New York, and from New York to the Hardscrabble domain by being teamed out with mastodonic dignity and a cartage bill which apparently was not adding to the peace of mind of the morose-eyed Mr. Washburnham. But Sir Arthur politely ignored this passing embarrassment and dilated on the beauty of the patio with the old Spanish fountain at the center of its formalized little quadrangle of greensward. Whereupon Georgina's gaunt-bodied big brother spoke somewhat wistfully of Maudlin and the turf of the inner quad, and this proved such a puzzle to Sir Arthur that he later and secretly inquired of English Harry, the archeology sharp on the Revise Staff, just what Maudlins were, and was surprised to discover that Maudlin was a college at Oxford and was spelled Magdalen and was laid out a ponderable length of time before Columbus discovered America.

Then as Sir Arthur sat with his teacup poised in his stateliest studio manner he asked if his company might be permitted to use the patio in shooting two or three of their scenes. It would take a couple of afternoons, but it was the habit of the location chief, he mendaciously added, to pay a couple of hundred dollars for any such privilege.

"Yes, it would be rather jolly," announced the girl.

And when her brother, who in no way shared even her tempered enthusiasms, wandered off into the house Sir Arthur sat studying the girl's face. He studied it with a timorous audacity which she apparently failed either to perceive or to resent.

"Gad, but you'd film great!" he said with a tremor in his voice.

He was astonished the next moment to see a sudden black blaze of anger in her eyes.

"I'd starve by inches," she said with quick yet cool noted scorn, "before I'd sink to a thing like that!"

Sir Arthur stared at her, confused and hurt, for he had brought to her the uttermost that he was able to offer. He had said what every woman he had ever seen or known would have longed to know; would have been grateful to hear. And his first impulse, once he had recovered his composure, was not to defend himself but to defend the films. He spoke earnestly and he spoke with authority, for he was on familiar ground there, and he even extracted from the slightly repentant girl a promise that the Washburnhams would visit the studios in person and see what a serious-minded and hard-working lot this army of picture makers really were.

Sir Arthur did his utmost to make that visit an interesting one, though before it took place he made it a point to purge his dressing room of its once elaborately arrayed litter of adulatory telegrams and affectionately inscribed photographs. He was equally careful to see that the redoubtable Otto Etzel was eliminated from the scene, and for once in his life he did not produce the massive scrapbooks filled with the personal notices of which he was so inordinately proud. Why he refrained from this he did not altogether understand, but instinct told him that it would not altogether meet with the approval of the quiet-eyed girl who appeared so adverse to self-explanation. Such obvious self-obliteration did not seem quite the proper procedure, or quite good business, as he would have phrased it, yet he felt in his troubled young soul that it must in some way be the right thing. And he was rewarded before the afternoon was over by one glorious half hour alone in the darkened projection room with the girl at his side, watching the last reels of a new picture in which he was rather proud of his work.

"I'm beginning to see that you're really a great man in your own world," she said when they were once more in the open. Her eyes were grave and a little troubled, but those words of hers were music to his ears.

"It's a frightfully foolish world of course," he protested with unlooked-for self-depreciation.

"I don't know about that," she said with her short laugh. "That odd little man with the horn glasses told me you earn a good deal over a thousand dollars a week at it."

"But what's money, after all?" Sir Arthur rather surprised himself by demanding.

"It seems to be everything over here," announced the English girl as she called to her brother, who proved to be much interested at the moment in a double-acting automatic arc controller, and pointed out to him how Directors' Row looked exactly like a village street in France and commented on the novelty of beholding a group of players strolling about in the sunlight in full evening dress.

But the day had lost its glory for their sad-eyed host, since Sir Arthur was persistently ill at ease in the presence of Mr. Washburnham. He wanted to like that pale-eyed exile with the melancholy air of

(Continued on Page 176)

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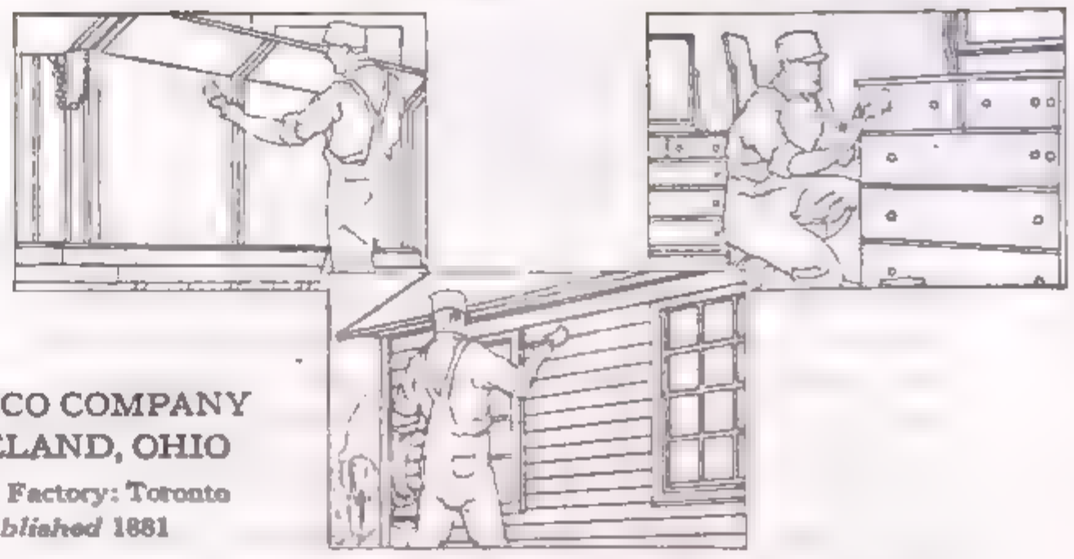

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authority about him, but it is not easy to project love into quarters where one knows hatred to lurk. For Washburnham himself, however his sister may have felt, still despised that overdressed movie idol, of whom he expressed the fixed belief that he put violet salts in his bath water. His hatred was an instinctive one, and accordingly a blind one.

He saw nothing good in the little fop, and expressed surprise that he should speak without a lisp.

Sir Arthur on the other hand tried in vain to break down that ice wall of habitual reserve, and even fell into the habit of forlornly wondering why people of noble birth could be so unknightly in their attitude.

Yet he saw in time that this hauteur was natural to these strangers from across the sea; that it was even something more than the protective armoring of painfully sensitive souls. For it was not, as he had at first imagined, a mere disguise of the moment, but a product of time, the fruit of uncounted centuries of obeisance and authority and unchallenged privilege; something which was plainly leaving them a trifle lonely and helpless and incompetent in a land which lived not in its yesterdays but in its to-morrows. And when he thought of the alkali flat which had been unloaded on them in their innocence, and when he realized that the Honorable Georgina's brother's health was not improving as it ought to have done, Sir Arthur continued to put his pride in his pocket, and made it a point to see as much of the Washburnhams as he decently could.

IV

ARTHUR AYLWYN was more and more impressed with the fact during those far from satisfying visits that affairs were not going any too well with the new ranchers. Yet no faintest word of their ill luck came from their own lips. Sir Arthur even began to wonder if it could be the correct thing to meet calamitous events with an air of sustained indifference and misfortune with a smile of unconcern. He ached to be of help to them; to give some evidence of his interest. But always he found himself confronted and chilled by that ice wall of arctic reserve. And it hurt him to see the slight hollow which came in the girl's cheek, just as it hurt him to stumble across some accidental evidence of how the crafty native had imposed upon the ignorance of the untutored foreigner. He was in fact finally driven into explaining to the girl that Hardscrabble Ranch could never be profitably converted into an orange grove. It was information not easy to impart, all things considered, and he was astonished by the quietness with which she accepted it.

"I was beginning to find that out," she admitted as she courageously met his eye. And still again he ached to bring to her some sustaining word of comfort.

"The one thing that would pay on this ranch would be cotton," he told her. "Cotton is going to loom big in southern California. And there's no reason why you couldn't swing in with the movement, if it wasn't for the labor problem. Getting help will prove your hardest nut to crack."

"It already has," she acknowledged. "Everything is so appallingly different out here, and our mistakes all seem to be such appallingly expensive mistakes."

It was the first time she had permitted him to step in beyond the barricading palings. It was for a moment, and no more. But he was so grateful for that casual intimacy that his body tingled with its mounting waves of emotionalism. And a new idea came to him on the tides of impulse.

"Did it ever occur to you," he said with a perfectly sober eye, "that this ranch of yours would make a great site for a movie company?"

"But it's our home," she pointed out "our only home."

"You could still keep your house and enough land to make sure of a decent amount of privacy," he contended. "And you'd be without the worry of all the rest of it."

"But what company would ever want to buy it?" she said with a none-too-appreciative glance over her arid acres.

"My company would," he said with decision.

She looked at him full in the face, and a wave of color swept slowly up to her very forehead.

"I don't think it would be possible," she said almost coldly. And he knew by her expression that it would be expedient to drop the matter.

V

SIR ARTHUR saw little of the Hardscrabble Ranch during the next few weeks, for affairs back at the studios were running none too smoothly. There were pictures to be rounded out and new productions to be launched, a more pliable distributing corporation to be organized and a defaulting treasurer to be apprehended and haled back to justice. And to add to his troubles the redoubtable Otto Etzel, having partaken unduly of red-eye, went joy-riding in Sir Arthur's royal-purple limousine, collided with a Pacific Electric Interurban car and was confronted by a finally exasperated employer, who paid him up, cast him out on a cold world and defied him to do his worst.

The discarded Otto, who was not without a slight inkling of how the wind was blowing, set about with a cold and malignant resolution to do his worst. He turned up at Hardscrabble Ranch three days later and meekly applied for work. This was given to him, and averse as he was to manual labor he survived that daily ordeal by hugging to his breast the secret which he could divulge at his own sweet will. He went about like a diamond-back rattler, silent and assured, fortified by the knowledge of his own venom.

The fit and proper occasion for passing on his delectable bit of information, however, did not present itself for several days. Then as he invaded the patio for the purpose of repairing the water pipe that fed the ridiculous little fountain he encountered a very pallid-skinned nobleman sunning himself in a chaise longue, with a steamer rug about his knees.

"What's your name?" asked the owner of the estate, who had appeared in the open for the first time in more than a week.

"Etzel, sir," said the man with the pipe wrench in his hand.

"And where are you from?" he asked, inspecting the none-too-appealing face of the new workman.

"My last job was over at the Aylwyn studios," admitted Otto, with one eye cocked on his interlocutor.

"Ah, then I rather fancy you'd know that chap Aylwyn himself?" was the next altogether welcomed interrogation.

"Know him!" cackled Otto, seeing that the iron was hot and the time to strike was at hand. "Know him? I should say I do know him! Why, I've known Sir Arthur since he was knee-high to a grasshopper! I knew that poor coot before he ever got the big head and a cartload o' mash notes every morning and took to struttin' round like a banty rooster. Between your and me, sir, we barbered together back in Phillie."

"You what?" demanded the other. But Otto had to wait until his questioner's fit of coughing had passed.

"We worked in the same barber shop together back in Philadelphia. The Kid called himself Cupid McCubbin in those days, and sang tenor in the shop quartet. And say, it sure is a miracle to think o' that little lowborn slum Mick pullin' the king o' the movie stuff on the great unwashed out here! It sets me to broodin' on what some o' those society dames'd be sayin' if they got wise to what they were languishin' over come out of a third-rate barber shop."

The Iago in overalls stood back and saw this sink in. The process of infiltration seemed to be a slow one. But the final reaction to it was not quite what the redoubtable Otto had looked for.

"Etzel," said the man muffled up in the steamer rug, after several moments of quiet thought, "you will oblige me by saying nothing of this to my sister. I want that to be quite clear. Not a word, remember, to Miss Washburnham!"

"Yes, sir," meekly replied the man with the pipe wrench.

But after accepting a pointed and prolonged silence as dismissal, and after thinking the matter over as he worked leisurely on his disinterred piping, he grew into a pleasant realization that luck was with him more than he had looked for, since the situation still left him the dame to hold over Sir Arthur's head; and Sir Arthur, if approached in the right way, might still listen to reason and come across for the second time.

Yet no such savory thoughts of the future hovered about the morose-eyed man in the chaise longue. His spirit was troubled,

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and more shadows than one seemed gathering along an already darkening sky line. His fixed look of depression remained with him in fact even after his sister, who had ridden over to the post office, came pounding up on her well-lathered new pinto, dismounted and threshed the dust from her clothes with a moist riding gauntlet.

"Letters from home, Bertie!" she cried cheerily out to him as she came hot and dusty to where he sat. She dropped the bundle of envelopes, fat and lean and long traveled, into his lap.

"Letters from home," he repeated wintrily as he looked up from them and studied the girl's face. Something in his expression disturbed her, for she turned about with a light-heartedness which was all too plainly forced

"I like spirit, Bertie, but that new pinto of mine is an outlaw. They named him right when they called him Thunder Cloud. Twice he did his best to bolt, and he's nearly shaken me out of my skin. He shows too much white in his eye. And to-morrow I shall surely put one of our English hunting bridles on the brute and see what a bruised palate will do to bring him to time. And now while you're reading your letters I'm going to slip in and tub and dress."

The man in the chair sat watching her as she crossed the patio.

"Lady Allie writes that she'll be in San Diego by the end of the month," the girl called back from the deep-shadowed doorway.

When she reappeared half an hour later the man in the chaise longue was restoring the last of his letters to its envelope. She inspected him surreptitiously and fought back a frown of trouble which threatened to get the better of her.

"Arthur Aylwyn has sent you out another box of that English tobacco," she casually announced as she tucked the steamer rug closer in about the thin knees.

"I hate being under obligations to a bounder like that," retorted her brother with more spirit than she had anticipated.

"That bounder, Bertie, clears more than twelve thousand pounds a year," she observed after a moment of silence.

"That doesn't leave him any less loathly in the matter of manners—or rather in the matter of altogether too much manners," remarked the other.

The Honorable Georgina Berkeley Washburnham seemed to be giving this a great deal of serious thought.

"He may be overmannered, as you say, Bertie, and he may be one of those wretchedly rich persons we rather envy against our will. But I feel sure his instincts are right. I rather fancy he wants to do the right thing and is keen on being the right thing. But all that cinema work seems to have got into his system without his knowing it."

"And if you scratched him he'd probably run developing fluid instead of blood."

"On the contrary, Bertie, I think he's quite human. And I also think he's been extraordinarily kind."

"I know you do, Georgie, and that's just the point," continued her brother in a disturbingly gentle tone of voice. "I'd hate to think that all these newer conditions we're facing out here were going to warp your judgment on things that are fundamental. We are different, and you know it. And there are cases where those differences can be tragic."

"I'm not so sure as I used to be, Bertie, about all those older things," she said as she turned and met the morose eyes which were studying her face. "But you needn't worry about—about what you are worrying about."

He nodded a quietly comprehending head.

"I don't think I could quite stand that," he said, staring off toward the distant mountains.

"What?" she asked, following the line of his vision.

"Your marrying a movie actor," was his answer.

Her color ebbed a little.

"I never shall," she told him. Her voice was so quiet that he turned and looked at her.

"Is that a promise, old girl?" he asked, resenting the fact that he had failed to keep his tones as tranquil as hers.

"If you feel that it ought to be one," she said.

And she repented the next moment of the chilliness which she had permitted to creep into that response, for the fraternal hand which he reached out to her as they sat there in the lengthening afternoon shadows impressed her as a disturbingly cold and bloodless hand. It reminded her that much greater demands might soon be made on her. It forced her to think of that future which she seemed almost afraid to face. And England and the green hills of England as she remembered them seemed a long way off.

■

WHEN almost a week later Arthur Aylwyn made his appearance in a new racing roadster of battleship gray Georgina Washburnham seemed neither glad nor sorry to see him. Dark days had come to Hardscrabble Ranch since his last visit there, and that irruption of care-free and flashing grandeur brought with it a touch of bitterness which she found it hard to conceal.

"Are you worried about anything?" he asked, disturbed by the heavy shadows under the eyes of gentian blue.

And he remembered how close he had once come to telling her that she ought to wear dimmers on those lamps of hers. That had seemed the right thing to say in those older and uncouth days when he had foolishly imagined that all women came out of the same mold. But now he found himself slightly puzzled by some mysterious repressive influence which this quiet-eyed English girl invariably exercised over him.

"Are you worried about anything?" he repeated with straightforward and genuine concern.

"My brother is going to die," she told him.

She said it quietly and with no show of emotion. But he had learned enough of her and her attitude toward the world in general to realize the significance of that confession to him, the outsider. And Sir Arthur, who toiled and triumphed in sentiment and nursed a natural enough tendency to reduce everything in life to an emotional basis, found actual tears welling up to his thick-lashed eyes.

She stared at him with cold and slightly contemptuous surprise as he asked in his broken voice if there was anything he could possibly do at such a time; if there was any way in which he could be of service to her. And for the second time her keen eyes searched his face, down which an unmanly tear was coursing, as though to make sure she was beholding nothing more than the well-controlled exercises of an expert manipulator of emotional values. But for once in his life Sir Arthur was thinking of anything but himself, and the girl knew it.

"It is very kind of you," she said, controlling herself with difficulty. "But there is nothing you can do—there's nothing that anybody can do."

"I'm sorry," he said, for he was ashamed of his surrender by this time.

He knew, too, that he was an intruder there, and that the one thing she was demanding of him was to be left alone. He held out his hand rather blindly, without remembering whether it was the correct thing to do or not. She in turn gave him her hand. She did not speak, but when he found the courage to look in her eyes he found the heavenly blue slightly misted. And as he turned away to go to his car he felt tremendously rewarded. He felt that there was something tremendously precious in even that momentary glimpse of her soul with the mask off.

It all seemed so momentous in fact that when he stumbled across Otto Etzel waiting for him beside his car door the intrusion of that malign figure dwindled down to a triviality.

"And what are you doing here?" he asked, coming back to earth with an effort.

"Valetin' a bunch o' wind-broken cayuses," retorted Otto, not without bitterness. "And also wonderin', Cupid, if you're goin' to see reason again before I spill the beans."

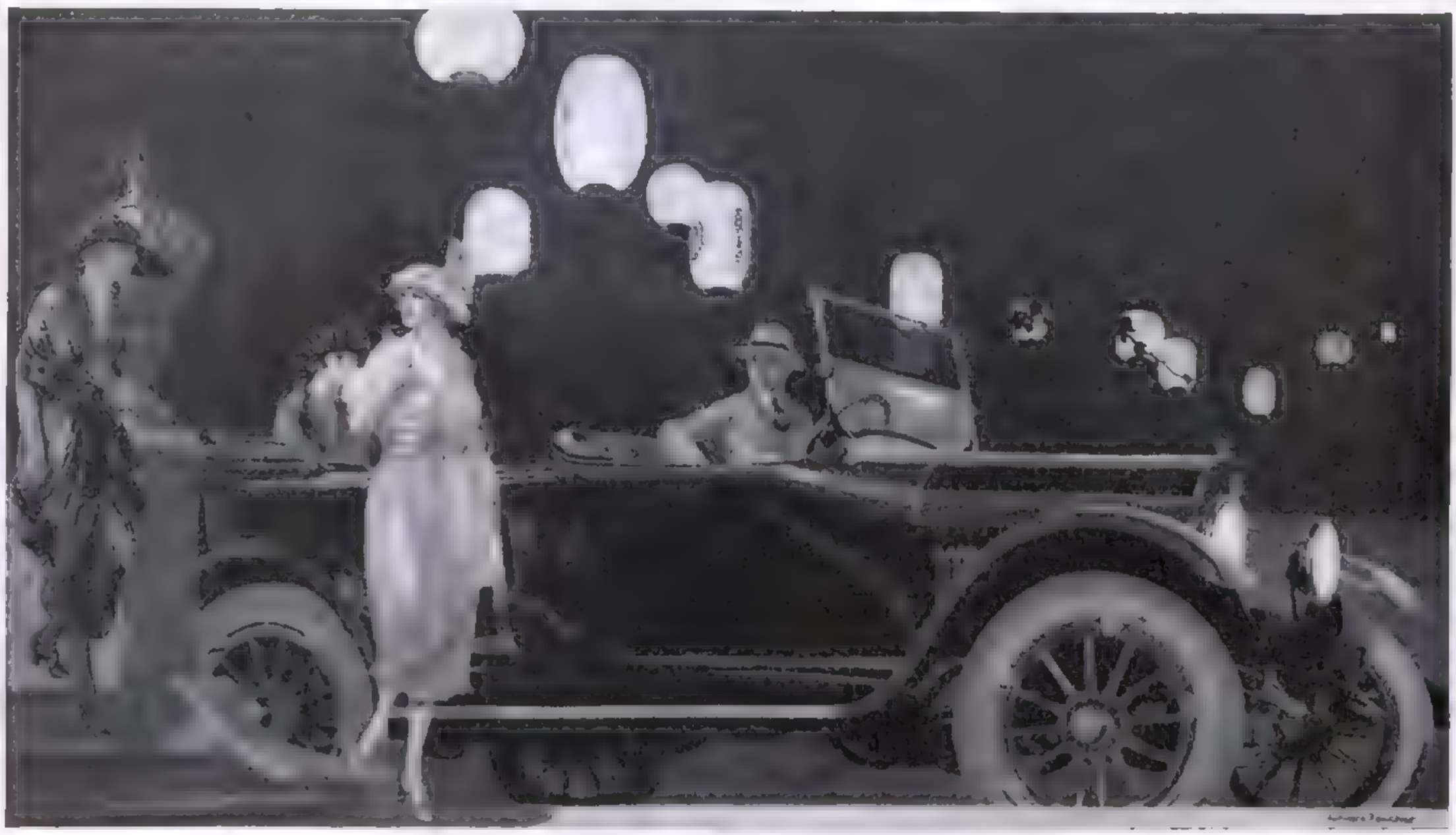
"Before you spill what beans?" demanded the man with one foot on the running board, glancing back to where the girl still stood in the shadow-freckled light of the patio.

"Before I tip off the royal family over there about that old barberin' business of ours in Philadelphia," announced Otto. "And I've figured it's worth just two thousand bones, Cupid, to keep that dark from these high-toned tenderfeet."

Sir Arthur stared at his enemy for one long and slightly disturbing minute.

"Come with me," he said with unexpected brusqueness, catching Otto by the

(Continued on Page 181)



The lasting friendships made by Maxwell are due to fine steels

You never forget the lasting qualities of fine shoes, fine gloves, or fine furniture. They linger in your memory.

So it is with a Maxwell. The lasting friendships for this remarkable car multiply day by day. These are friendships built upon steels, fine steels.

Steels that equal, pound for pound, those in any car built.

They are steels that make possible that wonderful combination of light weight and great strength. For a Maxwell is built to be light in weight. A light car means economical transportation—if its steels stand up. Therefore, only those steels that are of brute strength combined with quality go into a Maxwell. That means paying the very top price for its steels.

Maxwell

More miles per gallon
More miles on tires

But it has earned ever-increasing friendships for Maxwell. It has given impulse to Maxwell sales. It has spread all over the world ready acceptance for Maxwell.

Reduced to figures, it shows nearly 400,000 Maxwells now in operation. 100,000 more in 1920. Yet this number will supply but 60 per cent of the demand.

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MAXWELL MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO
MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORPORATION, EXPORT DIVISION, 1808 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

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For in all this big wide world no easy chairs compare in beauty, quality and *commodious* comfort, with Royals.

Royal Easy Chairs are famous as "The World's Easiest Easy Chairs."

The upholstery is luxuriously comfortable. But the patented features of Royals are the Push Button and Leg Rest. These conveniences are found only in Royal Easy Chairs.

The Push Button, concealed in right chair arm, enables the occupant to change from an upright to a full reclining position without moving from the chair.

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No. 7 Special Oak or Mahogany finish Covered in durable Imitation Spanish Leather only. Equipped with De Luxe seat.
Showing Leg Rest Concealed

No. 6 Special Oak Mahogany or Walnut finish Covered in durable Imitation Spanish Leather. Equipped with De Luxe seat.
Showing Leg Rest Concealed

(24)

Royal Easy Chairs

TRADE MARK "PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

(Continued from Page 178)

shirt sleeve and leading him toward the patio. And he did not stop until he stood, rather grim of jaw, before the startled girl.

"There's something I've got to tell you," he said as their glances met and locked. "I don't suppose it'll make much difference, but I at least want to be honest enough to admit it. You think that movie acting is a pretty poor way of earning a living. But I want you to know that before I became a movie actor I was a barber."

He waited for her to say something, but she merely stared at him with cool and noncommittal eyes.

"And while I'm still handing out the painful truths," he concluded as he turned to Otto Etzel, "I want to warn you about this Gila monster in the shape of a man. He worked for me, and I know him. He's a drunken coward and he's a liar and a thief, and the sooner he's safely off your place the better it will be for Hardscrabble Ranch."

With that Sir Arthur turned, thrust the indignant-eyed Otto Etzel to one side and strode away. He went not without a perverse though shadowy sense of satisfaction in the dramatic values of his exit speech. He even, as he strode toward his waiting car, tugged self-consciously at his cuffs, though the girl, whose thoughts at the moment were on other things, did not notice the movement. But he nursed the ghostly satisfaction of the man who having touched bottom knows that he has nothing to fear from further descents.

His own troubles, however, loomed small before what he suspected Georgina Washburnham to be passing through during the next few days. He realized, as she had said, that there was nothing he could do, but he at least resorted to the gestures of service. He sent out one of his town cars—which remained quite unused—and after it dispatched illicit cases of cognac and foolishly bulky bundles of delicacies and every brand of conserve with an English label on it that could be unearthed in the shops of Los Angeles. He abandoned the studio in the middle of a scene to carry the lung specialist from San Francisco out to Hardscrabble Ranch, and made a second trip in one day to carry out an extra night nurse.

But all these, he knew, were gestures and nothing more. A new and somewhat disturbing sense of humility left him averse to imposing his presence on a girl already tried beyond her strength, though when the inevitable actually came about and a misery as great as it was gratuitous took possession of him and refused to be dissembled, he was touched with a secret admiration for the highborn alien who seemed so schooled in handling difficult situations with ease that even death itself was not permitted, outwardly at least, to seem too disturbing.

It was Sir Arthur himself, however, who again stopped work at the studio and devoted his time to the dispatching of telegrams to Washington and Ottawa, and did two hundred and thirty-eight dollars' worth of cabling to a rather formidable list of addresses in England, feeling compensated for quite unnecessarily paying the tolls out of his own pocket by the thought of being in even remote communication with so impressive an array of the landed nobility. An odd sense of shyness even took possession of him in fact, since he rather imagined that with the death of Lord Brantling his younger sister would come into the title, and he was already torn between doubts as to whether he ought to address her as Lady Washburnham or merely as Lady Georgina. Yet the girl herself, when he went out with an incredible motorload of cut flowers, alluded only once to the death of her brother.

"He carried his ill health so bravely and so carelessly into this far-off corner of the world," she said with averted eyes.

That "far-off corner of the world" did not escape Sir Arthur, and it disturbed him. It disturbed him so much that he even screwed up the courage to ask if she were thinking of going back to England.

"No," she told him. "I am going to stay here now."

It wasn't much, but it was enough to send him back to the city with a lighter heart. It was a foolish elation, he knew, but he resisted all promptings to analyze it.

VII

SIR ARTHUR had somewhere read that the correct procedure in times of great grief was to absent yourself temporarily but rigidly from the bereaved one. So sacrificing his personal inclinations on the altar of the proprieties, he religiously fought back an everrecurring impulse to motor out to Hardscrabble Ranch. He stayed away so long in fact that the slightly lonely and altogether restless Georgina Washburnham was prompted to send him a note suggesting that he really ought to come and get his town car, as her chances of using it remained quite as remote as ever, since she had taken up her riding again and was intent on the subjugation of Thunder Cloud. She even suggested that she would be cantering along Back Cañon Trail about four the next afternoon, and added in a postscript that she very much wished his advice on two or three matters of business which seemed to be stumping her.

When Sir Arthur received that note he promptly cut a directors' meeting and two hours of studio retake and started in his roadster of battleship gray for the Back Cañon Trail.

He was going to meet her—that was all he remembered and all he cared to remember. And he met her, somewhat unexpectedly and under somewhat disturbing circumstances, as he followed the winding trail that was little more than a scratch on the mountain side, with a ragged rock wall on one side and a sheer drop of a thousand feet on the other. For Thunder Cloud, so far as he was able to judge in that moment of excitement, nursed a fixed aversion to the meeting. He saw the girl's signal, and was in doubt as to whether it was a sign to advance or to stop. He saw the pinto swerve, buck, pirouette in three sharp circles and then try to scale a slope of rock shelves overlaid with gravel. He saw the girl's determined tugs on the reins, the repeated cut of the falling quirt, the coolness with which she intended to teach the mottled outlaw his lesson.

But the next moment Sir Arthur saw something else—something which made him lean forward and throw in his clutch. For a bridle rein had broken under the stubborn tension and the girl was left helpless on her mount. Her mount in fact was already off and away, threading that narrow ribbon of safety at his own wild will, as free as a ship without a rudder.

It was then that Sir Arthur, who knew his machine and what he could get out of her, thrust down his foot and stepped on her tail. He knew what the danger was, just as he knew what was demanded of him. He was in fact singularly clear-headed about it all, for it was only too vividly reminiscent of his working hours. It was the everyday old movie stuff with which he had toyed and trifled for years—the familiar old mountain road, the stale old chase, the threadbare old thrill of peril in the repeated skirting of abysses. Only in this case it was a chase with a difference.

This was a chase, he felt, on which a life hinged—the one life in all the wide and crowded world that was of importance to him. And it was an episode, if judgment erred or a false move were essayed, for which there could be no retake. But he remembered with a gulp of gratitude that he had already worked along that same twisted cañon trail; that he knew its contours and its bad spots. The really dangerous ground, he remembered, would not come for at least another three or four hundred yards—would not come before they were close up to the sharp and open turns of what an earlier generation had called the Devil's Stairway. And he knew that everything depended on his pocketing that runaway horse before he ran wild into the trap awaiting him.

Yet through it all Sir Arthur remained quite collected. Closely as he had to watch his speed, he was even able to jockey for position as he drew up on the flying horse, for nothing on hoofs could hope to outrun that humming mass of battleship gray. He drew closer, and even came alongside, insisting on the privilege of the outer edge. He gained foot by foot, deliberately cutting horse and rider off from the sheer drop on his left. He drew in still closer, holding his ground, pinning in the pinto and waiting for his final chance until he was sure of his road. When it came he swerved in sharply, threw over his wheel again, and at the same moment reached out for the bridle strap, not three feet from his running board. He was on the tonneau ledge by this time, away from the wheel, with the car running wild. But his grip on the bridle was sure, and the next moment he leaped.

As he did so two tons of throbbing and shimmering steel crashed through a flimsy

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You can learn Auction Bridge easily by reading Mr. Foster's new pamphlet. The rules and points of the game are simply told. We will enclose it, free, to anyone sending 20 cents for the revised edition of "The Official Rules of Card Games."

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Sometimes your clerical department "slows up"; you don't know just why. One of our men could probably tell you why. Their training and experience have been in finding these things and correcting them. Call one of these men in. Their service is free.

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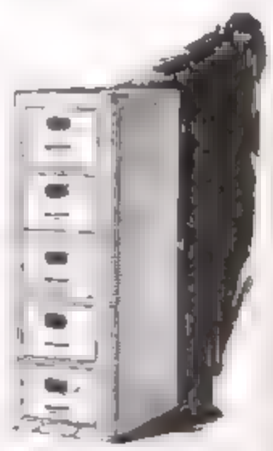

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BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Originators & Manufacturers Loose Leaf & Steel Filing Equipment

Canadian Distributors Copeland-Chatterson, Limited, Brampton, Ontario

guard rail of jack pine, catapulted over the rock lip and took the sheer drop of two thousand feet into the cañon bottom. And as the leaping man swung in under the lathered shoulders the pinto, tired but hickory tough, and maddened by such maltreatment, reared on his haunches, sideswung and did his maddened best to mount the slope of rock and gravel on his right.

But Sir Arthur's dive for his bleeding mouth had been both well timed and well directed. It seemed so neat a bit of business in fact that the main actor in the hurried drama was touched by a vague regret in remembering there was no camera man to shoot the scene. His thoughts, however, did not dwell long on that subject, for at about the same moment that he saw the girl had contrived to get her feet free of the stirrups and had slipped to the ground he discovered that the outlaw pinto above him was betraying small signs of subjugation. He found himself suddenly lifted in the air, swept off his feet by the upflung body of the pawing and leaping horse. But he hung on blindly, stubbornly, determinedly. He felt a steel-shod foot strike at his head as they reeled and rolled down together. But he hung on. He hung on until a tattoo of frantic hoof pounds beat on his helpless face, half buried in earth and sand, and he remembered no more.

He emerged once, coming out of that cool black fog of indifferency just long enough to know that a very blue-eyed girl was holding his head in her lap and was trying to wipe away a prodigious amount of blood with a ridiculously small square of cambric handkerchief. And it struck him as odd, and not quite the good form that he had expected, that she should be sobbing and making little moaning sounds of helplessness as she leaned over him.

VIII

IT WAS a month later, and Whispering Bill and Mossy Edelmann were engaged in a determined frontal attack on a once-formidable-looking luncheon at the Aylwyn studio cafeteria.

"I s'pose you know the Kid's out," observed Whispering Bill as he rolled a cigarette.

"How's he looking?" asked Mossy as he followed suit.

"Not so bad, considerin' what they did to that map o' his. But old Budansky was right. It's sure puttin' our star out o' the picture game for life!"

Mossy Edelmann ruminated over this for a minute or two.

"Poor little coot!" he finally ejaculated.

"Not on your life!" Whispering Bill was quick to contend. "That Kid's dead game! He's got his face marked up considerable, I allow. But he ain't rankin' himself as no downtrodden wreck, not by a long shot! Why, that Kid's walkin' on air! He's goin' into corners shakin' hands with himself!"

"About being cut off from two thousand bones a week, I suppose?" was Mossy's mordant comment.

"What's two thousand a week to him anyway?" demanded Whispering Bill. "And this mornin' when he dropped in to look over those new Robin speed indicators he was tellin' me that after this he's goin' to direct for this here outfit of ours. Says he made a promise to someone that was mighty dear to him to cut out the movie actin' for life, even if that facial-surgery work is goin' to iron the seams out of his map. And hands out another six-bit cigar and says he kind o' feels that this here screen posin' is kind o' unmanly when you get on to middle age. That's what he said. And now, Mossy, I puts it to you man to man, who's the Queen-of-Sheba skirt that's been pinnin' the double cross on Sir Arthur's old idea of what's manly or not? Who's the goo-eyed heartbreaker who's been hangin' the Indian sign on the workin' plans o' the second-highest-paid male star that ever got a half million dollars' worth o' front-page advertisin' out of a mustang boltin' over a cow path?"

"Oh, I suppose it's that up-stage descendant of old King Canute," acknowledged Mossy. "And for something right out of Burke's Peerage, Bill, I never lamped anything in skirts that could throw herself harder at a screen idol than this dame's been doing with the Kid."

"D'you know what got his goat there?" demanded the sapient Bill. "Well, I'll wise you up. It was that gol-darned blood transfusion stunt after the artcraft ambulance had got him into the hospital here. When the rib gave up a pint and a half to pull him through it seems to have gone to his head.

"He's so all-fired stuck up about gettin' royal blood in his veins that he's got to thinkin' movie actin' ain't aristocratic enough for a shorthorn who's set on marryin' into the crowned heads o' Europe, once removed!"

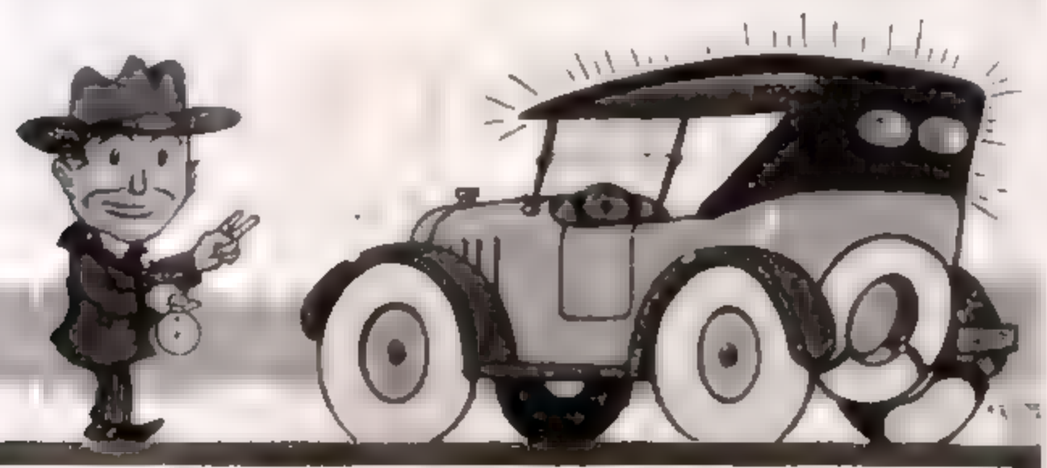
"Marrying?" echoed the morose-eyed Mossy. "You don't mean to say Sir Arthur is —"

"That's what I'm sayin', son. He's goin' to marry the dame. He can't help it. He hadn't a chance, the way she went after him. But between me and you, Mossy, now I've had a chance to squint her over I must allow she's considerable of a looker."

"Oh, she's some looker, all right, if you could ever get her half thawed out!"

Whispering Bill laughed a quiet and contented laugh.

"Well, take it from me, Mossy, that dogoned Kid of ours is sure got her thawed! I walks in and sees 'em zooin' over at the back o' the property room—and *I know!*"



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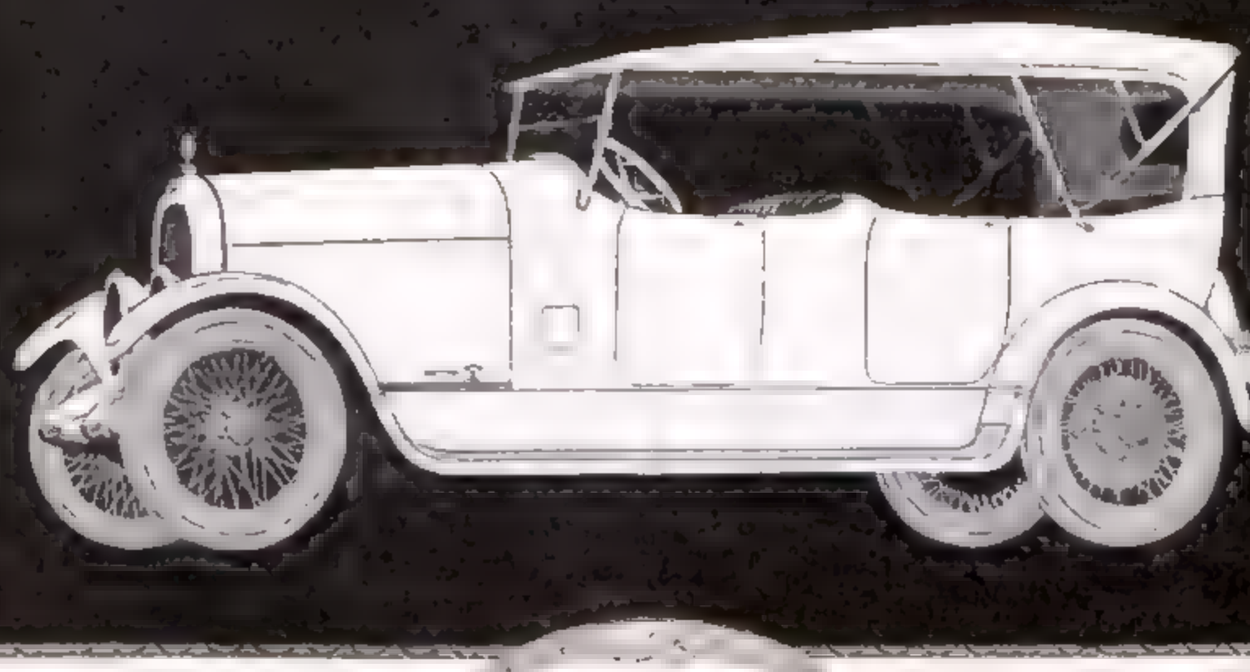
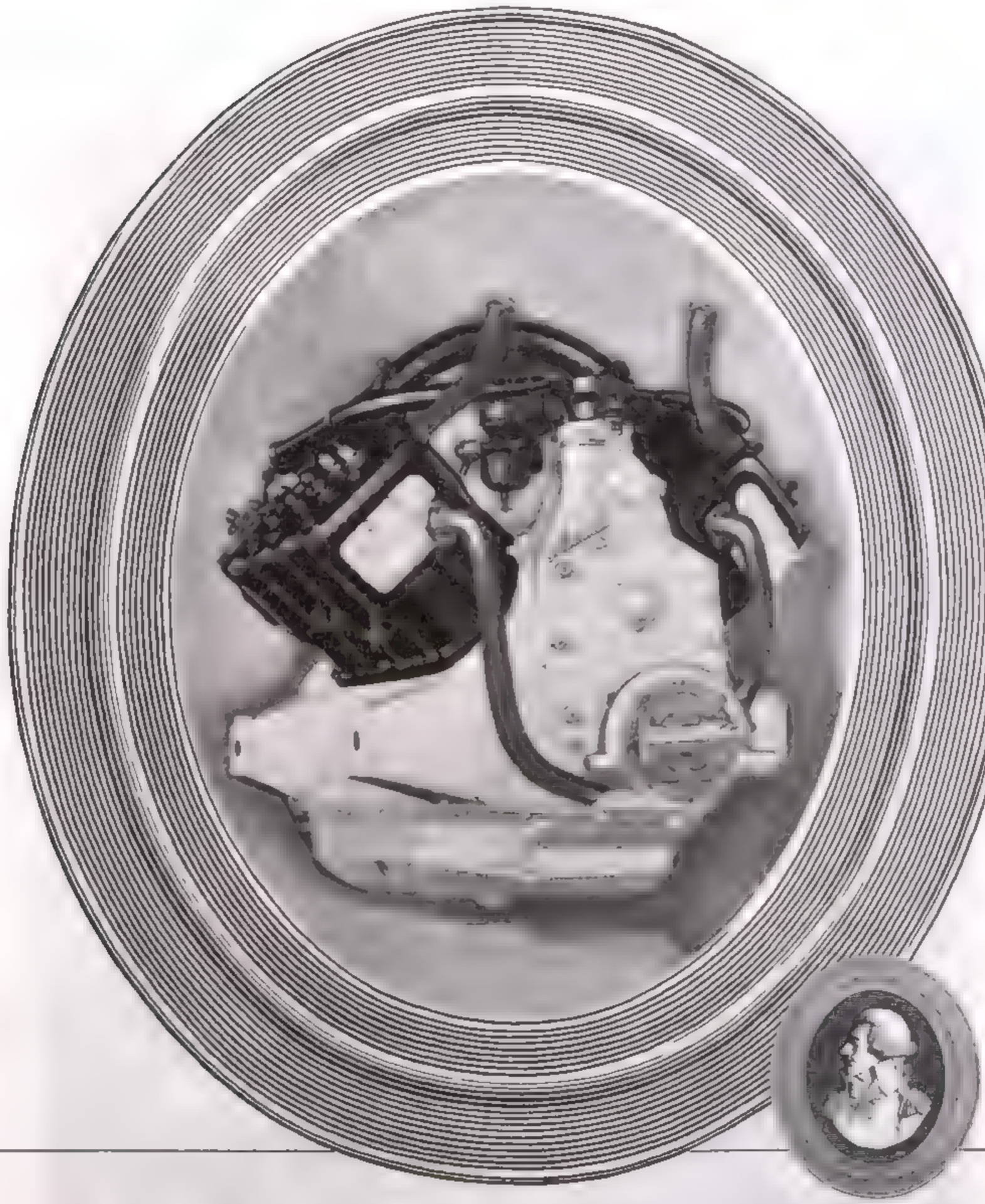


MARMON



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Delivering tremendous torque, over an unexampled range of engine speeds, it summons more than ninety horsepower to its purpose.

Yet simplicity runs through it like a theme.

The power travels in a straight line from crankshaft to differential pinion gear.

There is but one universal joint and it is automatically lubricated from the transmission.

Like the oil-pump, the water-pump drives on the crankshaft, eliminating all gears and their attendant auxiliaries.

The crankshaft of hollowed chrome-nickel steel has five bearings to insure rigidity and strength at speed.

As in the engine, so throughout the car; in every part as in the whole the discerning mind will read consummate engineering, and so reading, rank LAFAYETTE high among the finest motor cars of all the world.

LAFAYETTE MOTORS COMPANY at *Mars Hill* INDIANAPOLIS

WOMEN IN POLITICS TO THE AID OF THEIR PARTY

(Continued from Page 13)

and it is the business of these women particularly to call together the women in their respective sections of the country and form them into working units, providing them with all the necessary printed matter and information with regard to the national body, its character and its aims. It might be well called the organization committee of the women's division. In addition to all of which there is a council of one hundred scattered throughout the country, whose members are expected to secure speakers and furnish campaign thunder in its various forms.

But how about ways and means? Well, if the truth were told the most valuable service the women render in their complete participation in party activity is in raising money. And the national committee needs money. Mr. Hays told me a story about a man he knows very well who grumbled about party expenses and refused to contribute to the funds.

"What do you do with so much money, anyhow?" he exclaimed.

"About two weeks before registering time last year," replied Mr. Hays, "did you receive a notice that on such and such a date and at such and such a place you were to register?"

"I suppose I did. I don't know."

"And about a week later did you get a follow-up notice with a lot of further information in it?"

"Maybe I did. I don't pay much attention to that kind of mail."

"No, of course you don't. And the day before the registration day did you get a final warning not to forget to register?"

"What's all that got to do with it?"

"And did you register?"

"Yes."

"Voluntarily?"

"Well, it was a busy day for me and to tell you the truth I forgot about it until it was pretty late. Then they sent a car for me."

"Exactly! One of the committee's cars! Counting postage, paper, clerical labor and automobile hire it cost more than five dollars to get you to qualify to exercise the highest privilege of your citizenship. And yet you want to know what we do with so much money! If you were the only sinner you wouldn't matter, but the country is full of men like you."

He might have added: "And it probably will be fuller of women of the same sort from now on." Except that while the privilege of voting is new the women who like it at all are tremendously keen about it. Most of those I have talked with look forward to casting a first vote for a President with much the same sensation a girl feels in looking forward to her coming-out party.

The Ideal Financial Plan

Within the women's division of the national committee there is a ways-and-means committee. Though, come to think of it, I believe it is called a finance committee. I like the frankness of the word "finance." Everybody pussyfoots about how much it costs to run a party organization, yet everybody knows that without a party organization—a central and permanent board of managers—the party, any party, would be like a ship at sea with its engines out of commission and its rudder gone. The ideal plan, it seems to me, would be to demand a small fee from every man and woman who enrolls as a member of a party. If this were done, it at least would minimize the necessity for soliciting contributions; it would lessen the danger of the capitalistic control we hear so much about; scatter the burden of expense as such burden should be scattered in a democracy; and give each individual a more sure sense of belonging, not to say a sense of actual proprietorship in the vehicle through which he is permitted to express his will as a self-governing citizen. Of course I realize that this brilliant suggestion takes into no consideration the fact that the chief period of possible financial corruption in politics precedes the conventions, when an individual candidate is at liberty to spend all the money he can lay his hands on in his efforts to secure the nomination; but politically I am anything but mature and have not had time to think up remedies for all the evils and abuses. Maybe we shall have some examples this year that will give us food for thought on this point.

The finance committee of the women's division is subdivided to cover all the states in which women have the vote, and is further subdivided into working units in counties, cities and towns. Mrs. Charles H. Sabin—whose husband is a prominent Democrat, by the way—is vice chairman in charge of the committee in New York City and her organization has to its credit a record that any man's organization engaged in a similar endeavor might well be proud of. She has been able to secure a surprisingly fine variety of teamwork as well as competitive effort on the part of her associates, and the result is a revelation. It proves that women are taking their enfranchisement very seriously. Already more than 300 women have contributed sums ranging from $100 to $1000, and an inquiry has revealed that only seven of them ever before contributed so much as a dollar to a political fund.

A committee of one hundred was formed, each member of which was to secure $1000. This plan is even now one hundred per cent successful, and no woman was permitted to make things easy for herself by appealing to her men friends to help make up her quota. It all had to come from women. One thousand dollars is as much as any one woman is allowed to give. I asked Mrs. Sabin about smaller contributions, and she assured me that they had been innumerable, and had come in many instances from women who could ill afford to give anything.

"Even school-teachers!" she exclaimed.

Much Work But No Plums

Whereupon every woman present heaved a sigh expressive of painful reflection. The occasion was a meeting in one of the many little rooms at headquarters where I talked with a number of women who are actively engaged in the service of the party and who devote practically their entire time to the work. When I mentioned the splendid privilege of equal participation with the men in party activities and benefits I got a shock. It was like touching a live wire which one had every reason to believe was perfectly insulated, only to discover that it was not. I supposed of course that women in close touch with the party organization would at least pretend to be fully satisfied with the position which had been so skillfully outlined for them. But they do not; not among themselves at any rate. I was to learn that when a woman becomes a seasoned politician of the professional type she is seasoned with the same seasoning that seasons men, and begins to think in terms of control through patronage and all that sort of thing. Some of these women displayed as clear a conception as any man could have of the vast system of rewards by which parties are supposed to be held intact, and it was a sore point with them that, though they were granted equal liberty with the men to work themselves to death for the party if they wanted to, they were not to expect to be among those present when it came to the distribution of its plums. They might help build the fences, but they must keep out of the orchard. All of which line of talk goes to show that the men have made a great mistake. They never should have given in. They should have kept the women where women belong.

It is a fact that the women of New York are not talking about anything now but politics and candidates. For more than four years they kept up a steady flow of conversation about the war, and every woman—from those who shine at the top of the social ladder to those who cling to its bottom-most foothold—was engaged in some kind of war work through which, all unconsciously perhaps, she was developing a sense of personal importance in the general scheme of things. With the war finished these same women now plunge headlong—and with thankfulness in their hearts, no doubt, for something interesting to do—into the maelstrom of political discussion and competition. The arena of political combat used to be an island of unrighteousness wholly surrounded by brass rails, bottles,

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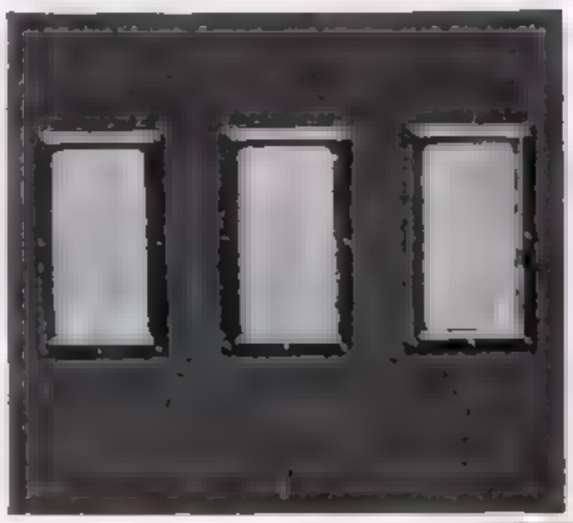

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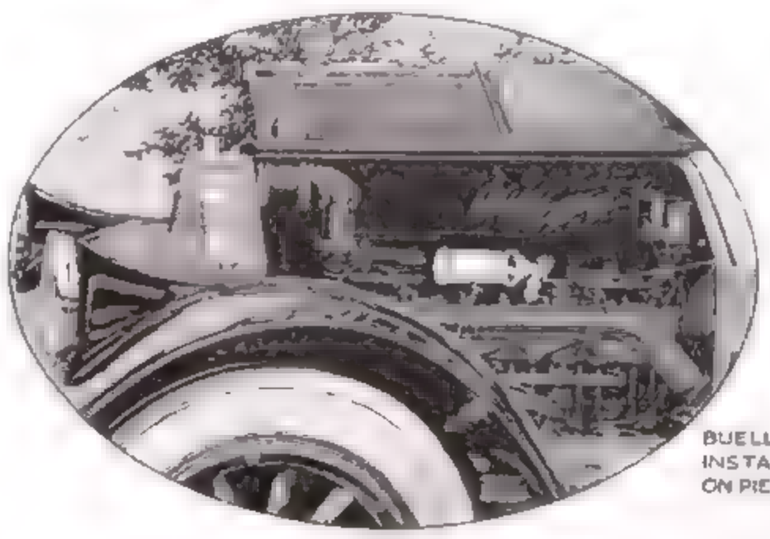
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GILBERT TOYS

bartenders and beer; but, along with the bottles, politics has been transferred to the home.

It may be that the men of the country are taking some interest in the political situation, but to the casual observer it looks as though the women were assuming the lion's share of responsibility for it. This may be due to a number of things, but primarily I think it is due to the fact that men are capable of harboring thoughts and beliefs that they can get along without expressing. If political discussion should suddenly be forbidden, women would drop out of politics overnight. It is just that it is so grand to be something definite and effective, not to say dangerous! My, how women do enjoy being dangerous!

Yet curiously enough—make no mistake about it—a vast number of women are intelligently interested in and really anxious to understand the problems that confront us. I said, to begin with, that the women of the great mass—and it would be folly to pretend that the average woman has a trained and analytical mind—the women of the great mass are thoughtful about it all and closely attentive to the serious consideration attending their citizenship. And I believe this. On the other hand, a great many women have all the time there is unless they happen to be terrifically busy doing something equally as unimportant as anything else they might be able to do. And that is another variety.

Take me, for instance, sitting here writing this article, with a political tea which I promised to attend going on at the house of a friend not three blocks away. Every afternoon somebody one knows—or somebody who knows somebody who has met somebody one knows—invites one to a political tea in the interest of some candidate. And as for dinner parties, there is no such thing any more. A dinner party is just another kind of political meeting. And the way the telephone is kept going makes life one continuous jangle. Perfect strangers call one up at all hours to ask one to sign a petition for this, that or the other candidate; to contribute to a fund; to attend a meeting; to lend one's house for a tea; to do a bit of canvassing; to become a member of a committee; to buy a button; to read something or other in some magazine about someone in particular; to write a letter to the newspapers; to do any one of a thousand things.

The Strange Lady's Request

I happen to live in a large apartment house whose proprietors pride themselves on the character of the service they maintain, and if she happened to be a stranger to the men on the door my own grandmother could not get up to my apartment without being announced. For which fact I have reason now to be devoutly thankful. The other evening a nice lady from somewhere in the vicinity called me up. She told me her name in a tone which clearly implied that not to know her was to confess myself unknown, but I did not know her and had never even heard of her. She said she was a close friend of Mrs. So-and-So—mentioning a friend of mine—and said she was doing a house-to-house canvass for General Wood, that the building in which I live was in her territory, that she had tried to get in but had not been permitted to get beyond the entrance. And what do you think she wanted me to do?

"But you are living there," she said, "and they can't keep you from doing anything you like, so won't you please do it for me?"

"Do what?"

"Canvass your building."

"Canvass my building?"

"Why, just go from one apartment to another and find out who the women are for and then talk to them about the advantage of nominating General Wood and get them to sign a petition for him."

"But I'm not for Wood myself," said I.

A long pause, then in a pained voice: "You are not for General Wood?"

"Certainly not!"

"But may I ask who your candidate is?"

I had no wish to tell her and get into a telephone argument about it, so I said: "Hiram Johnson."

"Oh, good heavens!" she exclaimed. "Well, I'm so sorry to have disturbed you. Good-by."

Which was not very polite, was it? If I really were for Hiram Johnson I should have a perfect right to be. Besides, however much one may be opposed to his views, he is a very able citizen. If he is not there is something radically wrong with our process of selection. He, at least, has risen with the easily countable few to the top of the pot and has had bestowed upon him—or has gathered unto himself—some of our highest honors. I agree with Mr. Herbert Hoover that all the opponents of my candidate should be treated respectfully.

Another day a woman I know fairly well—of the busy-little-into-everything type she is—called me up and said she had been delegated to ask me to join such and such a committee to work for General Wood in my congressional district. I told her it would be impossible.

"But why?" she insisted.

"Because I'm not for General Wood."

"Oh, isn't that interesting?" she replied. And I could just see her snuggling up to the telephone as though she were in for a very confidential conversation. "Do tell me why you are not!"

"I have a good many reasons."

"You are not one of these people who object to having a soldier for President, are you?"

"No. Why should anybody object to having a soldier for President when to fight for his country is the highest service we can demand of a man?"

Added to the Collection

"Oh, I must put that down and use it. I have to answer that objection every few minutes."

"But if we are to have a soldier, why not the best we have produced?"

"Who's that?"

"Pershing, of course. Our commander in chief, who put over the big job as not more than one man in ten millions could have done it."

"But he's not a candidate."

"So much the better. He was not a candidate for the job of commander in chief either. He was the most surprised man in the United States when he was called to it. But having been commanded to take it he made good in it, didn't he?"

"Well, I should say he did! And, oh, I do love General Pershing! If he were a candidate I certainly should be for him. D'you know if he had been running for President the day he rode down Fifth Avenue at the head of his troops I believe everybody would have voted for him."

"Well, he can't be on horseback all the time, and he has other qualifications for the presidency besides good horsemanship."

"Yes, I know he has. But isn't he good-looking!"

"That's a sound political argument in his favor. If you select your candidates by a process of purely exterior observation you are all right where you are. General Wood is pretty good-looking himself."

"Oh, no, he isn't."

"Say, you're a loyal little henchman, you are! If you are as lukewarm as all that, why don't you cut loose from the Wood crowd and go over to Hoover?"

"I can't. Nearly all my friends are for Wood and if I were in any other camp I'd be among perfect strangers. Besides, I can't bear Hoover."

"No? Why not?"

"Oh, he's so far above my head that I can't get him at all!"

"But he is very handsome," I countered.

"Do you think so? He has a certain nobility, but he is very severe. Anyhow, I should be so afraid of him if he ever spoke to me I should drop dead."

"Listen to me, little person," said I; "you would make an excellent Exhibit A for the side that is agin the Nineteenth Amendment, but I'm out looking for types of the female politician and I thank you for adding yourself to my collection."

Whereupon we both laughed, kissed each other, so to speak, hung up, and no harm done.

Away down at the lower end of the residential section of New York—if there is such a section; anyhow, it was away down; a section itself; and such a section!—I encountered a very brave woman. She is a graduate of one of our most notable women's colleges and is a woman of an unusually dignified and clean-cut type. In the days when it was said that two could live as cheaply as one and when one could live very cheaply, indeed, she married a poor young artist. She believed in him and he believed in himself. He had to do a lot of pot-boiling work, but was true to his main theme and lived in happy anticipation of

(Continued on Page 189)

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has spread the Nation over, like a prairie fire

THERE is a remarkable momentum that has made the New Mitchell an irresistible factor in motor-car buying.

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This meant a new combination of rare beauty and superlative mechanism.

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Furthermore, he has a car built to stay new. He has a roomy car, exquisitely finished. He has an easy riding, easy driving car. He knows there are countless unseen values. He knows that he could find no other car like this Mitchell offering so much at the price.

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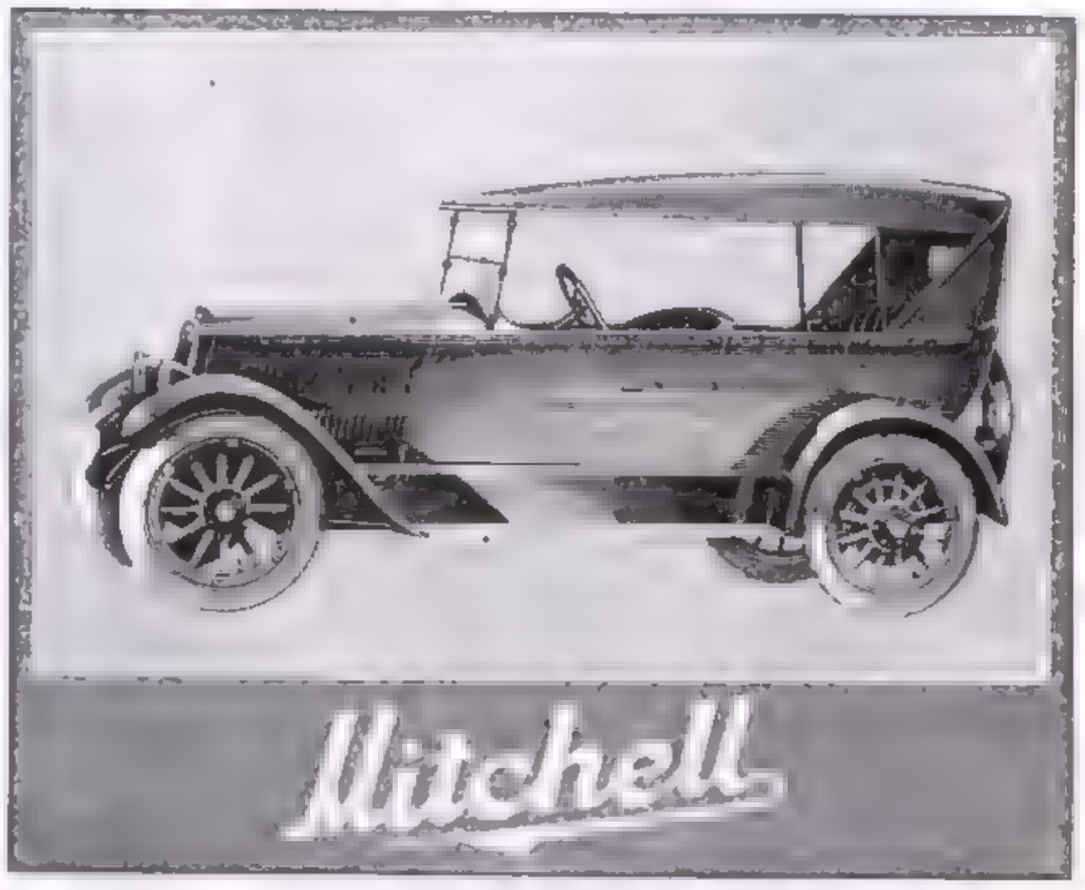

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(Continued from Page 186)

the day when he should arrive. Two babies came within three years. They made life more difficult, but added to its brightness and stimulated the ambition of their father.

Then came the war. Being under thirty years of age he was drafted, but not being able to distinguish an object ten feet away from him without the aid of strong glasses he was rejected. She wanted him to go to war; she wanted the glory of it and protested bitterly against any suggestion that she would not be able to take care of herself and the children. And he longed to go with a mighty longing. But the board of physical examiners would have nothing to do with him, so he went back to the artistic toil, which grew daily less lucrative and less in demand while daily the cost of living mounted higher and higher.

They now live in a four-room tenement with a kitchenette. He had to give up his smart little studio when they raised the rent. And at that it was inexpensive enough as expenses are regarded these days. But, saddest of all, he had to give up his whole intention in life. They took the children into first consideration and decided that they must be brought up as carefully and as delicately as though their father had been a successful man. Their mother must devote herself to them; she must be their nurse and take them out into some open place to play for so many hours each day; she must be their cook and prepare their food with an intelligent view to their physical well-being; she must be their sewing woman and keep them clothed as a gentleman's children should be clothed; she must be their high-class mother and maintain for them an environment that would suggest as little as possible to their young minds of poverty and hardship.

Why the Women Like Hoover

Father would provide the wherewithal. He put away his canvases, his palette and his brushes, and took the only job he could find. He is now a member of a gang and works for a daily wage. But the daily wage is more than he could possibly earn at anything else he is capable of doing, so, the high cost of living notwithstanding, his lady wife is saving money with a view to bringing him back one day to his easel and his dreams.

In the meanwhile she finds time to interest herself in politics. She has gathered together a number of women in her district and has organized them into a wholly independent but vigorously enthusiastic Hoover Club. This was before Mr. Hoover made his definite announcement. She had no difficulty in telling me why she is for Hoover. She wants a restoration in the country of conditions which will permit her kind of woman and the kind of man her husband is to live, and she believes Herbert Hoover has more sound constructive ideas to work from in any attempt which might be made to bring about such a restoration than any other man in the country. She wants to return to an environment with which she is in harmony; she wants her husband to have a fair chance to work out for himself the kind of career for which he is fitted by inheritance and training; she wants the kind of future for her children that she dreamed of when they were born and for which she is diligently engaged in fitting them; and she knows that none of these things can ever be unless some man is found who can knock into the head of a be-addled world some sanity and some sense of proportion. She is not sure that Mr. Hoover or any other man is capable of doing this; but in her opinion Mr. Hoover is the likeliest man in sight, and if there is anything she can do to help place him where he can begin to function she is going to do it.

I asked her if the women with whom she was working had equally intelligent reasons for wanting Hoover, and she said: "Their reasons are not often what you call intelligent. To begin with, you know, they are better off for the most part than they have ever been before, so their feeling is not inspired by anything in the nature of discontent. In fact, I have met here and there a woman with a faint glimmering of a true conception of conditions who has been strongly against Hoover because she was afraid that any attempt at readjustment of social conditions would mean a revision of the wage scale downward."

"But with an accompanying downward revision of all other scales?"

"They don't get that, and it is a mistake to approach them from that angle."

"But surely they get very little more for the money they are earning to-day than they did for the money they were able to earn five years ago?"

"Dismiss that from your mind! It's a fiction. I live among wage earners down here; my husband is now a wage earner, and I know what I'm talking about. The only sense you need is the sense of sight to know that the average wage earner is to-day converting into necessities what were to him at one time unobtainable luxuries. I rejoice in their prosperity and want them to have everything their hearts desire—expensive clothes, furniture, diamonds, flivvers—what not. But I do object to the pretense that is designed to inflate them further at the expense, not of the rich or well-to-do, but of the hard-working and necessary large class to which I belong. We have just as much right to live as anybody."

"Have you asked any of the women who have joined you voluntarily why they are for Hoover?"

"Yes, it's a question I always ask. To the average among them Wood and Harding and Johnson and Lowden and all the others are mere names, remote presidential possibilities that mean nothing whatever to them in a personal way. But Hoover, as a kind of inescapable boss, has presided with them over their kitchen stoves for months on end. He means something definite. He has given them direct orders and they have obeyed him. Also, I think there is a kind of fixed belief in a good many of their minds that he alone made it possible for each one of them to help win the war. They like that. Any other food administrator would have done many of the things he did, and the name of any other food administrator, if it happened to be the kind of name adapted to such use, would very likely have become a verb under the circumstances. But the slogan was: 'Hooverize and help win the war,' and it was a slogan which sank pretty deep into every woman's consciousness. So there you are!"

But this will begin to sound like a Hoover article if I am not careful. And it is not a Hoover article. It is a nonpartisan article. Is it not a nonpartisan article? I have tried to make it so.

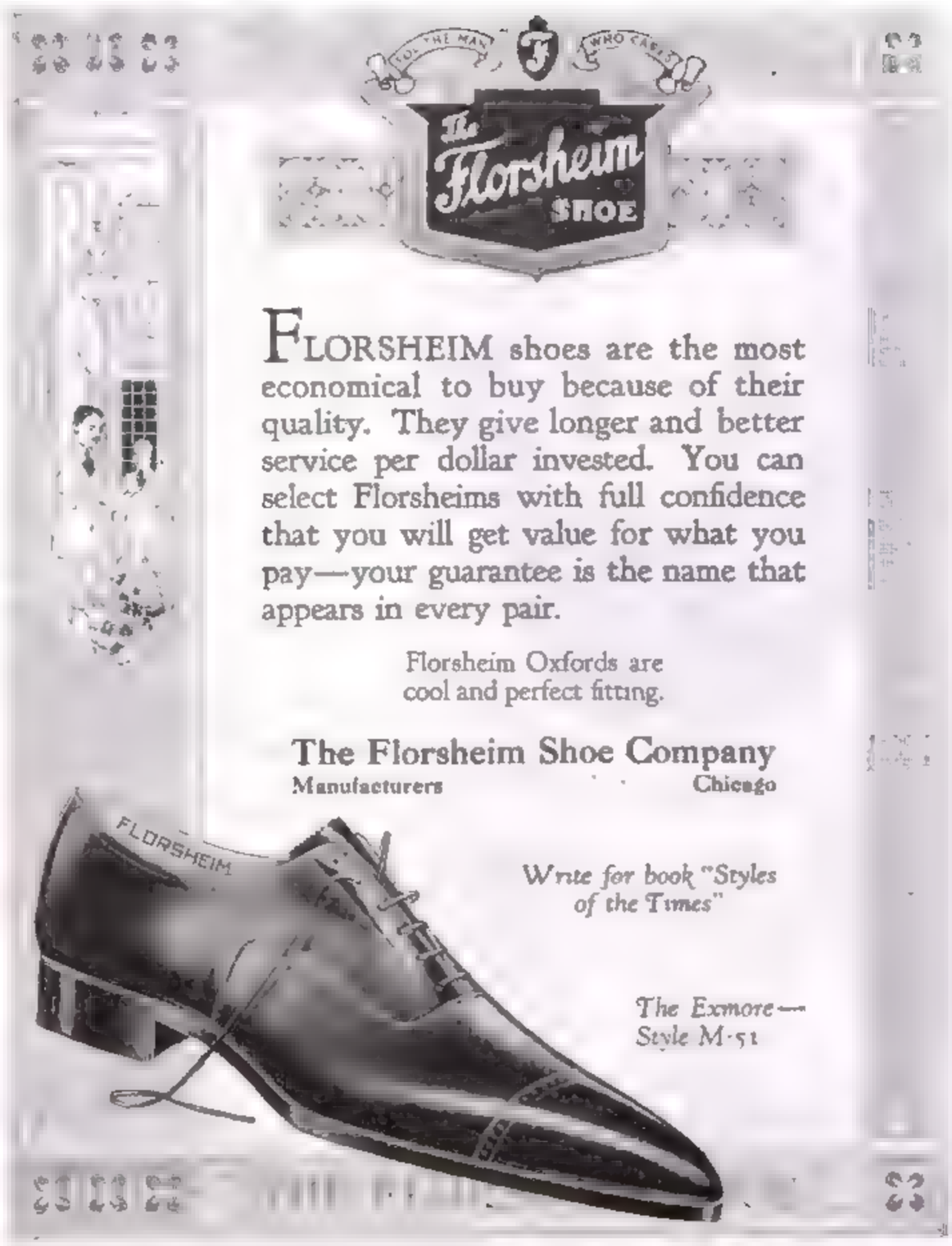
A Rooseveltian Democrat

At any rate, I have talked with a good many Democratic women and have thought I was being impartial. The difficulty with the Democratic women is that they have nothing to talk about. At least they seem not to have. If one mentions Wilson most of them look self-conscious and apologetic; Bryan—they groan; Palmer—they are apathetic; McAdoo—they are rather acornful; Underwood—they have a good deal of respect for Underwood; Davis—they are not very familiar with Davis yet; Edwards—well, I have seen a few of them brighten up a bit at the mention of the name of Edwards. In the city of New York teetotal prohibition is not very popular, and the women, almost universally, are as strongly against it as the men, so Edwards in his capacity as a wet hope rather appeals to them. Not that they really think he would have much chance before the people on the prohibition issue.

I had a very interesting talk one evening with Miss Elizabeth Marbury, who is a member of the executive committee of the Democratic National Committee and delegate at large from the state of New York to the San Francisco Convention. These titles make her sound like a very formidable lady, but she is not as a matter of fact. She is saved from the error of taking herself too seriously by an unusually keen appreciation of the humorous side of things. She lived through one period when she was absolutely serious in her political thought, however, and that was when she joined the Progressive Party to support Roosevelt.

"But if you were a Rooseveltian how does it happen that you are now a Democrat?" I exclaimed.

"Because the only logical switch from the Progressive Party was to the Democratic Party. The principles of Progressivism as they were enunciated by Theodore Roosevelt almost exactly parallel the principles of Democracy, and are as far removed from the Republican line of thought as anything well could be. I'm a Rooseveltian Democrat, that's what I am, and the Progressives who went back to the Republican Party became Progressives in the first place merely through personal devotion to Theodore Roosevelt and without



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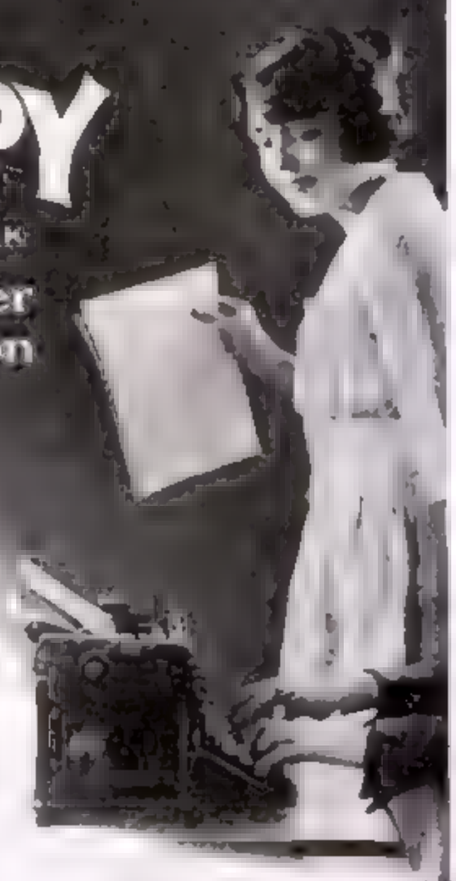

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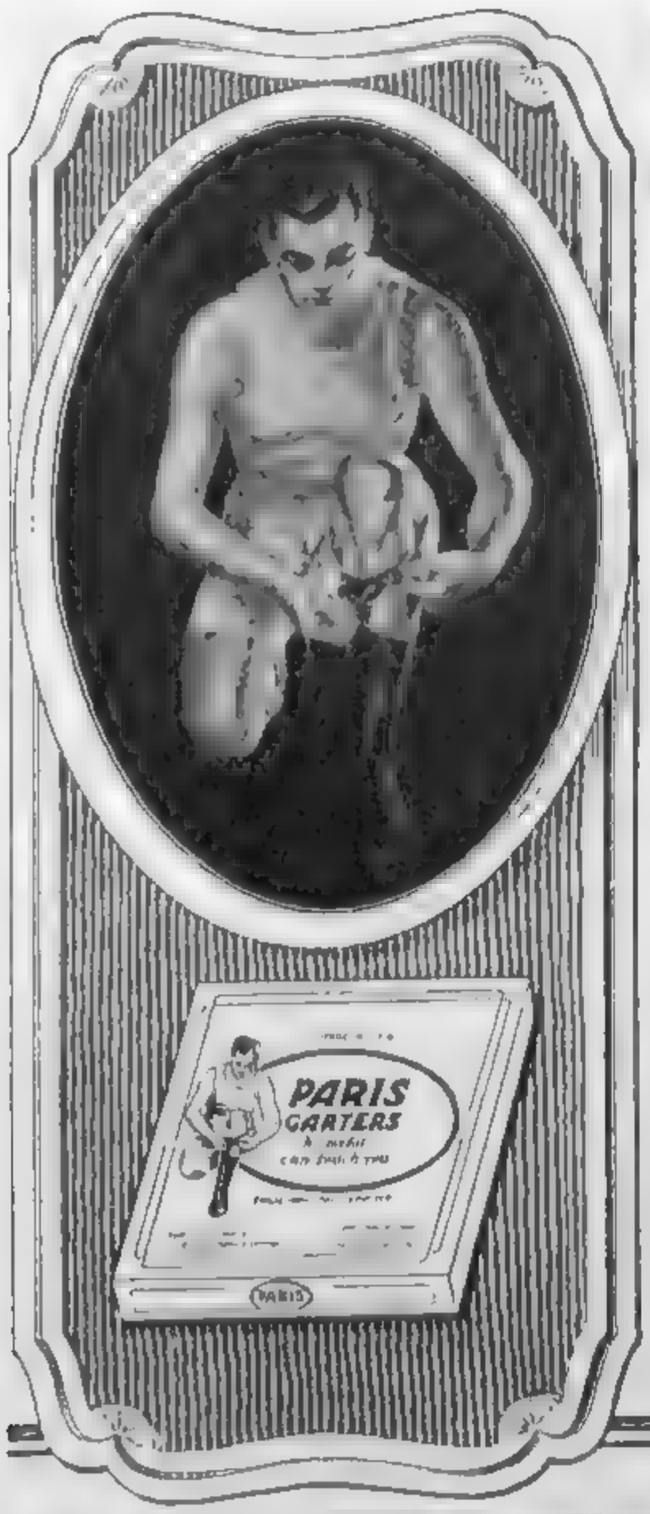

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any reference whatever to what he stood for. His mantle may have fallen on some Republican, but if it did it's a mighty poor fit!"

This was rather startling and made me feel that I ought to run quick and hide my candidate. First thing I know they will be reaching out and annexing him. First Hoover, then Roosevelt! Well, I declare! It reminded me of the German claim that Shakspere was a German.

We began to talk about types of women in politics, and Miss Marbury said the type she liked best to encounter and that added the most to her joy in life was the hard-faced now-I've-got-the-vote-you-be-afraid-of-me type. She assured me that such women had besieged her since she was elected delegate at large and that the pleasure it gave them to speak their minds was a beautiful thing to see.

For instance, a woman from upstate somewhere broke into her outer office one day and, refusing to give her name, made an imperious demand to see "our delegate." Another thing you have to do when you get into politics is to be patient with people like this. It ought not to be so, but they, too, are citizens. Miss Marbury admitted the lady, who as a preliminary procedure laid her hand bag, umbrella and muff on a table and squared up a chair so that she could face her victim at close range. She set her lips and paused for a moment.

"Well?" queried Miss Marbury.

"Miss Marbury, you're goin' to be our delegate-at-large to nominate a President."

"To nominate a candidate," corrected Miss Marbury. And this added just the little dash of personal resentment which the lady needed to complete her mood of pugnacious antagonism.

"Well, to nominate a candidate for the presidency. All the same thing."

"Let us hope!"

"What I've come here for is to tell you some very unpleasant truths, and I'm afraid you're not goin' to like it."

"Oh, don't stop to consider me. Get it off your mind, whatever it is."

"Well, Miss Marbury, you are not the right woman for delegate at large, and if you have any interest whatever in your party you will withdraw."

A pause.

"Yes?" answered Miss Marbury. "And --"

"You know just as well as I do that some of the candidates of the Democratic Party stand for things that the women of this state won't stand for, and you're not the right kind of woman to represent us. You're not the right class. And you get all your views from livin' in New York City. Not that many people in New York City are not just as good as people anywhere else, but I could go out into New York State and find fifty women who are better fitted to represent the party than you are."

When Miss Marbury told me this I thought she was exaggerating, but she vowed and declared that it happened just so.

"And what did you say to her?" I asked.

"I told her that one of her statements proved to me that she didn't know anything about the Democratic Party in the state of New York. I said to her: 'You say you could go out and find fifty women better fitted than I am to represent the party at the convention. Well, I could go out and find hundreds of women better fitted than I am to represent the party. But they have selected me, so what do you suggest that we do about it?'"

"And what did she say?" I asked.

"She said: 'You can withdraw!' And you ought to have seen her face when she said it."

"But you can't, can you?"

"Oh, I suppose I could if it were a case of life and death, but I told her I couldn't. Then she laid on the last straw. You know there are women who are born for the job of laying on the last straw. She said: 'Well, maybe so, but I just want to tell you that when you go to San Francisco you will be answerable to every Democratic woman in the state of New York!' And I said to myself, 'Oh, good heavens!'

"Tell you what I think I'll do," she added. "I think I'll just pack up everything and move out to San Francisco, because whatever we do at that convention is sure to be wrong, and I shall not dare to come back. There is no way to tell you how much interest the women are taking, and women are—women!"

Delightful woman, Miss Marbury, and to my mind an excellent illustration of the fact that there is no way of knowing which way the cat will jump. She has all the characteristics of the typical Republican.

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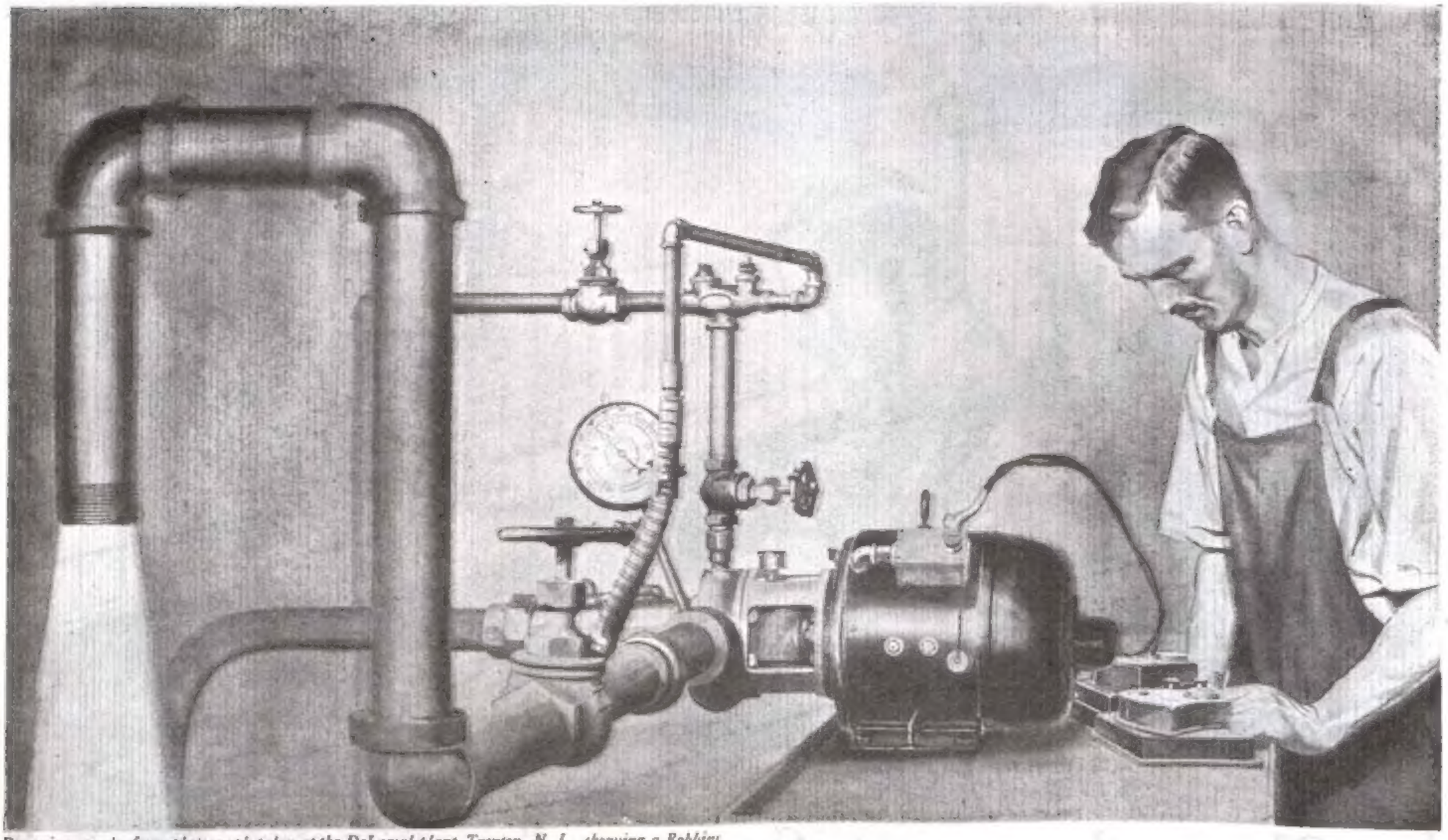

Drawing, made from photograph taken at the DeLaval plant, Trenton, N. J., showing a Robbins & Myers Motor passing the Government test, pumping 50 gallons per minute against 30-foot head

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